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~~ENTOMOLOGY~~

THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

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A Napoleonic Method.

BY WILDER GRAHAME.

One of Napoleon's points of success was in the readiness with which, when occasion required it, he "made a sacrifice;" that is, in military parlance, allowed a certain portion of his army to be destroyed in order to save the rest of it or bring it through victorious.

I never heard that Napoleon was particularly distinguished as a keeper of bees, though I believe he did adopt the busy insect as his symbol. No doubt had he undertaken it his apiary would have stood prior (in point of time) even to Dr. Miller's. At all events I think it frequently pays bee-keepers to adopt a few of Napoleon's rules, such as

"Every lost moment brings opportunity for disaster." "The truest wisdom is a resolute determination." "Victory belongs to the most preserving." "Providence is always on the side of the last reserve, etc. All this however, is foreign to what I started to elucidate; viz., "making a sacrifice."

In swarming time the care of the apiarist is by no means over with the capture of the bees. Bees carry supplies with them usually to last them a few hours, depending upon gathering fast enough to keep up the supply. Now suppose the bees should come out at a time when there is little honey. Again, supposing there was plenty of honey to be gathered but weather wholly unfit to gather it in. I have found bees starving with honey in all the trees about them. And yet again, when swarms come out as late as many did this season it is sometimes an impossibility for the bees to lay in their winter stock unaided. And still again, not a few have been entertained after carefully swarming a colony to see them afterwards deliberately come forth and take wing for a more distant country. For all of these evils the Napoleonic method is suggested as a remedy.

In selecting the colony or colonies for the "sacrifice," care must be taken that swarms are taken strong enough to fulfill their duty. By stimulating build them up early in the spring; then add a second story of brood racks, Do not use a honey-board. If the queen goes into the second story so much the better; only, be sure and keep queen cells cut out, for no swarming is wanted here.

Whenever a new swarm comes off,

go to your "sacrifice" and secure one rack built full of comb and well filled with honey. Place this in the new hive about the center. The effect is obvious and magical, No more deserting swarms, unless gross negligence is tolerated in some other respect. No starving bees. No trouble of feeding the young swarm through a run of stormy weather.

There may be people who will say that they have already adopted the practice of giving at least one full rack when convenient. Exactly, and the "sacrifice" is intended to make it always convenient enough, that it will always be done. No sections are ever to be allowed upon it, as they make it very inconvenient to get at the frames. Keep everything about that hive as convenient as possible for removing frames.

The number of swarms required for this office depends upon the size of the apiary. One good colony ought to furnish fifteen or twenty frames before the swarming season is over, if conditions are at all favorable and they are got to work in good time. In some cases much better has been done; in others, much worse. Toward the end of the swarming season it is not at all necessary to confine oneself to the frames filled in the upper story. Of course empty frames are to take the place of those removed, but if the swarms issue too fast and one is sometimes called upon to hive young colonies when the upper racks are all exhausted, just remove a lower one and proceed as before. In most seasons it will be safe to reduce the old colony in that way down to four or five racks.

This method obviates the necessity of disturbing some colony of honey producers. It is better to disturb one swarm often than to interrupt the operations of several occasionally. Brood rack filling is then their regular work and they are never called from the sections to fill a missing rack, as no sections are ever given them. Say what you will, every change of this sort causes delay, especially when it requires shifting the work from one story to another. This is an age of specialties and he is most successful who is readiest to adopt the modern system. And it is profitable to make specialists even of our bees, allowing some to make a specialty of comb honey, some of extracted, some of new swarms. Why then should we not go another step and retain some specialty for producing a necessity in any well regulated apiary, extra brood racks for young swarms? The other specialties require different arrangements in the hives for the very best results. Experience will also prove that many little details may be so arranged for the removal of the racks from a hive kept for that particular purpose that will render the process much more convenient. There is no necessity of spoiling a colony for the production of honey as soon as its duties as brood-rack filler are done. But none the less is it a matter of economy to set aside enough hives prepared and arranged in the most convenient manner for this purpose, and then confine that duty strictly to those colonies, never disturbing others for a similar purpose?

Pa.

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A Few Healthy Dont's for Beginners

BY ED. JOLLEY.

The success of the beginner depends as much on knowing what *not* to do as it does on knowing what to do, and as nearly all writers are telling what to do, I will tell a few things that ought not to be done.

In the first place, don't get too many colonies to start with. Two is enough. Not more than four or five at the outside. After having secured your start don't be in too much of a hurry about increasing your stocks. Don't divide them into a number of small colonies and expect to be able to get a crop of honey. With your limited experience you will simply sacrifice your honey crop for increase and still have no experience in what is essential for a beginner to learn, the art of holding colonies advantageously for securing a crop of honey. Have patience, and don't try to go too fast. Let your efforts be directed to getting your colonies strong for the honey flow, and always do all you can to discourage swarming rather than encourage it, and then you will find they will increase as fast or faster than your growing knowledge will enable you to handle them proficiently.

Don't be too particular about the variety or color of your bees, and whether they are thoroughbred or not, but see that each colony has a good, prolific queen. If you find one whose queen is not as proliffc as she ought to be or has other undesirable qualities, don't attempt to raise one to take her place but send to some reputable breeder and buy one. By sending off for queens to replace undesirable ones you always have a sufficient infusion of new blood in your apiary to insure you good queens when your colonies swarm.

Don't load up your smoker and go delving into your bee hives without being able to give a sensible reason for so doing, if you were called upon to tell why you were disturbing them. Never make a move in the apiary without a motive.

After having secured a crop of honey don't be in too much of a hurry about disposing of it. Put it up neat, clean and attractive, and then demand a fair price for it, and see that you get it too. You must remember that you are building a honey trade upon which your future success in bee keeping will depend. You are now laying the foundation, as it were, and you cannot afford to put honey on the market in a careless manner or sell it cheap because you only have a little of it, as the customers who get it will always expect to get cheap honey from you. Besides you are doing an injustice to your brother bee keepers by accepting anything but a fair price.

After having started in the spring, and had one summer's experienoe, don't spend your time the following winter inventing a hive that will revolutionize the bee keeping world, for hives and frames of every conceivable size and shape have been tried, and over a quarter os a century of experience by the leading scientific bee keepers has decided that the hives and frames now catalogued as standard by all supply dealers are the nearest approach to perfection that has yet been attained.

Don't buy hives that take other than

a standard frame, for they are sure to be a vexation to you in the end.

Don't conduct new and costly experiments in your apiary until you have had several years of experience in the more common methods of bee-keeping. By that time you will have learned enough to let the other fellow do the experimenting. Experimenting is costly business, as I happen to know by experience. I followed this will-o'-the-wisp two or three years and made some grand inventions and many new and important discoveries, but just as I was about to turn them over to the bee-keeping public and become its everlasting benefactor, I invariably found that some other seeker had been there ten or fifteen years before, and that the thing I had spent so much time and money on had long since been discarded for having no other merit than encumbrance. And so it will be with any that go beyond their light.

Don't fail to get one or two good standard works on bees and study them carefully, Besides, subscribe to one or more Bee Journals, or as many as you can afford. I know the beginner is apt to think he cannot afford any, but the truth is if he has but one or two colonies of bees, he cannot afford to do without them. I take six and my name is not Vanderbilt either, but I get so much practical good out of them I cannot afford to do with less.

Don't get discouraged if your honey crop don't equal your expectations. There are years when the best of the bee-keepers instead of getting honey will have to go down in their pockets to get food to winter the bees on. But any bee-keeper worthy of the name will take that as a matter of course and live in hopes of a better future.

Some other time I may tell you of some of the failures I have made and point out some of the things I stumbled over.

Franklin, Pa.

A Visit with a Neighbor.

A LOOK ON THE DARK AND THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS.

BY MRS. OLIVER COLE.

"Good afternoon Mr. Titus, come right along. You see I am very busy with my pets. It is a lovely day and the bees are flying. What little busy bodies they are; improving every moment. Yes! it is remarkable weather for this time of the year; the 8th of November. What good can they do flying now? They cannot gather any honey for us. You see some colonies are bringing in pollen. What good is that now? No doubt they have enough of it for they did not make us a pound of honey. I have no honey to eat on my buckwheat cakes this winter, but we make a syrup of granulated sugar, which is cheap, and we should be thankful for that. Besides I prefer it to honey."

"What can bees get pollen from now?"

"I cannot say unless they get it from dandelions which the warm rain brought forth these few warm days. As I was crossing the river yesterday I stopped and looked at them with a thankful heart. It seemed like a promise of plenty in the future. The bringing in of pollen shows us the strongest colonies with a prolific queen. If we have thought that any were without a queen, we know they have when we see them work like this. I could go around my apiary and select the strongest colonies for business and the tested queens by their progeny. I have some as pretty yellow bees as you ever saw, but those dark, three-banded ones are the bees for all purposes. It pleases me to see them so lively this month. I believe they will winter well."

"If any of my bees live through the winter I have a mind to sell them off in the spring. Bee-keeping does not pay late years."

"Did you look them over to see if they had honey enough to winter on, or do you double up the weak colonies, if any?"

"No, if they cannot take care of themselves they may die. I have too much work on my farm, and they never pay me for any extra work. I am about discouraged with them. What have you been doing with your bees today?"

"I have been taking off a few feeders which were left on until now. I feed some with sugar syrup; those that did not have enough stores for winter. I have been putting on some Hill devices over the frames."

"What is that for?"

"It gives the bees a winter passage over the frames to full combs of honey. They move to the honey over the frames when they cannot go down around in cold weather."

"I would never pull that sealed covering off of the bees to put that frame or "device" as you call it, over them. It is not natural to do so. They seal down their covering very closely, and what is nature I let alone."

"I have had doubts myself about this being the best way. I have thought as you do, yet I believe that the majority of bee-keepers fix their bees in this way for winter. I think if we could cut two or three passages through the combs in some way it would be better. Many believe in ventilation above the bees. They would not get much through the waxed down covering. To carry out this theory I put a clean piece of burlap over the frames; then I put a very thick cushion of oat chaff over all and tuck down the corners well so the heat cannot escape. The chaff cushion will absorb moisture, if any, and keep the combs from molding, for bees cannot live on damp, moldy combs."

"Well! the bees will die anyway, fix them up as you will. I do not want much to do with the pesky things. They are too uncertain. You never know when you are going to have a good year for honey or whether it will pay to fuss with them."

"I think you are looking all on the dark side of bee-keeping. We must look on all sides for a little profit. I get a great deal of pleasure from my bees, as well as considerable profit some seasons. Bee-keeping is a good schoolteacher. It teaches one patience and perseverance."

"We farmers must work at something that will pay."

"That is very true, but do you know when you plow and drag your ground for potatoes that you will get a crop? You must mark the ground, plant and fertilize, cultivate, hoe, put on Paris green three or four times, hill them up, dig them, carry them into the cellar and then sell them for only 15c a bushel, if you sell them just now. Very soon you may hear they are 20c, and thinking they will be no higher in price you will carry them out of the cellar, load them into a wagon, draw them to a car perhaps three or four miles away, and for over 40 bushels you will receive $8.00. This is not very large pay for the amount of work, but it is what is being done this fall, yet you would not say you will never plant any more potatoes or sell your farm. Our dividends did not net us more than 35 to 40 cents for 100 pounds of milk some months this season at the factory. We would not sell our cows because of the drought of one or two seasons. We must look on the bright side of things. Keep our bees and love them. Work the harder. Raise a little of many things. We as individuals and a nation are very wicked. We must learn to look to God the source of all blessing more than we ever have before and we will then reap a rich reward.

Sherburne, N. Y.

Wintering Bees in Box Hives.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

A reader of the American Bee Keeper requests me to give my opinion on the following: "Will bees winter better in box hives than they will in a movable frame hive?"

This question has often been discussed, yet I will try to give my experience. I prefer to have all my bees in movable frame hives to get the best results in wintering. If you have an old box gum full of old tough comb well filled with honey, and the hive full of bees—the hive being free from cracks or openings, whereby the heat would escape and the cold find a way in—I should say the old box hive is a first class hive for wintering. But should the box hive be as most that I have seen, full of large openings. the cover flat and full of cracks, the hive half full of new comb with little honey in them and the comb about half covered with bees, I would call the box gum a very poor hive to winter bees in.

Often in these box hives the queen fails during the latter part of the season, and the bees do not supersede her. You probably cannot get at her to replace her with a young vigorous queen, hence your colony will get very weak before the winter arrives, and the chances are it will be dead before spring.

The movable frame hive is so arranged that it can quickly be made comfortable for a colony of most any size. If you have a weak, small colony in a frame hive and leave them the full eight or ten frames with ten or fifteen pounds of honey scattered all over the frames, the chances are that the bees will hardly pull through. But a bee-keeper with a little experience and ordinary intelligence would not leave his bees in this condition and expect a surplus the following season, if they live through the winter at all. Contract your brood chamber according to the size of the colony of bees; leave them plenty of good honey where they can get at it, no matter how cold the winter should be; place a good cover over the frames, and over all a good tight cover to keep them perfectly dry; tilt the hive a little forward so that all moisture that may collect can run out at the entrance; and I think you will agree with me that a frame hive is much superior to a box gum for wintering.

I am satisfied that you already agree that a frame hive is superior during the summer season. In conclusion would say that if you are satisfied with wintering your bees only, and are sure you will always have your box hive full of old comb filled with good honey, and the hive full of bees, continue with this kind of a hive; but if you want to winter your bees and winter them for some purpose, by all means use none but movable frame hives. The old box hive has not been laid aside because we wanted a change, but because in the frame hive we found something better.

Steeleville, Ill.

Notes and Comments.

BY H. E. HILL.

A Toledo, O., man refused to devulge the secret of an effectual foul brood cure, which he has held for eleven years. May his tribe never increase.

In parts of "old Mozzura" the past season has been one of the best for honey ever known.

Our national flower signifies "encouragement." This is a particularly appropriate when considered from the standpoint of a bee-keeper. Give us plenty of Goldenrod.

Every bee-keeper should familiarize himself with the symptoms of of foul brood, that its presence would be readily detected.

In relating a bee-hunting episode, in A. B. J., J. H. Andre says; "I made an examination of the bees and found them all of one size and shape, which everyone that has knowledge of bees knows that it proves they belong to the same colony." This is noteworthy only because of its erroneous inference. Bees of the same race or strain may be identical in appearance, though bred in differint states, or hemispheres, while the progeny of one queen sometimes differ perceptibly both in markings and in size.

Sam Wilson, the Tennesee prophet, thinks the moisture in the ground during the fall months foreshadows the honey-crop of the following season. I believe it is R. McKnight who says the nectar secretion is in proportion to the amount of carbonic acid in the atmosphere. We must have not only the "honey-plants" but the *conditions*, for a crop.

A writer in the A. B. J., suggests that that the workers may control the sex of eggs in drone-rearing, since they develope either a worker or a queen at will. The fact that bees often dwindle and die of queenlessness proves their inability to produce a female from an unfecundated egg.

Now, Mr. Newman has retired from apicultural journalism, Prof. Wiley ventures forth as of yore with "scientific pleasantries" calculated to injure bee-keeping interests. Mr. Abbott in A. B. J., comments in a befitting and forcible manner upon Prof. Wiley's conduct, which appears to be a little less than a mania. He may, however, find the press of today quite as "warm" as thirteen years ago.

The construction of a super that firmly and squarely supports the sections $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch above the top-bars, admits the tiering up, protects the edges from propolization, that may be used with or without separators, and from which the finished goods may be released without force, combining simplicity and moderate cost, still affords ample scope for the inventive genius of the fraternity.

It is said that buyers in San Diego are paying but 2½c per lb. for California honey. By the time the transportation companies and the non-producing "middlemen" are satisfied, however, the consumer will pay a much higher price for it than he would, had the producer received a fair price for his goods, under a co-operative and equitable system of distribution. With the advantages of such a system the consumer could buy cheaper, the producer would receive just remuneration for his labor, and the middleman would be released from his present burden of cares and schemes, and at liberty to engage in some legitimate avocation that would add to, instead of detract from the worlds storehouse of wealth.

A union of the N. A. B. K. A., and the N. A. B. K. U., seems quite evident and eminently desirable. There is indeed a "broad field of labor" for such an organization, and, I opine, hundreds of dollars waiting only for the announcement that the union has been effected, to pour into the treasury. My dollar is ready.

* * *

We have a few copies of A. B. C. of Bee Culture, with paper cover, which we will send post-paid for 50c each.

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OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From the Canadian Bee Journal.)

WHAT IS INDICATED BY COLOR IN ITALIAN BEES?

BY J. P. H. BROWN.

"What is indicated by color in Italian bees?"

Before I can proceed to answer this question I beg leave to ask another, and to make a few observations thereon. Is the Italian bee a fixed type or race with a distinct individuality, or only a variety of *apis melifica?* That it is only a variety and not a fixed type, is a fact well established, both by its physical characteristics in breeding and by a study of its geographical distribution in its "Sunny Italian clime."

But to constitute a variety or breed of any species there must be some distinguishing characteristics. Thus, the different breeds of cattle, horses, swine, poultry, etc., can readily be distinguished from each other by certain physical markings, and by peculiarities of temperament. This same law applies to the Italian bee.

We have been accustomed to find it in those Italian districts where it exists in its highest state of development, with the three abdomical segments next the thorax of a color varying from a bright yellow to a dark leather. These three yellow bands are claimed to be a test of purity ; but there are physical conditions that prevail is this variety of bees that are really more reliable as a test of purity than the yellow bands. For instance, the pure blooded bee will maintain its position on the combs, and will not run and scamper when the smoke is applied and the hive opened, like bees of other varieties. The queens are less excitable and not so easily frightened. I wish here to be understood that these observations apply to Italian bees as received from Italy.

Every experienced breeder of Italian queens knows that by a selection of his yellowest female and male stock, he can, in a few generations, produce bees with bands much yellower and brighter than the original imported stock; and if there is an introduction of Cyprian or Syrian blood, the yellow is further extended and increased. Queens from such stock may be bright yellow; drones brilliantly mottled with gold; and workers with four or five yellow bands. The dull markings of the Italian ancestors are obliterated by the brightness of the golden beauties. It is very questionable in my mind whether these Americanized four and five banded bees can, with propriety, be called Italians. There is a change of physical characteristics from the original. They can not strictly come within the text of my paper. Color here is no criterion of purity. It only indicates that there has been a selection of yellow stock for breeding.

My text confines me to the markings of Italian bees as we get them from Italy. These must be pure if the fact of their coming from that country can make them so. The color of imported Italian queens vary from quite dark to yellow; drones from nearly black to mottled with yellow; workers with three bands varying from dark leather to bright yellow. In some cases the third band can not be seen till the abdomen is distended with honey. The queen progeny of many imported queens may vary from nearly black to yellow. Now, we can not say that the imported queens that produce dark queens, drones or workers, are impure, or claim purity for only the bright ones. The dark color does not indicate impurity any more than the light color indicates purity. We have seen that the Italian bee is only a variety, and, as such in breeding, it is liable to sport or revert back toward the original—sometimes to dark, sometimes to yellow; but still maintaining the three bands as a sort of standard of excellence. Without some standard of excellence, or ideal bee, it is impossible to breed a variety up to a high attainment.

When the breeder of bright yellow bees embodies in his bee vigor of constitution and an increased capacity for gathering honey as the prime factor, and color as a secondary constitution—utility leading beauty—we shall have the bee of the future. Color, then, in the Americanized Italian will indicate excellence in the bee, and the insect itself will stand as a monument to the skill, patience, and perseverance of its developers.

(From Bee-Keepers' Record.)

ABOUT BEES AND BEE-KEEPING.

SUCCESSES AND FAILURES; OR, "DO BEES PAY?"

The question, "Do bees pay?" is one upon which I suppose it is impossible to hope for unanimity of opinion, for while the large majority of bee-keepers would answer in the affirmative, a few take distinctly opposite views. The opinions entertained by the latter class will in no way influence those who already keep bees and derive profit therefrom, but it does affect a considerable number of would-be bee-keepers, who are deterred from entering into the pursuit by these adverse reports. It may, therefore, not be out of place to consider why such varying results should follow equally well-meant efforts made in the same direction.

Many people—attracted, may be by some glowing report of success, but knowing almost nothing of the salient points of bee management—start bee-keeping with a rush, expecting to realize a big profit at once. They fail, as a matter of course, and are in consequence fully persuaded that "bees don't pay." Of this class it may be said, "and a good job too;" for if bees could be made to pay without an effort at something like intelligent management, backed up by a fair knowledge of "the art of bee-keeping," the pursuit would be swamped by the very number of its votaries.

Others, again, start bee-keeping, and in their mind's eye see "fortune in the bee-hive," if the thing is only gone into on a sufficiently extensive scale. They hear of "big takes" from single hives, and by the use of the multiplication table jump to all sorts of extravagant conclusions. A few have been known to spend large sums in the purchase of bees and appliances in starting bee-farms as a sole means of income; but Dame Fortune is shy; a season or two of honey-failure comes, and the looked for full coffers remain empty; consequently the bee-farmer becomes discouraged and disheartened, and his "bees don't pay." Another of the "failure" class takes the bee-fever badly, procures a few stocks of bees, and at once goes off his head about them for a short time, but the reaction sets in, or a new hobby is taken up, the bees are neglected, and failure follows as a matter of course.

A still further and more numerous example is found in those who get bees and think they have done all that is necessary; who never feeds nor give them any attention whatever, begrudging every farthing it becomes necessary to spend upon them; who, in fact, never do anything to or for their bees save talk; and when a super requires putting on or taken off, go to the bee-man of their village, or to some willing neighbor, and ask him to do it for them. Denial is, to say the least, not easy; and so those who often can ill spare the time have their good nature imposed upon in a way that is unfair, if not worse. In this class we also find those who, when advised to undertake some little necessary operation for the bees, welfare, say, "Oh, yes, we will do it by-and-by;" *but they don't.* The natural consequence is that, so long at others tend their bees for them, all goes well, but once they are thrown on their own resources they come to grief, and later on help to raise the cry "bees don't pay." I could put my finger on many belonging to what may be termed the "awful examples" of this class, and it is eventually in the apiaries of such that we find disease, dirt, and everything that to a bee-keeper of the right sort is abominable.

There is yet another class who, no matter how much they make out of their honey-crop, think it "good business" to lead others to believe that "bees don't pay." So far as profit they religiously keep their own council, sometimes going so far as to make misleading statements with the idea that by so doing they are keeping others from opening an opposition "shop." We thus arrive at the very fair conclusion that selfishness and mismanagement are the two prime factors of the problem why "bees don't pay."

Leaving, then, for a time the failures, and endeavoring to arrive at what is most likely to lead to success, a rather curious fact has to be borne in mind, viz., how largely experience teaches that a score or so of hives well-managed give a greater proportionate return for the time and outlay expended then is obtained where a very large number are kept. The reasons for this, however difficult to understand at first, become fairly plain if we bear in mind the increased burden of management when a very large apiary is taken in hand. As stock increases so is the labor more heavily felt, and what once was a pleasure, when a few hives were kept, becomes a trouble ; the interests flags, and imperceptibly, but surely, the energy and attention necessary to success fall away, with the result we haye mentioned.

But to come to the brighter side of the question. I have presonally had to do with a good few beginners during the past year, some of these in comparatively poor honey districts, too ; yet I do not know of one whose bees have been a financial failure; simply, as I think, because they have gone the right way to work. They have each started in a small way, giving all the necessary time, care, and attention to their few colonies, and the result gathered from figures now before me shows an average of 35 lb. to 90 lb. per hive, according to their districts. I quote brief particulars of one or two cases :—1. Bees cost 8s., hive homemade, surplus taken 90 lb.; increased to two stocks (good district). 2. Bees and hive costs 23s., surplus 43 lb., sold at 1s. per lb.; no increase, but bees now very strong (bad district). 3. Bees in skep transferred to homemade hives in May, 33 lb. surplus in sections, sold at 1s. per section ; no increase (poor district.) These few cases may serve to illustrate my point, which is that good results can only follow intelligent management, whether on the part of a beginner or an old hand.

For myself, I can honestly say that after keeping bees under many varied conditions, sometimes wasting the whole season and practically wasting stocks in carrying out some, perhaps, useless fad or crank of my own, I am perfectly satisfied that there is no business, hobby, pastime, or pursuit that gives so much profit for the outlay, to say nothing of the pleasure and the health-giving side of the matter, as a few well-managed hives of bees in careful and thoughtful hands.

To be successful, observe first the golden rule—" Don't put off till tomorrow that which should be done today ;" second, regard it as absolutely necessary to make a study of your bees ; the third, give them the attention they require at the right time.

H. W. Brice.

* * *

See Clubbing Rates on page 8.

(From the Progressive Bee-Keeper.)

WILL GOOD YEARS COME NO MORE?

BY DR. C. C. MILLER.

Some seem to have settled into the belief that the forests have been cut away, cultivation has destroyed the wild flowers, and that as a consequence we are never again to have such yields of honey as in the past. Others again come up smiling at the close of each year of defeat, prophesying good things to come, and hopefully recounting all the omens for good.

I think there is no denying the fact that in general the past few years have not been as good as formerly for the majority of bee-keepers. And I plainly confess that I don't know anything about the future of bee-keeping. But I incline rather to join the ranks of the optimists. The wise man says: "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost nor inquire wisely concerning this." But I suppose I may be allowed to discuss somewhat the reasoning of those who do inquire.

As already mentioned, it is thought by some, perhaps by a good many, that the advance of civilation and cultivation has so changed the flora that no further explanation is needed for the falling off in honey crops. There may be something in that in certain localities. A good deal in some. For where linden has been a chief source of nectar and the trees have all been cut down, there can be no question as to the result. But lindens are not found everywhere, and in many places they have not been cut down, and failures have occurred in their presence.

The destruction of wild flowers by the plow doesn't cut so great a figure as many imagine. Look over the list of wild flowers that yield great crops of honey, and that are destroyed by the plow and tell me what they are. Such plants as fire weed are not great in number, and are found in only a few regions. Besides, in large areas such as the state of New York and parts of some other states, all the wild flowers were gone years ago just as much as they are now. The disappearance of its crops didn't occur along with the disappearance of the wild flowers, but some time after.

Again, the failures of recent years are attributed to climatic, electric or other occult influences. It may be. Who knows? I'm sure I don't. The weather is responsible for a good many things, and quite possibly it may be the guilty party.

But I fancy I hear some one say: "Suppose you do locate the place, what are you going to do about it?" Well, nothing I suppose. "Then what's the use talking about it?" Well, now, there may be some use in talking about it, even if we can't do anything about it. A good many of us do a good deal of thinking about it. We've got to—can't help ourselves. After running bluntly up against partial or total failures for a number of years, we can't help but think about the question whether it is wise to continue making preparations for crops that never come. And a thing that's worth thinking about ought to be worth talking about. For myself, if the past two seasons are to be an index of the future, the sooner I get out of bee-keeping the less I'll lose by it. And I'd give something to know what the next fiive or ten years will bring in the way of pasturage.

Notwithstanding the fact that my bees have given no surplus for two years, I'm putting them into winter quarters with a good bit of the same hopefulness I had in years gone by after a good season. I'll tell you a little how it looks to me. If it's the presence or lack of blossoms, I don't see any reason why there may not be many blossoms next year as there were ten or fifteen years ago. My chief, indeed my almost sole source of surplus is white clover. Sometimes plants and blossoms are scarce, sometimes bloom in abundant. I dont know any great reason why next year may not be one of their abundance.

If it's electric or other conditions that make the trouble, no one that I know of can tell much about them, and as the whole matter lies in the region of uncertainty, why not expect good conditions as well as bad for next year? The weather with all its appurtenances and belongings is proverbial for its changeableness. We've had changes for the worse, are we not just as likely now to have them for the better? Two years of total failures is a somewhat remarkable thing. It would be still more remarkable if we should have three.

Notwithstanding the many failures, there were also successes. This year is reported by some as the best year ever known. May it not come our turn next year? I think I never knew a better fall yield, in my locality, than the present year. Although it gave me no surplus, it was still valuable, for it saved feeding for winter. Now if the bees took a fresh grip on the fall harvest, why may they not do it on the next white honey harvest?

There is also a probability of increasing acreage of honey plants in the future. Rape, alfalfa, crimson clover, sweet clover and perhaps other things are talked of as promising forage plants where they are now little known. Who knows what possibilities there may be in that direction?

On the whole, I think I'll not brimstone my bees just yet.

Marengo, Ill.

THE NEW BIRTH.

A BRIEF NEW YEAR SERMON BY DR. LYMAN ABBOTT PASTOR OF PLYMOTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

CHRISTMAS and New Year Day are, and should be, times of introspection, of self-examination, to ascertain whether achievements are not falling far short of ideals, and whether the ideals themselves are not becoming dim. Invariably it will be found that this it true. Everybody needs a newer and diviner life than that of the days that are gone. They need more spirituality. No intellectual development, no culture, no moral obedience to laws of conduct, can take the place of spiritual life. It is the absolute necessity of humanity. No finger-drilling will enable a girl to see the kingdom of music; no Greek grammatical grind will enable a student to see the kingdom of literature. The artistic sense must be born before art or literature are even as much as seen. So no drill in creed or ritual will ever open the windows of the kingdom of God and let the soul look in. The sense of spiritual realities must be born within the soul. A new life must begin; and this life must be born from above. If it be true that we *must*, it is true that we *may*, become new creatures. We may bury the past in the depths of the sea. It may become as foreign to us as though it were a pre-existent state. The moral and spiritual nature may be re-formed. The very substratum of character may be changed. No man or woman need despair. No one has a right to say in exculpation to himself, "It is my nature; I was born so." He can acquire a new nature; he can be born again, born out of the dead past. The secret and origin of this new and divine life is the love of God, and this omnipotent love may be obtained by meriting it, by setting Christian ideals high, and striving to live up to them, not in the letter merely, but in the true spirit. New Year's is an excellent day to begin to live a spiritual and unselfish life; and even if the efforts are not wholly successful at first, they will result, nevertheless, in lasting good.—*From "New Thoughts for the New Year," in Demorest's Magazine for January.*

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EDITORIAL.

The Annual Convention of the Ontario Co. N. Y. Bee-Keepers' Association will be held at Canandaigua N. Y. Jan. 24-25, 1895. This is expected to be the most interesting meeting of bee-keepers that will be held in this state during the winter. A special invitation is extended to bee-keepers everywhere—Everybody will be welcome.

We have a quantity of Alley Drone and Queen Traps pattern of 1894 which will be sold at 25c each, regular price 50c. These traps are just as good for practical purposes as those of more recent pattern.

Our 1896 Catalogue will be mailed the latter part of the month.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N. H. will keep a complete supply of our goods during the coming season and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

We want a large quantity of beeswax, and will pay 30c a pound cash or 32c a pound in goods for good clean wax freight paid to Falconer, N. Y.

Jenny Atchley says that Dr. Miller is "off the track" when he claims that "Lessons in Profitable Bee-Keeping" that have recently been running in the *Southland Queen* were filched from A. B. J. It seems that Mrs Atchley was the author of the articles and they were first printed in A. B. J. with her permission.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER one year with the Cosmopolitan for $1.25. The Cosmopolitan is a monthly magazine containing an average of over 100 pages and 80 illustrations each month.

Up to the present time the weather has been very open, and with many warm days, with indications of an open winter throughout. A mild winter would be of great advantage to bee keepers.

"HOW TO MANAGE BEES," a 50c book, and the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER a year for only 60c, or A. B. C. of Bee Culture and the BEE-KEEPER one year for 75c, or including *Gleanings* one year for $1.65.

A few copies of the article "Giant Bees of India," by Frank Benton, are left. We will mail them to any address at 5c each.

We have just received advance proof sheets of "Bulletin No. 1. New Series," to be issued in a few days by the Entomological Division of the Agricultural Department at Washington and is entitled "The Honey Bee, A Manual of Instruction in Apiculture." It will be a pamplet containing about 120 pages and is written by Mr. Frank Benton who is well and favorably known throughout this and many foreign countries as one who is thoroughly competent to treat the subject in a most exhaustive manner. A brief perusal of the work shows that he has not slighted it in any way. It contains very comprehensive and practical instructions in bee-keeping and is written in plain language that can be readily understood even by the merest novice in apriculture. The object in issuing the work is to more thoroughly disseminate a knowledge of bee-keeping among the farmers and to stimulate the industry among those who are already engaged in it, and enable bee-keepers everywhere to gain a knowledge of bee-keeping that will enable them the more surely to acquire a fair remuneration for their work and investment. The book will be profusely illustrated many of the illustrations being there produced for the first time.

The work is for free distribution by the Goverment but as the edition will be limited to a few thousand copies, only those who apply early will probably be able to obtain a copy. Mr. Benton deserves great credit for the thorough manner in which he has treated the subject and no doubt the work will be widely read and quoted.

From the advance proofs of "The Honey Bee" shortly to be issued we quote the following instructions relative to selecting of a site for an apiary.

"The apiary should be located where no surface water will collect during heavy storms, yet the ground should not be very uneven, but rather a gentle slope. In the colder portions of the United States a southeastern exposure is decidedly preferable, though in the South the slope of the site is less important to the welfare of the bees; a direct southern or southwestern exposure, however, will be found extremely uncomfortable at times both for the operator and for his bees. A windbreak, such as a board fence, a hedge, or a row of evergreens on the north and west, is advisable as a protection against sharp winds in the winter and early spring, which keep many bees from reaching their hives even when near the entrances. Some shade is desirable, yet such density as to produce dampness is extremely detrimental. In moist elevated regions, which are of course cool, no shade will be needed, except temporarily for newly hived swarms. Tall trees are objectionable in or near the apiary, because swarms are likely to cluster so high as to render their capture difficult and dangerous. Some of the self-hivers or non-swarming devices now offered for sale may with improvement yet accomplish the end in view, but heretofore clipping one wing of each laying queen and using all precautions to prevent after-swarming, making artificial swarms, selection in breeding, or any other means known to limit swarming, have not sufficed to prevent the occasional issuance of a swarm with a queen having wings. Therefore it is advisable to have the apiary located under or near low trees, where the hives can be readily seen from the house. Carniolan, Italian, and Cyprian bees give less trouble to passers-by or to live stock than do ordinary brown or German bees, or hybrids of these races, yet whatever race be kept, it is best to have the apiary as secluded as the necessary or desirable conditions will permit.

American and English Girls.

American women in Paris have been grossly insulted by a benighted heathen of an Englishman who had classed them with his own countrywomen in some tirade he was making on "the little Frenchwomen." American girls adore their French sisters and utterly despise their English cousins. The reason is not far to seek. The American girl is prettier and better dressed than the English girl. That is the lovely American's opinion of herself. Her brothers, uncles and grandfathers are quite in accord with her. One of them, who evidently knows what he is writing about, says, "The English woman dresses herself to look like a guy, and as she has little but a shapeless plank to start on she generally succeeds."

This spirited citizen of the greatest country in the world winds up with an elegant invitation to us to come over and see for ourselves. "If half the race of whisky and soda drinking, bacon and egg eating, eyeglass folding islanders should come on a visit to the States (Chicago in particular), they would be so entertained they would never return." It is very kind of him, and we know that Chicago is famous for its pigs and its butchers, but why mix them up with American girls? So long as they have big enough dowries we don't mind how they get them.—Realm.

German Village Life.

Heidelberg is in natural location a curiously situated place. The town is built at the point where the Neckar river shortly before it empties into the Rhine emerges from a winding defile in the mountains. The river abuts so close to the mountain edge there is scarcely room for a town, so that the houses have been stretched out along one principal street. This is the so called Hauptstrasse, or main street, which is of course neither wonderful nor beautiful. It is simply a winding roadway where one may observe various phases of German village life. The shops are nearly all located here, where not only the natives trade, but where are found all those various novelties and souvenirs which are distinctly of the place and which tourists are so addicted to carrying home with them. The other leading street, and the one most frequented by foreigners, is the so called Anlage, a broad earth path beneath a double line of trees, adjoining at one end a small park. This is the aristocratic quarter, where nearly all the hotels are situated.

In common with all German towns and cities, the soldier life on this street and elsewhere is very much in evidence. A regiment with its stirring music goes marching through the town once or twice a day to keep alive the martial spirit of the people and to impress them with the power of the government. It would seem that there might be in Germany one or two particularly pretty little towns, such as this is, perhaps excluded from the military jurisdiction, where those people might resort who are not so fond of the army. The German government, however, trusts so little in the innate goodness and reliability of the individual that such a course has never commended itself to it.—Heidelberg Letter.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

You who [illegible] you see,
Often [illegible] right;
Stars [illegible]
In the [illegible] light;
All the day [illegible] concealed
By the [illegible]
But at eve they [illegible] revealed
In the azure, one by one.

So the daylight of a smile
May but veil the human face
Hiding for a little while
Doubt and care and sorrow's trace;
So, when shadow clouds of woe
O'er a happy face arise,
Still beneath the shadows glow
Stars of joy in gentle eyes.

Life is arched with changing skies,
Rarely are they what they seem;
Smiles we love, and also sighs—
Much we know, but more we dream;
Look beneath the outward show,
To the shadow or the light,
And from what you surely know
Learn to see and judge aright.

—Exchange.

EXCHANGE OF ROLES.

All his life Charlie Stanhope had been quite ready to admit that his morals were somewhat faulty. Sometimes he admitted it genially, sometimes with a mild self reproach, but always with the air of being quite irresponsible for his failings, and indeed he was one of those men whom scarcely any one judges hardly. Good looks, a pleasant smile, an easy affectionateness and a generous hand are excellent covers for very serious faults if a too fervid liking for the good things of this life, including wine and women, is to be counted among them.

"Hang it, you know, a pretty woman can always make a fool of me," he used to acknowledge, "and I positively cannot help it. Lilian knows it too."

Lilian was Mrs. Stanhope, and she certainly had abundant reason to know it. Charlie had married her in a fit of infatuation for her beauty and amid the ominous prophecies of their friends as to their future happiness, and if the husband and wife had been philanthropically inclined they might have had the satisfaction of knowing that they still afforded a thrilling topic of conversation to their social circle.

In the course of five years of married life there had been much for Lilian to forgive, and Charlie had a habit of suddenly confessing himself to her and receiving absolution for his sins, under the shadow of which for a month he would live irreproachably, forswear his club, going to no supper parties and escorting his wife to afternoons and balls and reverting altogether to the husband-lover of their honeymoon. In very truth it is not too much to say that he loved and respected his wife above any living creature; only it was not in his nature to be faithful to any woman.

"You are a saint, Lilian, my pure white lily," he often said in his fits of remorse, "and I'm a black brute, not fit to kiss the hem of your dress."

And he thoroughly believed it, too, for the time being.

So when one morning he came down to breakfast and opened and read a certain letter that was lying on his plate he only experienced a furious anger against the author of it. It was written in a hand awkwardly sloped the wrong way and obviously feminine, and bore the ominous signature, "A Well Wisher," and contained nothing but a savage and coarse attack upon his wife, coupling her name with that of a man who had just been notoriously expelled from a smart club for cheating at cards. Charlie's handsome face flushed darkly, and he muttered a savage oath under his breath

"What devils some women are! Can't they even leave Lilian alone? She, of all women in the world, to be written of so! It's that jade, Maud Bellair, I'm certain she has never forgiven me for refusing to introduce her to Lilian. Well, I may be a blackguard myself, but my wife shall never speak to such women. She must never know of it. It would half kill her, and if I showed it to her she might, perhaps, think I suspected her. I suspect Lilian! Great heavens, what would the world be coming to—and to couple her name with Hugh Dacre's! It's a pity she didn't try to invent something a little more probable."

His faith in his wife was not shaken for an instant. No devout worshiper would think of dethroning his pure, white idol because some miscreant throws a clod of dirt at it, but the words of the letter fascinated him, as things impossible and monstrous do, and he was so absorbed in it that he did not heed a footstep coming through the open door, and started violently when a hand was laid on his arm and Lilian's voice said:

"Whatever are you scowling at so ferociously?"

"Oh, nothing of any consequence—a stupid letter," he said confusedly, trying to crumple it up; but his wife put her finger on it.

"Are you so anxious I shouldn't see it?" she said reproachfully.

"It isn't what you think at all, Lil," he said, guessing her suspicions. "It's not a letter from a woman—at least—I mean it's of no importance."

"Let me see it, then," she persisted gently, trying to draw it away.

"Oh, don't read it, dear. It's an abominable, shameful letter! I wouldn't have you pollute your eyes by reading it," he said, taken off his guard. "I entreat you not to read it!"

"Why, you must think I am something more than a woman to refrain after that," said Mrs. Stanhope, smiling as she drew it from his reluctant fingers.

She was a very lovely woman, slender and fair with pathetic gray eyes and a serenely sad mouth, and the smile gave just the last touch her beauty wanted.

"Don't think I heed it for an instant! I know well enough who's done it," said Charlie nobly, but she held up her hand for silence, as she quickly read the sheet. He could see her eyes traveling from line to line; could see a flush quickly rise to her forehead, and as swiftly change to whiteness.

"Ah, Lil, my darling! I knew you could not stand it; I oughtn't to have let you read it," he said, catching at her as she swayed slightly, but she freed herself and stood facing him, with parted lips.

"Then you don't believe it?" she said slowly.

"Believe it! My God, what a question from you to me! My queen, my saint! As if I'd believe all the world against you!" he broke out, passionately. "I've been a bad lot myself, but do you think I don't know a good woman when I find one?"

"You'd believe me against all the world," she echoed, "but if I joined the world against myself what would you believe then?"

"I don't know what you mean. Don't jest on such a subject, and, trust me, I'll make the woman who wrote those lies smart for it."

"But they are not lies," said Lilian Stanhope slowly. "It is the simple truth."

He looked at her in utter bewilderment. What did she mean? What was she talking of? Was she out of her mind?

"You don't seem to understand," she said quietly. "Every word in that letter is true."

He did not answer, but still stood gazing at her. She had crossed over to the mantelpiece and stood with one elbow resting on it, her face turned toward him. The sleeve of her morning wrapper had slipped down, and he could see the curve of her round, white arm. Perhaps he would still have believed her if she had not suddenly smiled such a smile as he had never dreamt of on her face.

He did not know what he said—perhaps he only made some inarticulate cry—but he sank into a chair and hid his face in his hands from that look.

Neither of them spoke. It seemed to him that minutes were merging into eternity. The ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece was like the strokes of a hammer on his brain. His heart seemed shrinking under the touch of redhot iron.

Lilian vile! Oh, it was incredible, impossible, some hideous dream!

He raised his head again to look at her. Surely a lifetime had passed since that smile, and yet the clock had only marked three minutes.

"I am glad you know," said his wife. "I was so tired of pretending to be good." And she stretched her arms as one laying down a heavy burden. "I wonder you have never guessed it before."

"Guessed it! I—I reverenced you too much to insult you by a thought."

"You mean virtue was my role, and it was for you to play sinner. Oh, you were too egotistical. You wanted always to play lead."

"Oh, what did it matter how much I sinned? I was never good. But you! You have been a saint in heaven to me."

"No woman is ever a saint, and, remember, I have been your wife five years. I was good once, but your love has been a liberal education for me."

Her whole bearing seemed altered. The sweet sadness of the mouth had changed to mockery; her voice rang clear and hard. Every word struck home to his soul as nothing had ever done in the course of his gay, successful life.

"Then I have damned you and myself," he said hoarsely.

"Don't talk so primitively. We have been educated out of all that now," she answered. "There are hundreds of husbands and wives in our own case."

"But this man—Dacre"—he brought out the words as if they burned his lips. "You—you can't love him?"

She shrugged her shoulders carelessly.

"Love? What does it mean? He was sufficiently amusing. Did you love Lady Fancourt, Miss Bellair and—but why extend the list?"

"I? That is quite another thing. A man"— But he stopped short under the scorn of her eyes.

"What will you do? You can't divorce me. You could never appear in court with such a record as yours," she went on. "I don't see, myself, why this should make any difference to us. We know the truth about each other now and can be mutually complacent."

The vileness of such words on her lips was unbearable to him. He sprang up and caught her by both arms, studying every line of her face with savage intensity.

"Are you going to kill me?" she said, shrinking a little. "I did not take your confessions so tragically."

"I can't believe it. I can't understand it," he muttered. "You, who were worlds above me, to have sunk so much beneath me!"

"I think we are on a level footing now," she retorted. "Our sin is of the same quality."

"But I know myself for the blackguard I am, and you—oh, Lilian, don't you realize what it is for you?"

She shook her head slightly. A sudden hatred of him had sprung up in her, and instinctively she knew that nothing she could do or say would wring his heart as did her callous bearing.

He looked at her for an instant with despairing eyes and then caught her to him as if he would kiss her, but recoiled, and, loosing her, dashed roughly from the room.—St. Paul's.

Seems to Be a Long Lived Set.

A list of the losses which the Royal society has suffered by death during the past year shows that the pursuit of science is not unfavorable to longevity. The list comprises 19 fellows and seven foreign members, and the average lifetime of these 26 men was a fraction over 76½ years. The average age of the seven foreign members was 79 years and 5 months, the oldest being Franz Ernst Neumann, 97, and the youngest Henri Ernest Baillon, 67. The 19 fellows had an average lifetime of 75 years and 7 months, the oldest being Bisset Hawkins, 98, and the youngest George Edward Dobson, 47. The fellows were not all scientific men, one of them being Lord Aberdare, 80, and another, the Earl of Selborne, 83, but statesmanship and law also seem to favor length of days.—London News.

One Way to Tell Time.

"What time is it?" I asked the janitor of a down town office building.

The old fellow reached into his vest pocket, pulled out a battered silver watch, looked at it intently, and then taking a pencil from another pocket jotted something down on a bit of paper. Next he reached into another pocket and pulled out a second watch, the companion of the first, looked at it and again jotted something down on a bit of paper. Then he began a little computation on his slip of paper, after which he announced:

"At the time you asked, suh, it was just 27 minutes past 3. That's exact."

"Much obliged," I said. "But will you kindly explain to me why you had to look at two watches and go through all that figuring before you could tell me?"

"Why, you see, suh," he replied, "this here watch that I carries in my vest is a mighty good watch, but it loses just ten minutes every day. This other watch that I carries in my pants is just as good, but it gains ten minutes every day. So first I looks at one, and then I looks at the other, and then I takes my pencil and figures out the average between the two. That way I gets the time exact, suh."—Buffalo Express.

A BROWN LEAF.

In the woods today a leaf fluttered down;
It was wrinkled and old and bent and brown,
But it met the wind and began to play,
And I watched it until it whirled away.

And I could but wonder, when time and grief
Should have made me old and bent as the leaf,
Would my heart be as young and full of glee
As the brown leaf playing in front of me?
—Frank H. Sweet in Ladies' Home Journal.

A GEORGIA COLONEL.

Colonel Joseph George Washington Mills is the king of Red Clay, one of the mountain kingdoms that lie a-straddle of the state line which divides Georgia and Tennessee, and is one of the most noted characters of that mountain region.

In the seventies Colonel Mills was a Republican, residing in Atlanta, and ran for congress on the Republican ticket about the time of the political upheaval that brought on such radical changes in the state government. He was a victim of existing circumstances, and without waiting until the ballots were counted he gave up the fight in disgust.

Not long afterward he removed to the remote corner of the commonwealth where he now resides and possessed himself of the historic town of Red Clay, including the ancient council house where Andrew Jackson and the chiefs of the Cherokees met for the last time preparatory to the removal of the tribes to their new territory in the west. He is full of anecdotes, and his stories carry one back to the days of the old Georgia militia, of which he was one of the commanding officers.

"I shall never forget," said he one day, "my first experience as a drillmaster. I was elected captain of a company down in Cobb county, the muster roll of which included the warlike denizens of the forest depths in the neighborhood of Lost mountain. Hunters, traders, trappers, squatters and crackers of low degree were included in this organization. I knew the character of the men that I had to deal with, and as my father was Major General Enoch R. Mills, then commanding the justly celebrated Georgia militia, I felt that I must keep up the dignity of my office by arraying myself not only in authority, but in all the gorgeous habiliments of a high official in the Georgia militia.

"I called to mind an old friend of my father's, Captain Howell, who lived over in Gwinnett county and who had recently resigned the command of his company. He possessed a gorgeous uniform, with the most fetching epaulets that I ever beheld, and I made up my mind that I would apply to him for the loan of his paraphernalia to wear at my first drill, which was to occur on the following Friday. It was in the heat of the summer, after crops were laid by, so I mounted my gray pony and rode to the home of Captain Howell, who extended to me an exceedingly warm reception. 'Lend you my coat and epaulets?' said he when I told my mission. 'Of course I will. I will do anything for the son of General Mills, who is my warm personal friend, sir, I am proud to say. Try on the coat and let us see how it fits. Aha, it is the very thing. Take it, with my compliments, sir, epaulets and all, and may you wear it with the same distinguished honor with which your esteemed father has won the uniform of a major general of the Georgia militia, sir. Here is my sash, also, sir.' And he handed me a silken sash as long as a fence rail, with a gold fringe on it like an old fashioned window curtain. After bidding him an affectionate adieu, I mounted the gray pony and started back home.

" 'Hold on there,' shouted Captain Howell after I had ridden a few paces. 'Here is something else that you will need, Captain Mills.' And he overtook me and handed me a copy of Scott's tactics. I present you with this, sir, as the highest authority in the land. It has been carefully compiled by General Winfield Scott after the most approved methods and usages of the greatest commanders of the age, sir. It is above and beyond all statutory law and is second and subservient only to the constitution of the United States, sir. Only follow its instructions and carry out its regulations and your future is assured, Captain Mills.'

"With the uniform and sash carefully packed in my saddlebags and that copy of Scott's tactics in my left hand I rode off down the winding road in the direction of Lost mountain, where the citizen soldiers of my command were pursuing their peaceful avocations. A casual inspection of the cover of the book showed me a military officer in full regimentals, and as I opened it and began reading my heart swelled and my bosom glowed with military enthusiasm and patriotic ardor.

"About 2 o'clock in the afternoon I arrived in the heart of the forest around Lost mountain, and it occurred to me that as I had never drilled a company of soldiers I ought to engage in some preliminary tactics and not make a display of my ignorance to the men whom I expected some day to lead to glory. So I turned aside into the forest, and after riding [illegible] 200 or 300 yards through the densest woods I ever saw I dismounted at the root of a fallen tree and tied my pony.

"Divesting myself of my coat, I put on the [illegible] and epauletted garment presented to me by Captain Howell and invested myself with the glowing sash and its tinseled tassels floating in the wind. Taking position close to the fallen tree, where I thought it would be utterly impossible for any one to come upon me without my discovering his approach, I assumed a haughty and commanding posture, and with a copy of Scott's tactics opened in my hand I began drilling the imaginary squadron.

"'Carry ahms!' I called in stentorian tones.

"'Order ahms!'

"'Right shoulder ahms!'

"'Present ahms!'

"'Recover ahms!'

"Having gone through with this part of the evolutions to my entire satisfaction, I began on that portion of the manual which referred to loading and firing the old flintlock muskets then in use by the Georgia militia.

"'Draw rammer!'

"'Bite off cartridge!'

"'Charge cartridge!'

"'Recover rammer!'

"'Open pan!'

"'Prime pan!'

"'Close pan!'

"'Make ready!'

"'Take aim!'

"'Fire!'

"'Cease firing!

"'Carry arms!'

"'Well done, comrades,' said I, in a congratulatory voice to my imaginary squadron. 'You do remarkably well for men who have seen so little service.' Then bracing myself against the log I called out:

"'Attention, company!'

"'By the right wheel!'

"'Forward! March!'

"Then I began to imitate the tramp of soldiers, 'hep, hep, hep. Closer order there, men, closer order! Close up the rear rank! Steady men, steady! Halt, comrades!' said I, taking a step forward. 'You must learn to keep step. Keep your eyes front and follow your guides and hold your muskets in position. This will prevent so much confusion.

"'Forward, march! Hep, hep, hep, hep.'

"'Halt!'

"'Stack ahms!'

"'Break ranks!'

"'Comrades,' cried I, in a voice trembling with enthusiasm, 'it affords me pleasure to compliment you upon your proficiency and the care and attention which you have given to these tactics, which are taken from the methods and usages of the greatest commanders of the age. I feel that I can rely upon each and every one of you to do his full duty toward his commander and his country when occasion offers. I feel from your gallant and soldierly bearing and exemplary conduct today that your bosoms are inspired with that patriotic devotion to home and country which are the mainspring of every soldierly virtue. In the flash of your eyes and the bearing of your manly forms I behold that pride of patriotism which should animate our country's defenders, and I know that, should any foe invade our country and attempt any usurpation of our liberties, you would spring to arms and march in the defense of your country and your firesides to death or glorious victory.'

"'Captain Mills,' said I, imitating the supposititious voice of my first lieutenant, 'we have listened with the profoundest pleasure to your words of kindly commendation, which we trust we shall merit in our future conduct. We hope to do full justice to all your expectations, and in the days to come instead of Captain Mills we hope to hail you as Major General Mills, commanding the Georgia militia.'

" 'Lieutenant,' said I in a trembling voice, as if too much overcome for utterance and drawing my bandanna handkerchief from my hat, 'I cannot express the feelings of deep gratification which your words have inspired in my heart. I only hope that our relations may be always as pleasant as they have been on this occasion of our first meeting as commander and faithful followers. It is now with feelings of the deepest interest in your future welfare that I bid you goodby.'

" 'Captain Mills,' said I, again imitating the lieutenant, 'we all join in returning to you our most hearty good wishes. Comrades, three cheers and a tiger for Captain Mills of the Lost Mountain volunteers.'

" 'Hip-hip-hoo-ra-y!'

"When the echoes of that cheer had died away, I pulled off my military coat and sash, carefully wrapped them up and placed them in my saddlebags along with a copy of Scott's tactics, and donning my everyday overcoat I started to mount my horse. I had one foot in the stirrup when I heard a little rustling in the foliage of the fallen tree.

"Turning around, I stood face to face with the tallest mountaineer that I ever laid eyes upon. He rose slowly out of the crotch of the tree, and it seemed to me that he grew taller and taller as he straightened himself. He was red whiskered, red faced and cross eyed, and his flaming hair fell in wild profusion from under his coonskin cap. In his hand he held one of the old fashioned squirrel puncher rifles that glistened in the sun as he fixed me with his stern and baleful gaze.

" 'Well,' said he, catching a deep breath, 'I've seen fools, I've read of fools, I've heard of fools, but of all the goldarned fools that ever I saw you are the goldarned infernalest.'

"By that time I had recovered my composure to some extent, and reaching in my pocket I pulled out a $2½ goldpiece, the only money I had.

" 'Look here, my friend, I don't suppose that you feel any particular interest in telling about this thing. You just take this and say no more about it.'

" 'Well,' said he, sighing regretfully, 'as I am not in the fool killing business I reckon I'll take you up. But I feel that I am missing a mighty fine opportunity.'

"I mounted my horse and rode off, and that cross eyed mountaineer kept his word. But never in all my experience have I had such a close shave as I did on the occasion of my first drill."—Chicago Record.

The Only Requisite.

What is known in the United States and in England as "evening dress" for men plays quite a different part on the European continent, where the "swallowtail" coat and white cravat are regarded as requisites for "full dress" on any ceremonious occasion, whether during the day or in the evening.

When the celebrated pianist, Hans von Bulow, went to England for the first time on a concert tour, he was much surprised to find that the custom of the country made his dress suit inappropriate at afternoon concerts, where he was expected to appear in a frock coat with light trousers.

Soon after his return from his tour a young pianist called on him to get his advice and opinion in regard to a comprehensive pianoforte method which he had just published under the title of "L'Indispensable du Pianiste."

"Ah, my dear young friend," cried the great musician with a whimsical smile, "you are far behind the times. You ought to travel and enlarge your mind. Then you will find out that the pianist's only 'indispensable' is a pair of light trousers."—Youth's Companion.

Appropriate.

In a bookstore: Customer—Have you "The Prisoner of Zenda" in paper?

Salesgirl—No; bound.—Exchange.

THE CRANBERRY.

How It Is Planted and Reared and Where It Flourishes.

The cranberry is native to cold, mossy bogs, such as lie on the sandy slopes of the Atlantic states and about the upper great lakes. Where cold waters flow slowly through sands bogs arise. By the growth of ages a pond fills with vegetation and becomes a peat bog, the lower vegetation decaying under water, forming peat. From the tangle of laurel, fern and sphagnum of the surface the change is gradual through dense masses of wiry stems of the true peat lying 20 or 30 feet below. In some of the bogs in southern New Jersey forests are buried. The bog sustains many hardy perennial shrubs, often heathlike plants, with a great quantity of whitish corallike moss called sphagnum growing upward from its decaying base. This vegetation holds slow moving waters like a sponge, and on its upper portions the cranberry, which is a sort of heather, flourishes in company with sheep laurel, ferns, rushes and saplings. The first step in cranberry tillage is to shave off from two to four feet of this surface. This process, called turfing — it is strictly unturfing—is followed by drainage. Ditches are dug at intervals of about five rods. A surface of sand is next spread over the top. The white lifeless sand of the Massachusetts coast seems best suited, and in this warm bed the cuttings are stuck, sometimes at regular intervals, sometimes sown broadcast and harrowed under.

The first two years is a struggle with weeds. By the third the cranberry gets ahead and keeps so. After the third year it comes to bearing. The plant is one of the beautiful allies of the heathers—a wiry, slender shrub, perennial and trailing, but miscalled a vine. It continues to bear from 15 to 20 years and can be mowed for pruning. Cultivation consists chiefly in protection from the frosts and in dry seasons in moistening the lower part of the bed. This inclpdes a system of irrigating ponds, dikes, gates, etc., of no small extent. In winter the bogs are laid under two feet of water to protect the vines from being winter killed, and they become frozen lakes. In spring they are drained off, but there is anxiety until June 10 on account of the possibility of frost after the buds are set. Small bogs can be flooded soon enough to be protected against sudden frost, but this is not practicable on the large systems, which depend on water several miles distant.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

How They Made Up.

He was a very nice looking young man, but he appeared nervous, and all the clerks in the office looked at him curiously when he rushed in and asked permission to use the telephone. "I want to talk to my wife," he explained, "and there is a telephone in the drug store next door to us, where she can talk to me." He was told to help himself. He went into the little glass apartment and closed the door, but he was not used to a telephone, being under the impression that it was necessary to shout into it at the top of his lungs, and so the clerks heard the entire conversation.

"Hello! Is that Smith's drug store? Well, this is Mr. Jones. What? Mr. Jones! J-o-n— Yes, that's right, next door. Will you call my wife to the telephone, please? Yes, I'll hold my ear here." A long pause, and then in a voice softly modulated: "Is that you, dear? I want to tell you how sorry— What? I say, I want to tell you how— You can't hear? Now, is this any better? Hello, dear! No, no! Don't bring the man to the 'phone. I'll try again. I—want—to—tell—you—how—sorry—I—am—for—being—cross—to—you—this—morning. Yes. Do you forgive me? What? Oh! You say 'long ago.' Oh, you dear girl! What's that funny noise? What? Spell it. Yes. K-i-s. Oh, yes; I understand. Here's one for you, sweetheart."

Here the young man made a noise like the pop of a champagne cork. Then he called off and walked away from the 'phone. blushing happily. —Philadelphia Record.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's Speech.

I remember sitting before Sir Arthur Sullivan when he came to the old Fifth Avenue theater to produce "The Mikado." He led the orchestra well enough, but when the performance was ended he was expected to make a speech. Of all the speeches I ever heard from the lips of a full grown man that was the most remarkable. It consisted of 20 stutters and a stammer, 100 hesitations and 1,000 dashes, countless "er's" and still more "and er's." He had his baton in his hand and in his nervousness nearly beat himself black and blue with it.—New York Press.

Paper Gas Pipes.

German papers assert that gas pipes made of paper are a success. Manilla paper strips are passed through molten asphaltum and then molded under heavy pressure. After cooling, the pipes, which may be of any desired length, receive a waterproof coating.

Unlucky.

"Look here, young fellow," said the gentleman with the waxed mustache to the tramp who was stealthily approaching the vicinity of the free lunch counter, "if you're at all superstitious, I'd have you know that you're the thirteenth man who has worked that free lunch today."

"Well, I guess 13 is dead unlucky," replied the itinerant. "No. 12 seems to have got the last of it."—Yonkers Statesman.

CATCHING WILD PONIES.

Hundreds of Animals Corralled on an Island Off Virginia's Coast.

Chincoteague is a small island in the Atlantic close to the shore of Accomac county, in Virginia. Assateague is a long, narrow peninsula lying outside of Chincoteague and protecting it from the assaults of the Atlantic. Chincoteague is a glittering little island, brilliant with sand and salt water, densely peopled, well wooded and haunted by mocking birds. There is neither poverty nor crime there; drunkenness is almost unknown, and doors are always unlocked. It is the boast of Chincoteague that no slave ever lived upon its soil, and that the island remained true to the Union throughout the war of the rebellion. There are no better sailors anywhere than the people of Chincoteague, and there are no stancher little boats than the Chincoteague canoe with double leg of mutton sail.

Nobody knows positively the origin of the Chincoteague ponies. It is only known that they have roamed the marshy pastures of the island for at least a century, and there is a tradition that the ancestors of the ponies came ashore from a wrecked ship in the eighteenth century. These doubtless were full grown horses, and the Chincoteague pony of today is a degenerate through droughts in summer and exposure in the open pastures through long winters. But, degenerate as he is, the Chincoteague pony is a fine, hardy and often beautiful animal, with strength out of proportion to his size and when well broken has strength, agility and speed. He is from 10 to 12 hands high and from 600 to 800 pounds in weight. From 250 to 400 of these little creatures roam the island pastures. There are perhaps half as many on the lower end of Assateague.

A stallion leads upon the pastures a group of from 10 to 25 mares and colts. The leader is on the constant lookout for danger, and at his snort his whole polygamous family take to their heels. The ponies are really far from wild, and one may easily approach within 15 or 20 yards of a group at pasture. The older stallions become fierce and quarrelsome and have to be removed from the pastures from time to time lest they should destroy one another or the younger stallions.

They are all excellent swimmers, and when the pastures become bare on Chincoteague they frequently swim to the neighboring islets where the salt grass is still green. It is not uncommon to see from the top of Assateague light a group of horses bathing in the surf. The colts are born and nurtured upon the open pastures, and the annual pony penning is for the double purpose of branding these colts and selling some of the older horses.

Ponny penning day is still a fete day on Chincoteague. The pen for the horses is built near the center of the village, and on the morning of the pony penning men and boys mounted on swift and well broken ponies ride out to the pastures to drive in the wild creatures. The groups of ponies are slowly driven together on the pasture and then started townward. As the pen is neared the guards thicken, so that the whole band is easily driven into the inclosure. Branding irons are heated; men with rope nooses on the end of long poles leap into the pens. The colts are thrown to the ground and held there while the iron is applied. The branding done, the auction follows. Unbroken horses fetch from $25 to $40 each. Others broken to harness fetch as high as $60. Well matched pairs sometimes fetch $150. The ponies have long been the pets of children of well to do families on the mainland and of late years have been sold over a large part of the United States. They are larger than Shetland ponies and more beautiful. — Cor. New York Press.

No Courtship In Jerusalem.

Of courtship as it is known in America or England there is none whatever in Jerusalem, writes Edwin S. Wallace in Ladies' Home Journal. A young Mohammedan never sees the face of the girl who is to become his wife until after marriage. His mother and sisters may see her and report their impressions, but if it is a case where the union is by them considered a desirable one they are likely to accredit her with charms she does not possess. Among Jews and Christians there is a greater latitude in this respect, though the young people are never permitted to see each other without the presence of a third party. In every case the services of an intermediary are necessary. Brides at 14 are not uncommon and at 12 occasion little remark. I have known of one bride 10 years of age. She was a Moslem.

Prejudice.

"Why is it you have so violent an antipathy to Righter's works? You never read any of them?"

"No, but I smoked one of the cigars named after him once."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Misunderstanding.

Suitor—Beg pardon for interrupting, but I—er—have just come—er—that is, I have just been speaking to your daughter, and she referred me to you.

Old Gentleman—Gee crickets! I wonder if that girl thinks I am made of money. You are about the fortieth bill collector she has sent in today. If she doesn't marry pretty soon, I'll be bankrupt.—New York Weekly.

His Identity Fixed.

"Yes," said the man with the imposing conversational manner, "this country has much to learn."

"Think so?" replied the hotel clerk.

"Emphatically. I am daily pained by its deficiencies in art, music, science and literature. What it wants is some person—some cultivated person like myself, for instance—to show it how its books should be written, how its music should be composed, how its army should be disciplined, how its government should be conducted"—

Here he was interrupted by the shrill stage whisper of one of the bellboys:

"Hi, Chimmy, tell de boss ter fire dat bride an groom out'n de parler suit on de secon floor. We's got de emperor of Germany wit' us in disguise."—Washington Star.

The Glass Snake Only a Brittle Lizard.

The glass snake, which is not a snake any more than it is a turtle, has a tail about two-thirds its entire length. This tail, like the tails of about all lizards in the United States that I have met with, is very delicate and easily broken off at times. When a fourth to a half, or even more, of the animal is detached and the head wriggles away, and the remainder and sometimes a larger part squirms in sight, it is an astonishing spectacle, and I am not surprised that the ignorant should clothe the creature with mysticism. But, as a matter of fact, all sensible people know that the fragments do not reunite, for it would be impossible to fit together the ruptured blood vessels and shattered nerves and restore the animal. Still this story of traditional force is believed by a host of people, along with other surprising hoop snake tales, milk snake whoppers, with quill throwing porcupine relations and a thousand and one other and lesser untruths.

LONDON UNDERGROUND ROADS.

Disagreeable to Travel on and Pay Poor Dividends.

John Fowler, with a small syndicate as his backers, laid down 43 years ago an underground line of railway from Paddington station of the Great Western railway to a point near King's Cross of the Great Northern, thus joining those two great streams of traffic. It was not, however, until 20 years later that the real basis of the present system was laid down by the Metropolitan Railway company. This was what is now known as the "inner circle." Some time afterward the Metropolitan District Railway company was formed, and the scheme then became of a more comprehensive character. Neither of these companies has benefited its shareholders to any appreciable degree. The Metropolitan commenced paying 5 per cent dividend, but this dwindled down to 2 7-8 in 1889 and has remained about that figure since. The Metropolitan District company never paid anything but a fraction and since 1883 has paid no dividend whatever. The nominal capital of the Metropolitan is $58,425, the number of miles in work being 38. The gross receipts average $300,000,460, and the net receipts $1,964,000. The working expenses per mile amount to $1,500,000, while the revenue per mile is $91,170. As for the District company, its nominal capital is only $36,570 and its length of way 19 miles. Its gross receipts average $1,985,000 and its net receipts $1,036,000.

The discomforts and dangers of this means of locomotion can never be estimated by any one who has not made a trip on the underground. At such central stations as Gower street, where the traffic is great and the rails are laid down more than 30 feet below the earth's surface, it is impossible to breathe without ill efrects. There is no adequate outlet for the volumes of sulphurous smoke which pour from the tunnels as the trains pass through, and accordingly the station is filled with noxious fumes. Even in the hottest weather it is better to keep the windows of the railway carriages closed, but when the carriage is crowded, as at certain times of the day it always is, to excess, this is obviously impossible. Leading medical experts have given it as their distinct opinion that the underground railways have been directly the cause of a large number of new diseases. Those who constantly use the "underground," for so the lines of both companies are familiarly alluded to, develop ailments of the heart or lungs, while the eyes also frequently become seriously affected. To the stranger the effect of a journey on either the Metropolitan or District railway is singularly painful. It produces headache and nausea and affects the chest and lungs in a marked degree.

To a stranger the difficulties of travel by the underground are almost insuperable. The lines are laid down in circles. Thus there are an inner, a middle and an outer circle. The inner circle embraces the city proper and runs from Aldgate round to Aldgate again. But it is on the outer circle that the uninitiated traveler is most likely to go wrong. He may be within five or ten minutes' walk of the point he desires to arrive at, and not knowing this he goes to the Metropolitan or District railway and asks if he can book for such and such a station. The clerk always replies that he can, and the unlucky wight is put on board a train which will carry him round the whole Metropolitan area and take an hour in the doing of it.—Chicago Times-Herald.

War as a Civilizer.

Merchants undoubtedly in early times penetrated foreign tribes and nations and brought home in addition to their wares stories of what they had seen and learned abroad. But the merchants were too few, too ignorant and prejudiced and too little given to observation to spread much useful information in this way, and their peoples were too self satisfied to give up any customs and beliefs of their own for those thus brought them.

How, then, could any effective result from national contact be produced? In primitive times the only effective agency must have been that of war. Destructive as this is in its results, it has the one useful effect of thoroughly commingling diverse peoples, bringing them into the closest contact with each other and forcing upon the attention of each the advantages possessed by the other. The caldron of human society must be set boiling before its contents can fully mingle and combine. War is the furnace in which this ebullition takes place and through whose activity human ideas are forced to circulate through and through the minds of men.—Charles Morris in Popular Science Monthly.

The New Girl In Trouble.

"Miss Minnie Bertha Learned will now give us some very interesting experiments in chemistry, showing the carboniferous character of many ordinary substances, after which she will entertain us with a short treatise on astronomy and an illustration of the geological formation of certain substances and close with a brief essay entitled 'Philosophy Versus Rationalism.'" Thus spoke the president of a young ladies' seminary on the class show day.

A hard headed, old fashioned farmer happened to be among the examining board, and he electrified the faculty and paralyzed Miss Minnie by asking, "Kin Miss Minnie tell me how much 16 3-4 pounds of beef would come to at 15 1-2 cents a pound?"

"Why, really, I—I"— gasped Minnie.

"Kin you tell me who is the vice president of the United States?"

"Why—I—I—Mr. B., isn't he? Or is it"—

"Kin you tell me where the Mississippi river rises and sets?"

"I—I don't just know."

"I reckoned ye didn't. Gimme the good old days when gals and boys went to school to l'arn sense."—Our Dumb Animals.

A Little Story of Stevenson's.

I remember how Stevenson's face looked when he said that long though he had been tied to sedentary habits and deeply though he loved the art they permitted him to practice, the one thing in the world that he held to be the best was still the joy of outdoor living. It was a beautiful face just then, because it revealed a soul which could endure without bemoaning itself. And for the same reason it was beautiful again when it turned merry over a little tale of attempts to learn the art of knitting as a solace for hours of wearisome languor—unavailing attempts, although he had persisted in them until he brought himself to the verge—nay, he declared, actually over the verge—of tears. An amusing little story it seemed as he told its details, yet in itself and in the manner of its telling it might have moved a listener to tears in his turn, so unconscious did the teller seem that a lifelong story of smiling conflict with bitter denials and restrictions, when reduced to its very lowest terms, then showed the very sharpest, most tragical edge of its pathos.—"Robert Louis Stevenson and His Writing," by Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer, in Century.

A writer in an Austrian paper says that Prince Biismarck's family is of Bohemian origin, and that the name was originally spelled "Duschek."

MANY JEKYLLS AND HYDES.

Strange Double Lives Led by Well Known People.

There are numbers of people who lead double lives. While in some cases the motives which influence such persons are pretty evident in many others one seeks a reason in vain.

A lady well known in fashionable society, particularly in select ballroom circles, and whose wealth and personal attractions are matter of common comment, is in the habit of donning the role of a ballet dancer at a celebrated west end theater, where, under an assumed name, she finds ready employment. Her dual life is carefully kept a secret save from one or two of her most intimate friends, and neither her aristocratic connections on the one hand nor her associates on the stage on the other have any conception that Lady A— of polite society and Cissy M— of the —— theater are one and the same person. What the lady's motives can be for indulging in this dual existence it is not easy to see, but it is a fact that any scheme for the social improvement of theatrical employees finds in her a ready and munificent patron.

Another lady, also well known in society, leads a curious double life. During the London season she occupies a legitimate place at the head of numerous social functions, but directly the curtain is drawn over the high class carnival she shuts her big house in Mayfair and retires to the country, where, under another name, she superintends and carries on a prosperous business in the cheese farming line. When the season begins again, the management of the concern is placed in competent hands and the lady resumes her station in society. Money making is evidently not the influencing motive for this twofold existence, for the lady's private wealth is large, and the profies of the concern mentioned are said to be greatly discounted in acts of charity.

A dual life seems to possess great attractions for people in high stations. A certain peer, bearer of a name that has in its day done doughty service in political life, spends half his time in his wonted sphere as a member of the aristocracy and the other moiety he whiles away by donning the blouse of a mechanic in an engineering workshop.

In similar manner another member of the hereditary house is in the habit of often dropping his identity as one of the "upper ten" and seeks and finds employment as engine driver on one of our prominent lines of railways. Yet another live lord is credited with leading the dual existence of a peer of the realm and driver of a hansom cab.

The motives that influence such cases as these are different from the reasons actuating a London clergyman whose income from clerical duty is so small that he finds it necessary to conceal his identity during four days of the week in order that he may supplement his scanty stipend by doing the work of a wine merchant's clerk.

By far the larger proportion of dual lives are adopted for nefarious purposes. Charles Peace, the notorious burglar and murderer of Mr. Dyson, is an example of a criminal who for a long time successfully adopted a double role in life. At Lambeth, Greenwich and Peckham, where he successively resided in first class style, Peace led the life of a gentleman of independent means, enjoying the respect of his neighbors, none of whom had the remotest idea of associating him with the daring burglaries perpetrated in their midst during his residence among them, and of which he was in reality the author. It was the intimacy which his assumed position gained for him in getting admittance to the houses of the gentry around that enabled him to commit some of his most notorious robberies.—London Tit-Bits.

Pencil Boxes.

The pencil boxes now so commonly carried by school children are made in about 125 different styles. They retail at from 5 to 25 cents each. Formerly all the pencil boxes sold in this country were imported from Germany, but for the last few years we have been making pencil boxes in America. About one third of the boxes sold here are of home manufacture and of superior quality. The production is steadily increasing. All the locks used are imported from Germany. There is a box made here with a catch instead of a lock, an American idea, which is made here entire. The cheaper German boxes are made by hand at the homes of the makers. The better ones are made in factories by machinery. All the American boxes are made by machinery in factories located in lumber growing regions in proximity to the wood supplies. —New York Sun.

Met the Enemy and Won.

"That new trunk of yours came through all right. It must be very strong."

"Yes. The baggage man is wearing his arm in a sling."—Detroit Free Press.

The Waltz In 1781.

I was engaged in looking at these fine people when a gentleman and lady came whirling by and had almost overwhelmed me. I could not imagine what they were about. I had scarcely extricated myself from the danger with which they threatened me when another and another couple came twisting by in like manner. I found on inquiry that this was a favorite German dance called a waltz and is performed in the following manner: The lady and gentleman stand face to face. The gentleman puts his arm around the lady's waist, and with the other hand he gets a firm hold on her arm. You would at first think they were going to wrestle. Thus prepared and the gentleman having got so good a purchase upon the lady they begin to spin around and around with a velocity which would have made me giddy in half a minute.—"Twining Papers."

The English Tongue.

It is said that the Duke of York's household is the first royal entourage in England to speak English. The queen's still holds to German for a steady language, and even the Prince of Wales' combines German and English, with French mixed in.

In fact, Babel was not more blessed with foreign tongues than these homes of the reigning family, but it seems the Duke and Duchess of York both determined to be "English, you know," and commanded their household to stick to the vernacular without any regard for precedent. The czar of Russia, who boasts of having married an English princess, though she is wholly German, has also announced that English shall be spoken with Russian at his court. This is because the czarina, having found the latter very difficult to speak, her fond husband wishes to spare her all the annoyance possible. English is the finest language in the world, anyhow.—Boston Herald.

A Substitute.

"Have you 'The Manxman?'" inquired the dignified customer with the gold headed cane.

"The what?" said the new boy at the book store.

"'The Manxman.'"

"I guess you mean marksman, don't you? We've got a 'Life of Buffalo Bill' I can sell you for 10 cents. How's that?"—Chicago Tribune.

POWER OF SPEECH OF THE CAT.

Argument In Favor of the Theory That Felines Can Converse.

Theories of articulate language in the animal kingdom are advanced every day. Some of them are serious, like Professor Garner's notion of an intelligent and intelligible speech of apes, but the most interesting are those which treat of the matter in a half humorous way which does not tax the credulity too far. Such a one is the theory of a feline tongue, exploited by the blind author, Marvin Clark, in his little book on "Pussy and Her Language." He declares that the "smooth and liquid passages in our poets which express onomatopœia are but echoes from that most beautiful of all languages, that of the cat."

The one most like it among human tongues, he says, is the Chinese, the sounds in each being musical, mellifluous and pleasing to the senses. As in the Chinese, too, words in the cat's language have various meanings, according to the inflections of the voice. The number of words is very great, but the author has made up no complete lexicon of them as yet. The following 17, says a writer in the Buffalo Commercial, are the most important and frequent in the conversation which cats struggle to carry on with members of the household: Aelio means food; lae, milk; parriere, open; aliloo, water; bl, meat; ptlee-bl, mouse meat; bleeme-be, cooked meat; pad, foot; bo, head; pro, nail or claw; tut, limb; papoo, body; oolie, fur; mi-ouw, beware; burrieu, satisfaction or content; yiaou, extermination; miyouw, here.

Of primitive words it is believed there are not more than 600 in the cat tongue, and many of these are obscure, for the cat relies greatly upon signs for making its meaning clear to those who have neglected a study of its articulate speech. Thus the last word in the foregoing list is used by a matronly cat in calling her family together, and she will continue to use it while caressing them.

"But the meaning of the word is never so well understood by kittens as when uttered in a sharp tone and repeated a number of times, more as an explosive than otherwise, for it is a warning of danger and a call for instant action from the mother cat, who is imperious in her demands for obedience."

Then there is the word "mi-youw," which is varied to "wow-teiouw-yow-tiow, wow-you-ts-s-syow," ending in an explosion. The author believes that the word thus uttered signifies both defiance and a curse "and comes so near to bold, bad swearing" that he refrains from giving the English for it.

There may be skeptical persons who will ridicule this theory, but we should say that it was just as reasonable as Professor Garner's, while the language of the cat sounds far more articulate and significant of design than the squeaky vocabulary which he brought home from gorilla land. One thing is certain—the means for carrying on investigation in the interesting field of feline language are available in almost every household, and to obtain the desired conversations from which a voluminous treatise upon it can be written it is not necessary to go to Africa and remain for six months shut up in a cage in the heart of the forest.

A florist, who claims to know, says New York uses 30,000,000 roses and 15,000,000 carnations every season.

The Difference.

Teacher—What is the difference between industry and luck?

Boy—One door.

Teacher—Humph! How do you explain that?

Boy—Industry is what you has yourself. Luck is what your neighbor has.—Pick Me Up.

Up and Down.

Gadzooks—I tell you, Younghusband dresses up his pretty wife in great style.

Zounds—That's all right, but her women friends make up for it by giving her a dressing down whenever they talk about her.—New York Tribune.

RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY

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Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 20, '95.—Good demand for honey. Price of No. 1 white comb 13½cents. Amber 12c. Dark 10c Extracted white 6½ to 7c. Amber 5 to 5½c per lb. Dark 4½. Price beeswax 22 to 25c per lb.

Hamblin & Bearss, 514 Walnut St.

Detroit, Mich., Dec 20, 1895.—The demand for honey is good. Supply fair. Price of comb 12 to 15c per pound. Extracted 6 to 7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Supply not heavy Prices 27 to 28c per lb.

M. H. Hunt, Bell Branch, Mich.

Albany, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1895.—Moderate demand for honey. Supply not large. Price of comb 9 to 15c per lb. Extracted 4½ to 6½c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Supply light. Prices 28 to 32c per lb. The demand for honey is light as it always is near the Holidays.

H. R. Wright.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 23. 1895.—Fair demand for honey. Supply equal to the demand. Price of comb 14 to 15c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb.

E. E. Blake & Co., 75 Chatham St.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 20, 1895.—Only a fair demand for honey. Good supply. Price of comb 12 to 14c per lb. Extracted 4 to 7c per lb. Good demand for beewax. Good supply. Prices 22 to 27c per lb. All business is too slow for this time of the year and honey is no exception to the rule.

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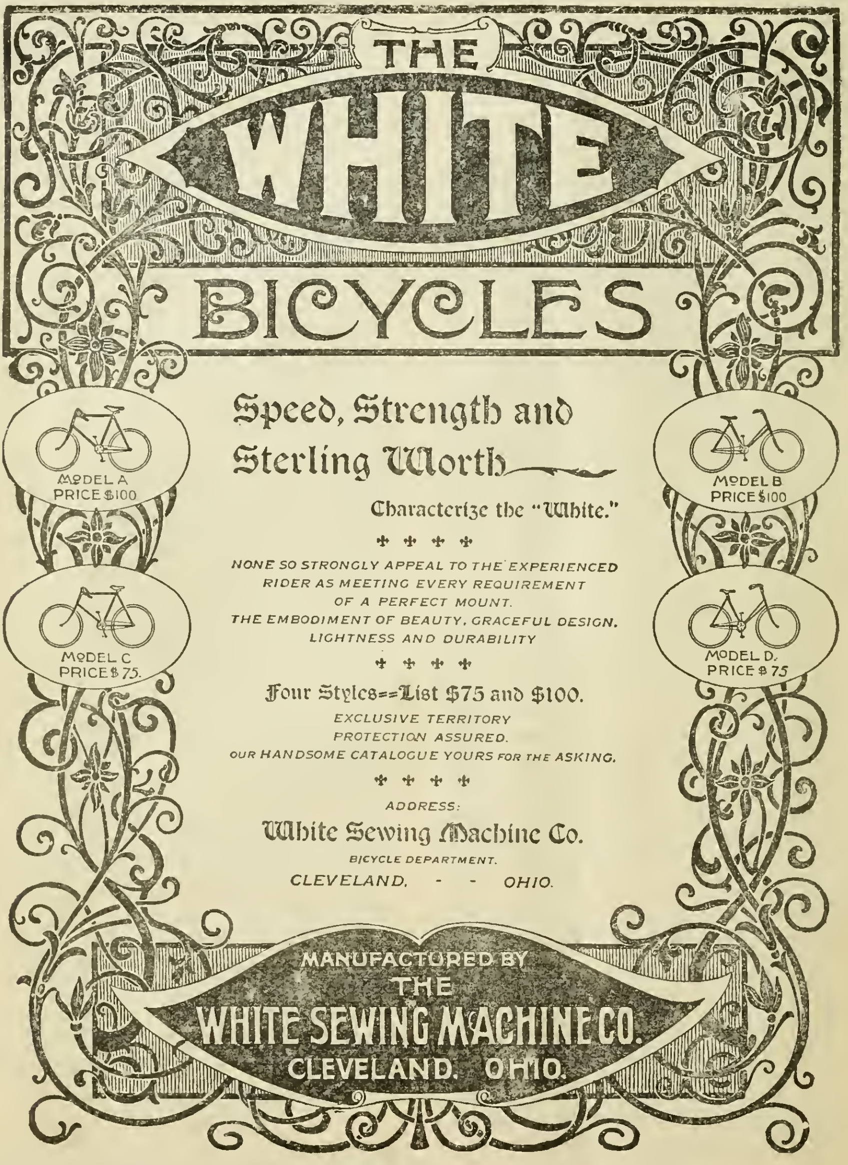

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE W T FALCONER MANFG CO

VOL. VI. FEBRUARY, 1896. NO. 2.

Many Bees, Much Honey.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

Some years ago I secured 566 pounds of extracted honey from one colony of bees in one season, and reported the same to several of the different papers, especially those devoted to bee culture. This was considered a large yield at that time, and is still so considered by those who have not kept posted along the lines of large yields since then, yet many of our best bee-keepers believe that it is possible to obtain 1,000 pounds from a single colony in a good season; in fact nearly or quite that has been reported once or twice, while reports of 600 pounds and above have been made by several. However, as some are skeptical on this point of large yields, believing that they are more fallacious than otherwise, perhaps a few words regarding how it is done will not be amiss, especially as a letter lies before me asking that I explain in the American Bee-Keeper how such results can be secured. In the spring of the season above mentioned I selected an ordinary colony of bees, and set it apart for extracted honey. I built them up as fast as possible and when the fruit trees came in bloom the queen had brood in twelve frames, and from that source I obtained 16½ pounds. A few days after this the twelve frames, bees and all, were set into a hive four feet long, and a division board placed at the rear of the frame of comb. Once a week two more empty combs were inserted in the center of the brood nest until the hive contained twenty combs well filled with brood. As white clover was not yielding honey, the hive was filled out with frames of empty comb, which numbered 32. I did not expect that the queen would occupy any of these last twelve combs, but in this I was mistaken, for before white clover was through yielding honey I found brood ine every one of the 32 combs, which if placed compactly together, was fully equal to fifteen frames of brood, coming out to the wood all around. Each frame would give at least 100 square inches, making all due allowance for the few cells of pollen that would be scattered about in different cells, and each square inch gives 50 worker bees, hence there were 5,000 bees to hatch out of each of these frames every 21 days, or 75,000 from the fifteen frames. The average life of the bee in the working season is 45 days, hence it will be seen that the queen can place two and one-seventh generations of bees on the stage of action, to where one generation dies off. Two and one-seventh times 75,000 equal 160,700, as the number of bees in the hive during the basswood yield. It was a sight worth beholding when they were just starting for the field in the morning, for they would rush out like an army, and then, later, the entrance would be a living mass going to and fro. From clover, they gave 186 pounds; from basswood 287½ pounds, and from buckwheat, 76 pounds, making 566 in all. Now, supposing that instead of securing this large amount of bees in one hive, I had not worked them at all, but had left the bees to take care of themselves, as the most of the doubting ones do leave their bees, what would I have had? The queen would have only laid moderately, so that by the time white clover had begun to yield honey they would have had only about from 25,000 to 30,000 bees. At about this time the bees would have swarmed, thus dividing their number, while there would have been no laying queen in the old hive to lay eggs for the basswood and buckwheat workers, for nearly or quite three weeks. Besides this there would in all probability have issued one or more after-swarms, this dividing the bees still more, thereby defeating the prospect of any honey at all from the old colony, so that were we to call 20,000 bees an ordinary colony as kept by the majority of bee-keepers we would not be far out of the way. This would give but about 71 pounds per colony, had that colony of bees been divided up in this way, so that in reality that big yield when brought down in this way to its proportion, according to the number of bees, there were in the hive, is nothing very great after all; for no one would call 71 pounds of extracted honey per colony, in a good season, an exaggerated report. How long will it take would be bee-keepers to understand, that it is bees that gather honey, not the number of hives that they have standing in the yard. A large colony of bees will do more than will a small one, in proportion, for the outside elements do not have that chilling effect on the hive of a populous colony that they do on a hive with a few bees in it. Thus more bees go to the field, and all work to better advantage. For years it has been forced upon me more and more that the main secret in securing a large yield of honey, is to get plenty of bees, just at the right time to take advantage of the honey harvest. If these bees are brought on the stage of action too early, they are of little use, and if too late, they only become consumers instead of producers. Sensible people hire laborers just when they have labor to be preformed; not before, and not afterward, and why should we not be as sensible in regard to the producing of the bee laborer? If a person understands their location and secures their bees as above, they will have no cause to complain of their yield of honey, if the season is such and they have flowers to secrete nectar. On this one thing of securing bees in time for the harvest, more than on any other one thing, depends our yield of honey,

Borodino, N. Y.

Subscribe for the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER.

Does Bee-Keeping Pay?

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

This question I have often seen asked through the journals, and have seen it answered as often, and this question is daily asked me, and my answer is yes, or I surely would quit the business. Yet while *I* can make it pay it does not follow that *you* can make it pay, or at least not that you *will* make it pay. Unless you have a natural liking for the business you will hardly make it pay, this we will find in all kinds of business, either you will drive your business or your business will drive you, just this is one great trouble with many of our bee-keepers, nothing will be done with the bees or in the apiary until it is just absolutely necessary, and often not then. In some branches of business certain things can be postponed or delayed for a time without any serious loss, but bee-keeping surely does not belong to this kind of business, if you are behind with your work in the apiary you will surely have a loss, which you cannot regain by diligent labor afterwards.

Ever since I have kept bees I have tried to be ahead with my work, *i. e.* I would try to have everything prepared as much as practicable during the winter months, and yet I don't remember of a single season where I was as well prepared as I might have been, this has convinced me that we cannot commence preparations any to soon, and I now make it a business at the close of one season to make ready for another. I am well aware that doing everything in the right way and at the right time does not always assure or secure us a success, but often it decides our success, and it is always very desirable. To make anything pay in dollars and cents requires some thought and study. We may be able to learn a great deal by reading, by observation, etc., but because somebody else made a certain thing pay by following a certain course does not assure you of the same success. You must learn from practical experience what methods are best adapted for you to pursue, and what is best for your locality.

In conclusion would say, make all possible preparation now, then if we should again fail in securing a good big surplus we will know that we did our part of the work, and if we do not then need them they will be ready for another season. Thus far we have had a very mild winter in Southern Illinois. Bees appear to be wintering nicely, and should this mild weather continue all through the winter might it not be possible that it would make a change for the better in bee keeping? At any rate I am expecting to again see one of the good old honey flows as of old.

Steeleville, Ill.

Successful Bee Keeping.

BY JNO. F. GATES.

Since I wrote about keeping bees in large box hives for breeding I have received so many letters on the subject that from sheer force of numbers, if kept up, will persuade me into the belief that I am "some pumpkins" or drive me into know-nothingism, and either event would be sad. Therefore, to save my conscience from remorse for not answering those who forgot to enclose postage, I will try and make the matter plainer with reference to box hives for breeders, although I do not see how I can add more to the subject, and to answer the questions as propounded would be too much. I think if I explain the principle as well as I can it will cover the ground. The majority of bee keepers are not experts, and they have a hard time with their ups and downs in bee-keeping, and to this class was my article directed. Although Dr. Miller and others in the front rank have written to me favorably on the subject, I don't expect the world to fall over itself in an effort to adopt the plan, yet the plan is a good one I think, and will bring delight when in spring you see those long sheds open only to the east, full of tall hives, strong with bees, heavy with honey, and roaring with delight as the bees crowd and push in a mad rush to secure the early pollen, and with large parts of the combs filled with hatching brood, and ah! sad fate, they have gathered unto themselves several dozen swarms that were weak and belonged to some expert but thought they needed hovering. Of course you are sorry for that, and can well afford to make it right, for you aren't slipping two steps back at every one taken forward, and that is the principle or idea of the whole theory, simply that farmers and all who care to keep bees can have a substantial income every year if pursued on this plan with no worry about their bees dying, and they skip all the work and fuss attending the keeping of them in small hives. Because a small hive if good to put a large swarm in and compel them to store section honey in good shape, it is not always prudent to winter them in such small hives. Because you salt down a pig in a barrel after he is killed, it isn't very prudent to winter him in a barrel when alive. You see we can't run live stock by machinery. We must conform to the natural if we would have success. I don't hate patent hives, I simply try to find something better for wintering bees, and have found it. I think the winter problem will never be solved bv the majority of those who winter in frame hives, and this very uncertainty keeps our supply dealers bewildered as to their chances for the next season. It is hardly thus with any other branch of farming, which is pursued on a more natural basis. I think supply dealers would reap a greater harvest under the new method, and be far more regular in their outputs of supplies. But I'm off the subject of this article, and repeating some of which I have already said in others. You can read in previous articles of the beautiful unstained honey taken from those large swarms which come off just at the right time, and are put in as small hives as possible, and run for all they are worth, and then in the fall done with as you wish, it matters little what, for sure haven't you got an acre or two of those solid old breeders with which to do the same thing over again next year. Certainly you have, and the way people fall oyer themselves in an effort to see which will be able to purchase your spotless honey is amusing. Now friends, by your questions you seem to think I have got some peculiar patent hive for breeders, or perhaps you half suspect that I am almost ready to launch it in the sea of credulity, and that with a good head of steam I will plow the already over burdened waves of misery, and make confusion and misery more confounded and unhappy, and at last reach the haven of rest with many tons of shiners in my pocket. But you are mistaken, I aint built that way. I am rather inclined to be conservative. I try never to let a thing go out of my hands until I have unsnarled it, then I am willing to try to show others how to do the same thing. I see that in the mad rush for the unseen, unthinkable and unheard of, there has been some grand principles in bee-keeping overlooked. That while new inventions are often valuable, it is not wise to say all old ways are foolish, or to call all fools who have lived before our time, or that some old systems cannot go hand and hand with new inventions to great advantage, and he who is wise will, it seems to me, combine the good which he may find in both old and new with out prejudice. By the questions asked me I see I have got into the habit which most people fall into, of not explaining things plain enough. I will try and do better. When I said my breeders were 18 or 30 inches tall, I meant that between those figures was safe ground, but to be exact, I have found that 24 inches tall by 12 inches square is the best size. When I say six or eight $\frac{1}{2}$ in. holes in the top of the hives, it might seem a little indefinite, for a beginner, and perhaps half of that number would be enough. It is a hard matter to lay down iron rules in such cases, for locations and conditions vary so much that one rule might not work well for all. I would advise beginners to try some hives with one $\frac{1}{2}$ in hole, others with 2 holes same size, and others with three, and perhaps some with four on top of the hive for ventilation with a very loose box that is not made of very sound lumber, except on top, turned bottom up over the holes, then watch and see which winters best. I will try and write another article and tell what I know about ventilation which is about as important a part of bee-keeping as there is. I dont know of any book which treats on the care of bees in box hives. All bee books treat on tearing box hives to pieces thus ruining their best prospects, but I will try and tell you in the A. B. K. how to keep them in box hives.

Ovid, Erie Co., Pa.

[Read before the Ontario Co., (N. Y)., Bee-Keepers' Association, Jan. 25, 1896].

Gravenhorst on Apis dorsata.

TRANSLATED BY FRANK BENTON.

The opinion of one of the foremost bee-masters of Germany in regard to *Apis dorsata* is certain to receive the respectful consideration of thoughtful bee-masters, not alone in his own country, but also in the western world. In the *Deutsche illustriete Bienenzeitung*, for November 1895, (Vol. XIII, No. 2), page 71, the editor, C. J. H. Gravenhorst, quotes from the article on this subject* written by me for the annual meeting of the Ontario County, (N. Y). Bee-Keepers' Association in 1895, and says :

"On this side as well as on the other, that is, in Germany as in America, *Apis dorsata*, the great bee of East India, is constantly coming up in articles in the bee journals as well as in essays at conventions. While some bee-keepers have not given up the hope of being able to cultivate in modern bee-hives this, the largest species of the honey-bee, and of being able to obtain a cross between it and our ordinary bee, others contend against the possibility of the fulfillment of these hopes. We acknowledge frankly that we belong to those bee-keepers who have no more given up the hope of utilizing *Apis dorsata* for apiarian or scientific purposes than have Messrs. Dathe, of Eystrup, and Frank Benton, of Washington, D. C. These two gentlemen are the only real bee-masters who have observed, studied and handled the East India bee in its native land. When Benton returned from his East India journey we received from him about a dozen specimens of *Apis dorsata*, half of them workers and the others drones, but no queen. At the first glance we saw that the insects sent to us were honey-bees, which differed from our bees only in size and color. A difference—such as, for example, is claimed by Vogel between these two species of bees—like that between a wasp and a honey-bee, exists no more than between a pony and a large work-horse, or a Cochin China fowl and an ordinary native fowl. Upon viewing these two species of animals anyone says at once : those are horses and hens. So also in our case : those are bees, and not bees and wasps.

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*Note.—"Apis dorsata: the Giant Bee of India." by Frank Benton. Read before the Ontario Co., (N. Y)., Bee-Keepers' Association, Jan. 26, 1895, and published in the American Bee-Keeper for March, 1895.

"The workers of the East India honey-bee are, as already remarked, exactly like our workers as regards the form of their bodies only they are about as large as good-sized, well-developed virgin queens from an after-swarm. Also as regards the markings of *Apis dorsata* there is, aside from the changing, azure-blue color of the wings, no striking difference between a pure Egyptian or a finely marked Italian on the one hand, and the East India bee on the other. And now as to the drones of the latter. They have not only the form of body which is so characteristic of the drones of our native bees, but also exactly the size of body, as well as of head, thorax, abdomen, wings, and legs of large native drones. The somewhat different coloration counts as nothing at all. Why, under such conditions, should a desired mating of the East India bee with the native not take place just as well as between a pony and a larger horse, between a Cochin China fowl and our common fowl—especially when we consider further that *Apis dorsata* produces exactly such wax and in the same manner as our *Apis mellifica*, and that her honey is of the same quality as that of the latter ? The style and manner in which the East India bee constructs her combs—in a single, wheel-shaped disc attached to the under side of a branch or of any overhanging rock, that she leaves her combs and migrates further when forage fails—these peculiarities, which are determined by surrounding conditions, can hardly stand in the way of their crossing. All this, as well as their experiences in general with *Apis dorsata*, have by no means discouraged the two gentlemen, Benton and Dathe, in considering further experiments with the East India bee—indeed, to undertake these experiments in case opportunity for such should occur.

"Frank Benton in an article on 'Apis dorsata or the Giant Bee of India' recently published by him, says, after having answered certain objections which some had brought up against a larger bee than our domestic bee:

"'Some one has stated that I thought *Apis dorsata* could be crossed with our hive-bees. But no one can point out where I said it nor show it over my name. I have, however, stated that. considering the fact that the drones of *Apis dorsata* are about the same size as our own, it is *possible* they would mate and produce offspring. But *that does not in the least imply that I think they would do so.* And the fact is I consider it extremely doubtful,—another case where only careful experiment will decide. Distinct species of animals do cross, and occasional instances have been noted where the offspring has proved fertile. The drones of *Apis dorsata* resemble very much those of *Apis mellifica* in size and general appearance, which argues in favor of their crossing, but their habits differ somewhat, which is, of course, against it. Whether, should they cross, the result would be an improvement is also a question which only actual trial will ever settle.

"Mr. Benton closes with the following:

"'In conclusion I would add that the settlement of all these points and other interesting and more purely scientific ones connected with these bees, is something which I have long believed worth the effort and expense of another journey to India. In this opinion Mr. Dathe agrees with me fully, and he even proposed when I met him in Fairport at one of the great German-American bee-conventions, that we undertake together a journey to India after *Apis dorsata.* But the uncertainty of direct personal gain, indeed I might say the certainty of not being able to cover the personal expenses of such a journey if undertaken privately, together with the fact that it would require some ready capital at the outset, will probably leave such work to be performed, as it ought to be, by our national government, which spends annually many thousands or dollars for the furtherance of her agricultural interests and for the advancement of pure and applied sciences.'"

Washington, D. C.

THE ICE AGE.

For centuries the North was an ice-locked land, and conditions of life had changed. From the pole to the southern ice limit, not one mountain projected its head above the unbroken snow: even Mount Washington was deep down under the surface.

Manhattan Island lay buried at least fifteen hundred feet under the ice; a wild, weird stillness rested over this favored spot, interrupted only by the crashing of the ice as pieces broke from the end of the glacier beyond the Narrows and, as icebergs, floated out to sea.

Ages had now passed since man first appeared in his primeval home. Some progress the race had made, but man was still a rude and untutored savage: his crude weapons were only pieces of roughly chipped stone; but it was man with progressive and endless mind. And as the years passed the rude palæolithic ancestor gave place to men with a higher degree of primitive art; flint tipped arrows and axes of stone now gave man the mastery over every animal: food was no longer a matter of chance, but a matter of skill. Still, at war with the elements, wild beasts, and savage neighbors, it was a fearful struggle: the world at the best was then no Garden of Eden.

For twenty thousand years or more the ice, with its various advances and retreats, covered the North. Then began its final departure; but it was probably as slow in going as it had been in coming. The land began gradually to sink, the waters became milder, and the summers longer.—Harvey B. Bashore, in February Lippincott's.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Mr. Editor.—Allow me to make a correction, explanation, or whatever may be necessary, to straighten out a a matter about which two paragraphs have appeared in A. B. K. The *Southland Queen* printed a series of lessons upon which the editor of *Gleanings* commented favorably, evidently understanding them to be original matter. I corrected him by saying they were copied from the *American Bee Journal.* Then he understood that they were copied without credit, and said, "This is a surprise. We turn to the Atchleys for a reply to this charge." I replied that there was no charge against the Atchleys in what I had said, and that they had acknowledged the source of the lessons, only I wanted to correct him in crediting to one paper what belonged to another.

Now you have the whole thing in a nutshell, and you will see that I have never made any charge whatever against the Atchleys, and I'm wondering just a little where you get any authority for saying that I charged them with "filching" from the A. B. J. The only charge that can be made against them in the matter is carelessness in not crediting each time when copying, for in one number no credit was given, and that number being the one upon which the editor of *Gleanings* commented, led him into the mistake of supposing that the matter was printed as original, a mistake that was entirely excusable on his part. But you will see that until the present moment I never made even this much of a charge, merely saying the articles were copied. C. C. Miller.

Marengo, Ill., Jan. 15, 1896.

[We are very glad to be "set to rights" on the matter, and that the Atchleys are clear from all blame. The trouble seems to have been with the editor of *Gleanings.* It was from *Gleanings* that we got the idea that the articles were "filched" and owing to the close acquaintance between Dr. Miller and the editor of *Gleanings* we took it as a matter of fact that the remarks of the latter were absolutely authentic.—Ed.]

W. T. Falconer Man'f'g. Co., Jamestown, N. Y.—Gentlemen : Your favor of Jan. 6th received today. Please find enclosed Post-office Order for——to pay for our supplies. We could not be any better satisfied with our supplies received from you last year and no doubt these will be the same. Yours, Loan Bros.

Editor Am. Bee Keeper.—Dear Sir : My subscription to the "Bee Keeper" expired with the close of '95, but please enroll me for 1896, and I will pay you when ordering my supplies. I am not discouraged in bee keeping, although last summer was a partial failure. The cold wave in May prevented increase, therefore I have new hives empty. I trust the future will be brighter. Although I live in a section destitute of basswood yet I managed to secure from 22 hives one thousand one pound sections of fall honey, principally from buckwheat, and my bees were in good condition for wintering. They are wintering very nicely thus far, especially those in the thin walled hives In my opinion this hive is a first class one for wintering bees. I just take off the surplus cases and put the flat covers on and allow the bees to seal it fast; then I pack with leaves at the sides and on top and keep a snow excluder at the entrance and they are left on the summer stands. I have not lost one swarm since using these hives during a period of four years.

Yours truly, ELWOOD BOND.
McMichaels, Pa., Jan. 25th, 1896.

DEATH OF MRS. LYMAN C. ROOT.

EDITOR AM. BEE KEEPER.—Dear Sir: The sad intelligence reaches me of the death of Mrs. Libbie Quinby Root, only daughter of Mosses Quinby and wife of Lyman C. Root, which occured at their home in Stamford, Conn. Jan. 16, 1896.

Mrs. Root was stricken with paralysis on the morning of the 15th and died the following morning. She was a woman of rare intelligence and had she given her attention to literary pursuits would have gained celebrity. Bee-keepers knew her as a literary editor of Quinby's Bee Keeping and later of the same as revised by her husband. The sketches from which the engravings were made for these works were also from her pencil. She was a natural artist and in drawing or painting from nature displayed genuine artistic talent. Her highest ambition centered in her home and in the education of her two daughters. No matter how busy with household duties or the entertainment of visiting bee-keepers, time was found for the daily lessons of the girls, and also for reading and discussing with the family the best books and literature. In thus giving her life so unselfishly to the improvement of others her own character developed by the maturing of those qualities of mind and heart that must endure forever. It is gratifying to be able to state that her husband and family fully appreciated her many excellent qualities. Her presence, her sympathy and her counsel will be sadly missed in the home circle. Bee-keepers everywhere in the English speaking world will unite with me in extending heart felt sympathy to Mr. Root, the daughters and aged Mother Quinby.

P. H. ELWOOD.
Starkville, N. Y., Jan. 22, 1896.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.—ELIZABETH CADY STANTON SAYS THAT THERE IS NO LONGER A "WOMAN'S SPHERE."

The education of a man and a woman should be the same, because their spheres are the same, with different duties according to the capacity of the individual. Woman, like all created things, loves, moves and has her being obedient to law, exploring with man the mysteries of the universe and speculating in the glories of the hereafter. The question is now the sphere of the individual, irrespective of sex. Woman are now in the trades and professions,—everywhere in the world of work. They have shown their capacity as students in the sciences, their skill as mariners, and their courage as rescuers in life boats. They are close on the heels of men in the arts, sciences and literature, in their knowledge and understanding of the vital questions of the hour, and in the everyday, practical duties of life. A woman should be given the opportunity to know all that a man knows, and her education should teach her, first of all, self-respect and self-reliance.—From "The Education of Our Girls," in Demorest's Magazine for February.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From Ontario Co. Journal).

ONTARIO COUNTY BEE KEEPERS' ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL MEETING.

At the Ontario County Bee Keepers' association's annual session held in this village last Friday and Saturday, various subjects of interest to apiarists were discussed.

Walter F. Marks, president, in his annual address, advocated the adoption by the society of a system of marketing, whereby the producers of a first class honey would be assured of securing first class prices. He would have an inspector appointed by the society to place a stamp upon all No. 1 honey, which stamp would bear the seal of the association, and be a guarantee to purchasers of the quality of the product. The plan was adopted, and E. H. Perry was appointed honey inspector.

The secretary read a translation from a German Apiarists' publication, entitled "Gravenhorst on Apis Dorsata," which contained comments on a paper read before the local association last year, prepared by Frank Benton, of Washington, D. C. After the reading of the paper, it was moved by H. L. Case, that the petition offered at the last annual meeting, for the introduction of the Apis Dorsata be endorsed by the association. This was done, and the executive committee was instructed to have the petition printed and distributed. The Apis Dorsata is the giant bee of India.

The following officers were elected: President, W. F. Marks, Chapinville; Vice Presidents, Lee Smith, Vincent; H. L. Case, BristolCenter; E. H. Perry, South Bristol; Secretary, Ruth E. Taylor, Bellona; Treasurer, Heber Roat; Reed's Corners; Honey Inspector, E. H. Perry, South Bristol. The Association has a membership of forty, including honorary members.

The question box was an interesting feature of the meeting. Among the exhibits were different samples of comb foundation, manufactured by J. VanDeusen & Son, of Sprout Brook, N. Y.; A. I. Root Co., of Medina, O.; Schmidt & Thiele, New London, Wis.; and Aug. Weiss, Hortonville, Wis. J. Van Deusen, of Sprout Brook; F. A. Saulsbury, of Syracuse, and C. B. Howard, of Romulus, Secretary of the Seneca County Bee Keepers' Association, were welcome visitors and participated in the discussions of the meeting. A vote of thanks was given the Village Trustees for extending the use of the Hall for the meeting gratis, and the newspapers and exhibitors were thanked in like manner.

CRIMINAL BEES.

HONEY GATHERERS THAT HAVE VERY LOOSE MORAL IDEAS.

Almost every form and variety of human crime is to be found among animals. Cases of theft are noticed among bees. Buchner, in the "Psychic Life of Animals," speaks of thievish bees which, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attact well stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hive and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description they acquire a taste for robbery and violence. They recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous, and finally they form regular colonies of brigand bees.

But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand bees can be produced artificially by giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon acquire a tastes for this beverage, which has the same disastrous effects upon them as upon men. They become ill disposed and irritable and lose all desire to work, and finally, when they begin to feel hungry, they attack and plunder the well supplied hives.

There is one variety of bees—the sphecodes—which lives exclusively upon plunder. According to Marchall, this variety is formed of individuals of the halyctes species, whose organs of hidification were defective, and which have gradually developed into a separate variety, living almost exclusively by plunder. They may thus be said to be an example of innate and organic criminality among insects, and they represent what Professor Lombrosso calls the born criminals—that is, individuals which are led to crime by their own organic constitution.—Forum.

HOW TO DESTROY MICE IN A BEE HOUSE.

We do not believe in advocating cruelty to animals, but we are forced from last years experience to advocate most strongly the use of any and every means to rid the hives from mice. It is very important indeed that this should be closely looked after—equal quantities of arsenic, white granulated sugar and flour mixed dry, put on little pieces of paper about the hives or apiary, where it can remain for some time without being exposed to dampness, is a very sure way of ridding the place of mice, yet in some instances where they can feed on bees in hives they seem to care little for the poison. Another plan we have adopted, which frequently gave us good satisfaction: Take a pail half full of water, scatter a little wheat chaff on the top to make it look like a chaff bin. A board from two to four feet long, with one end on the floor and the other on the side of the pail, in fact better one on each side of the pail, then scatter a little bran, meal or flour, dust it lightly on the board. The mice will run up and look down upon the chaff where you have the meal scattered, they will jump down off the board on the chaff in the pail to get the meal, the chaff will sink around them, and the mice drown. We have caught five or six in a pail in one night this way. We recollect once, that in one of our own apiaries having several deer-mice and a chipmonk, which had gone into the bee-house from a neighboring wood about twenty rods away. They were so anxious to investigate the pail business that they got into it. Perhaps rats might be caught in the same way.

* * *

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

Clubbing List.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER with

the—	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
American Apiculturist,	(75)	1 15
Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

The American Bee-Keeper,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE W. T. FALCONER MANFG CO.

TERMS:

50 cents a year in advance; 2 copies, 85 cents; 3 copies, $1.20; all to be sent to one postoffice.

Postage prepaid in the U.S. and Canada; 10 cents extra to all countries in the postal union and 20 cents extra to all other countries.

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Advertisements must be received on or before the 20th of each month to insure insertion in month following. Address,

THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER,
FALCONER, N. Y.

☞Subscribers finding this paragraph marked with a blue cross will know that their subscripiton expires with this number. We hope that you will not delay in sending a renewal.

☞A blue cross on this paragraph indicates that your subscription expired last month. Please renew.

EDITORIAL.

Elsewhere we publish an article on the Apis Dorsata (Giant Bees of India) by Gravenhorst, the well known German Bee writer and translated by Frank Benton. We are heartily in favor of the importation of some of these bees into this country, and we are sure there are many leading apiarists who are of the same mind in this respect, notwithstanding the fact that certain editors of bee papers have apparently endeavored to stifle the idea. No one is in position to know whether or not the introduction of Apis Dorsata would be beneficial, and no one can know until the thing is tried. It would not cost very much to do so, and if proper steps are taken no doubt the government can be induced to take the matter in hand. We understand that the Ontario Co. (N. Y.) Beekeepers Association are having necessary forms gotten ready, and will circulate petitions among the bee-keepers throughout the country asking the Secretary of Agriculture to secure and introduce into the United States the Giant Bees of India.

By referring to the supplement to this number of the BEE KEEPER our readers will notice that The W. T. Falconer Manfg. Co. are making unusually low prices on all goods, and especially sections where other goods are ordered with them. The sections offered are not culls, but equal to those they have been selling the past two years, and are known everywhere as the "Falcon Sections, the best in the world." They have sold the same quality of sections within the past month in carload quantities at very much higher prices. As the offer is a limited one every one who may be in need of supplies should take advantage of it.

A great many subscriptions have expired the past two months, and we shall be glad to receive a renewal of each. We will send the BEE-KEEPER the balance of this year to new subscribers for 25 cents, Remember the BEE-KEEPER is regularly composed of 32 pages, 16 of which relate exclusively to bee-keeping, and the remainder to miscellaneous literary subjects. This is a special advertisers edition.

We have a quantity of Alley Drone and Queen Trap patterns of 1894 which will be sold at 25c each, regular price 50c. These traps are just as good for practical purposes as those of more recent pattern.

We are informed by Mr. Benton that there were but 1,000 copies of Bulletin No. 1 (The Honey Bee) printed, and consequently a great many who ask for a copy could not be supplied. However a resolution has been introduced in congress authorizing the printing and distributing of 20,000 additional copies. If this goes through, as no doubt it will, probably all who apply will obtain a copy. The work is of unusual merit, and we shall reprint extracts from it from time to time for the benefit of those of our readers who may not be fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

Dont fail to notice the great reduction in price of our well known Falcon Sections, for sample orders with other goods.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N H. will keep a complete supply of our goods during the coming season and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

We want a large quantity of beeswax, and will pay 30c a pound cash or 32c a pound in goods for good clean wax freight paid to Falconer, N. Y.

"HOW TO MANAGE BEES," a 50c book, and the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER a year for only 60c.

"Mme Modjeska, the once famous actress, according to an item in the *British Bee Journal*, is now a California farmer with 766 colonies of bees on her ranch at the foot of the Santiago Peak. What's Rambler about? or is he keeping it all to himself?" (Dr. Miller in *Gleanings.*) There is a mistake somewhere, Modjeska is not one of the "has been" famous actresses, but *is now*, and within a month has appeared in some of the principal Eastern Cities. We clip the following from a current paper:

CINCINNATI, Jan. 25.—Mme Modjeska is reported in better condition, though still unable to say when she will be able to act.

"The very latest exploit of the thrifty German pirates, in their warfare against American goods, appears to be the way of adulterating honey. A German newspaper complains that the German markets are flooded with adulterated honey from America to the extent of 5,500,000 pounds per annum. There can be no doubt about the fact of this bad honey being in the markets over there, but a later investigation has shown that the honey was originally brought over from America in its pure and normal condition, and that it was subsequently adulterated by the Germans themselves. In view of the hundred other enterprises of the same sort, this little trick will, of course, occasion no surprise. The only question that will arise in regard to the matter is, 'What next?'"

We clipped the above from a well known trade journal and must say it is all news to us. Probably the amount of honey stated is greatly exaggerated.

See Clubbing List on page 43.

Grand Offer to Subscribers.

We will send the Bee-Keeper 6 months, and a box of seeds containing 12 different packages of garden seeds and 3 papers of Flower seeds (value $1.40) for only 60c postpaid or the Bee-Keeper one year and all the seeds for 75c. Or we will send the Bee-Keeper 6 months and a copy of How to Manage Bees (price 50c) for 50c. The Bee-Keeper 1 year and the book for 60c. Remit in postage stamps.

There is a prevailing idea that if a sample copy of a newspaper or magazine is taken from the postoffice it makes the person receiving it liable for the subscription price of same. This is entirely erroneous. Any one receiving a periodical after the term of subscription has expired cannot be compelled to pay for it, but should of course notify the publisher that the paper was no longer wanted.

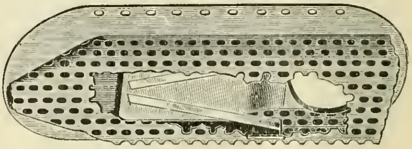
Read the great offer on the *red* supplement. The Celebrated Falcon Sections almost give away.

We have several copies of the pamphlet "Giant Bees of India" by Frank Benton, and will mail a copy to any one for 5 cents.

A great many sample copies of this number will be sent to former subscribers, customers and friends and we hope that many who receive them will send in their subscription.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER one year with the Cosmopolitan for $1.25. The Cosmopolitan is a monthly magazine containing an average of over 100 pages and 80 illustrations each month.

The Porter Spring Escape.



The above illustration shows the new Porter Spring Escape for honey room windows. It is a modification of the well known Porter Bee Escape, which is now universally used by bee-keepers. The top or oval part is perforated along the edges so that it can be readily tacked to the casing or window frame. The body is made of perforated tin to admit light and its open end is extended into a cone to prevent robbers from crawling into the sides of the springs and interferring with the bees passing out, which would occur if it were left open the full width.

The interior part is reversed in position from the regular Bee Escape. The springs used are somewhat broader and are set slightly more open.

To apply these escapes to the window, merely make ½ or ¾ inch holes through the screen wire at the upper corners, or if you do not wish to injure the wire cloth remove the tacks from the corners and turn the cloth down until triangular holes of corresponding size are found, and then tack the escapes in a virtical position over these openings so the bees can pass through them into the escapes.

In case the window is provided with an escape made by extending the wire cloth above, close the bee escape with a strip flush with the top of the window and proceed as before.

A thorough trial of these escapes has proven that they meet all requirements and that they are a perfect device for the purpose.

Our Business.

On the next page we present our readers with a "bird's-eye view" of our plant as seen from the northwest side. The printing was done from a zinc etching made from a pen and ink sketch, and is a very correct representation.

We have been manufacturing bee keepers' supplies for the past fifteen years, beginning on a small scale with a factory only 40x80 feet. From time to time an increasing business made it necessary to enlarge our capacity, until today we can truthfully claim to have the largest factory of the kind in the world.

Our machinery is run by water power and we also have a 150 h. p. engine with double boilers, our own electric light plant and double exhaust fans for carrying the sawdust and shavings from machines to the fire under boiler. All our buildings are heated by steam and are protected from fire by a complete system of automatic sprinklers. We have three large lumber yards which never contain much less than one million feet of such lumber as we constantly use.

Owing to the extensive competition and poor honey crops, the bee supply business has not increased very rapidly during the past two or three years, and in order to keep our large force (usually over one hundred men) busy the year round we have added other lines of goods, so now in addition to bee keepers' supplies we manufacture annually large quantities of household and school supplies of different kinds. Our factory is equipped with machinery for making almost everything that can be made of wood.

Comb foundation is made in a separate building built expressly for the purpose, and our make of foundation is well and favorably known. We have special processes for cleaning the wax and manufacturing the foundation.

In connection with our plant we have a saw mill where is made a large portion of the lumber used by us.

We are always glad to see our customers and friends, and you are cordially invited to call upon us whenever convenient when we will be pleased to show you what we do and how we do it.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

Kansas City, Mo.. Jan. 22, 1896.—The demand for honey is good. Supply light. Price of 1 lb. comb 11 to 14c per lb. Extracted 4½ to 6½c per pound. No beeswax on the market

Hamblin & Bearss, 514 Walnut St.

Detroit, Mich.. Jan. 21, 1896.—Fair demand for honey. Supply equal to the demand. Price of comb 12 to 15c per pound. Extracted 6 to 7c per lb. Good demand for wax. Small supply. Prices 27 to 28c per lb.

M. H. Hunt, Bell Branch, Mich.

Cincinnati, O.. Jan. 22. 1896.—The demand for honey is slow. Supply good. Price of best white comb honey 12 to 14c per lb. Extracted 4 to 7c per lb. The demand for wax is good. Small supply. Prices 25 to 28c per lb.

Chas. F. Muth & Son,
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 22, 1896.—The demand for honey is very slow. Supply liberal. Price of comb 8 to 14c per lb. Extracted 4 to 6c per lb. The demand for beeswax is good. Prices 28 to 32c per lb. Light supply.

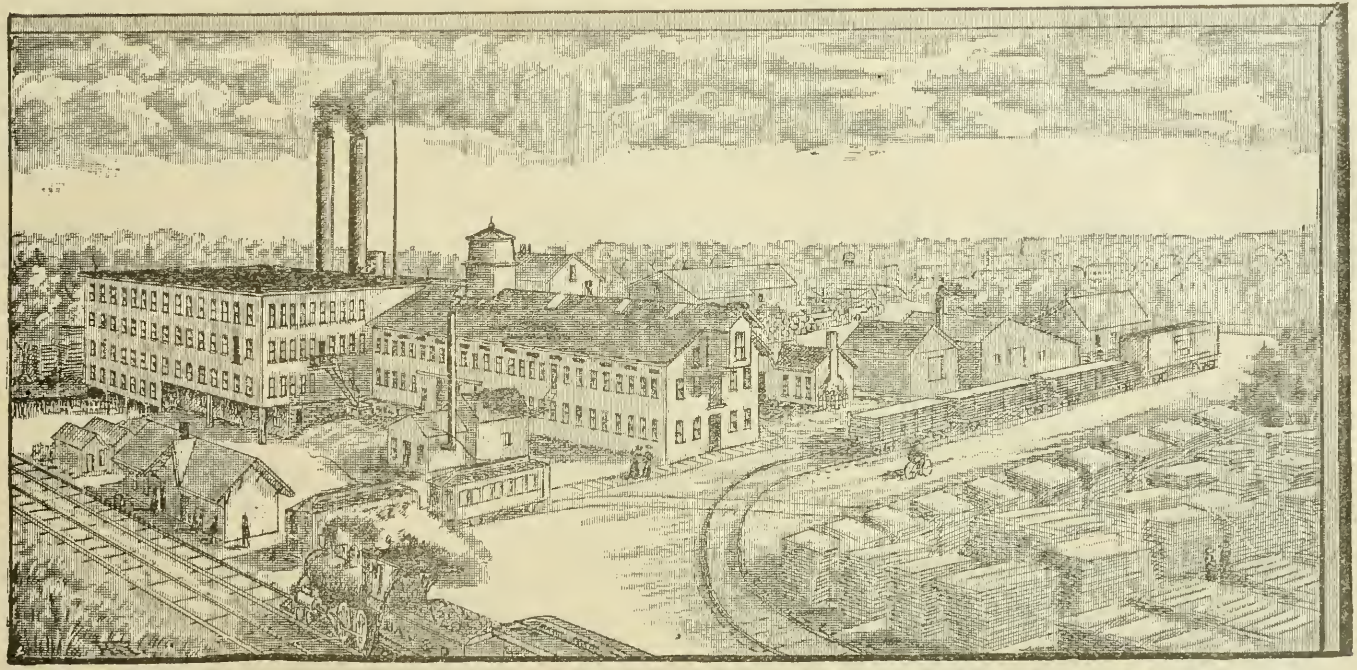
H. R. Wright.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 23, 1896.—Fair demand for honey. Supply equal to the demand. Price of comb 14 to 15c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb.

E. E. Blake & Co., 75 Chatham St.

RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. No Postals Answered. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere, and in Jamestown, N. Y., by FRANK W. PALMETER. 4-12



Birds-Eye view of Office, Factory, Sawmill, Store Houses, &c., of the W. T. FALCONER MFG. CO., situated at Falconer, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE W T FALCONER MANFG CO

VOL. VI. MARCH, 1896. NO. 3.

President's Address to Ontario Co., N. Y., Bee-Keepers' Association.

Organized Method of Grading and Marketing Honey.

BY W. F. MARKS.

Fellow Bee-Keepers and Friends: We must take hold and make our organization beneficial to our pursuit in every possible way. We should not be contented to jog along in old ruts that have ruined nearly every bee-keepers' organization. We must get out and make ours a *model* and *modern* organization. We represent a pursuit that according to the last United States Census Report produced 63,894,186 pounds of honey in 1889.

Mr. Benton, of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, estimates the present annual value of apiarian products of the the United States at $20,000,000. The question is, what part of this vast amount do the bee-keepers get? Do they get full value for their products? Certainly not, although they are abreast of the times in all improvements and place their products before the public in an attractive and modern style. They still market the products of their apiaries in a primitive and ruinous manner, without system or method. One of the main objects of our organization and of this meeting should be to devise and perfect some plan for marketing the products of our apiaries by some intelligent and organized method that will increase the demand and maintain values.

I believe it would be desirable and practical to place our best honey in the market under the guarantee of the association in such a manner as to create a demand for it from cash buyers. Under any organized system of trade it is first necessary to establish some official supervision. As one step toward such a system, and for the sake of bringing this subject fully before the meeting, in hopes that some plan will be adopted, I will submit a plan for your consideration.

I would have the association adopt an attractive *Stamp* and elect a *Honey Inspector*. He would be a disinterested party, and acting in an official capacity it will be his duty when called upon to inspect and if satisfactory attach the stamps of the association to the case of honey in such a manner that the case can not be opened without breaking the stamps. The stamp should have printed upon it the name of our association, viz: "Ontario Co., N. Y., Bee Keepers' Association, Honey Stamp." And in a conspicuous place it should state that, "This case of honey has been inspected by the Honey Inspector of the Ontario Co., N. Y., Bee-Keepers' Association, and the honey within, if these stamps remain unbroken, is *Guaranteed* to be Grade No. 1, White." I would not have the stamps of the association attached to only one grade of honey and that the best. By grading both Fancy and No. 1 together as No. 1 we get a *superior grade* which will please the purchaser every time, and is a credit to both the purchaser and the association. This plan will in a short time not only create a demand for the honey sold under our seal but will add to its market value. Do not get the idea that the association will undertake to market your product; such is not the present idea, although it may be found practical when the inspector has the confidence of both the producer and dealer for him to assist; time will tell. We should do nothing that will forfeit our position as a *disinterested* party. You sell your own honey, and each section and case should have the name and address of the producer stamped upon it, the association, through its inspector, guaranteeing the grade, and that a superior grade of No. 1,—which it certainly would be if we include fancy in the same grade—but as we aim to create a popular demand for honey bearing our seal, it is desirable that it should be, if anything, a better grade than we guarantee.

This method would establish confidence between the buyer and seller, and in the honey, it must be evident to you all, if, when offering your honey to the trade you could state that it had been *examined* and *sealed* by the honey inspector of the Ontario County, N. Y., Bee-Keepers' Association, that this fact would create confidence in your honey although the party addressed may not ever have heard of the association or seen any of your honey, and as the grade is guaranteed by a disinterested party it would relieve the producer of that responsibility.

A similar system, in some respects, has been used in this county in marketing other products, and the gratifying result will be given to you by a gentleman who is familiar with it. What has been accomplished by others can certainly be done by us.

I wish to speak of one thing more in connection with this proposition, and it is necessary to the success of the plan, and that is of the proposed honey inspector. This is not a desirable, but it is an important position upon whom would rest in a great measure the success or failure of the method. He should be a person who is known to grade his own honey right, and will act in his official capacity without fear or favor. Furthermore, we should discourage the consigning of honey to be sold on commission. It is *unnecessary* and *ruinous*. An improved method of marketing honey is the most important problem which we have to solve. I trust you will take hold of this problem with sincerity, and if at first you do not succeed you will try again.

"How to Manage Bees," a 50c book, and the American Bee-Keeper a year for only 60c.

Painted, vs Unpainted Hives.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

As the time is at hand when all enterprising bee-keepers should be preparing for next season's work, I thought a few words on the desirability of painting hives might not be amiss. All will admit that hives look much better and will last longer if painted than if left unpainted. But after years of experience with both painted and unpainted hives in the same apiary, I contend that bees will not do as well in a painted hive as they will in an unpainted one. But I think I hear some one asking "wherein is an unpainted hive better than a painted one?" Principally in this, that if properly covered it will keep the bees dryer at all seasons of the year, and owing to this dryness they are consequently much warmer. As unpainted wood is porous the moisture evaporates or passes through all parts of the hive, keeping the bees dry, warm and quiet, avoiding any undue consumption of honey, as well as disease. Several years ago I had a number of box hives, some of which were painted, while others were not. I set them out of the cellar about the first of April, in as near an equal condition as well could be. In the morning after every cold, frosty night, there would be water running out at the entrance of those that were painted, and on tipping them up the combs were found to be quite wet on the outside next the hive from the concensation of moisture, while those in the unpainted hives were dry and nice, and these last increased in numbers faster and swarmed from one to two weeks earlier than did those in the painted hives. This gave a greater force of bees to work in the honey harvest, which in turn gave a larger yield of honey, and this gave more money for me to jingle in my pockets. "But," says one, "I use ground cork, cut straw, sawdust, forest leaves or some other absorbant in the top of the hives to take care of the moisture, by letting any excess that may arise pass through these and out of the top of the cover.'' This will nelp much as far as the moisture is concerned, but if not done on a scientific plan it will let out much of the heat, which is so necessary for the welfare of the colony in early spring, by such a direct draft process. Even if done properly I cannot help thinking that hives will keep bees better if unpainted. Paint is useful only so far as looks and durability is concerned, and is positively injurious as retarding the evaporation of moisture.

This is the result I have arrived at after 25 years of experience and close observation with single walled hives, and I believe the damage to the bees is far greater than the cost of a new hive occasionally, where ordinary hives are used, say nothing of the cost of the paint or time in putting it on. However, with chaff or double walled hives the case is different, for then the moisture is driven through the first wall of unpainted lumber, out into the chaff or other packing, from whence it goes out through the many cracks and ventilators provided in the outer shell of the hive. From this comes the reason, largely, why bees winter and thrive so much better in chaff packed hives, rather than that the extra protection has all to do with it, as some claim. Bees can endure any amount of cold provided they are kept dry, but wet, dripping combs and hives, they are not able to stand, where cold is added to it. Thus, in accordance with the views expressed above, I paint all of my double walled or chaff hives, and leave all of the single walled hives unpainted.

COLONIES, HOW TO SELECT.

A correspondent writes that he desires to buy some bees soon and wishes to know how to select good ones, so I thought a word or two on this subject might not be amiss to the readers of the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER. A majority of persons, especially beginners, are apt to think that if a hive is heavy with honey and there are live bees in it, such are the ones to purchase, without regard to what kind of comb there is in the frames or size of colony. This is a mistaken idea. I will give the readers just what I do in selecting colonies myself. As there are those at the present time who persist in keeping bees in box hives, and as bees in such hives can be purchased for less money than they can in frame hives—besides the frame hive might not be to my liking—I usually select box hives where I can find them, and then transfer to such hives as I use. Colonies may be selected any cool day in March or April by turning the hives over carefully so as not to arouse the bees. Examine the combs carefully and see that they are all straight and nearly all worker combs, and there should be bees in at least five spaces between the combs, and six or seven spaces filled with bees would be all the better, with from ten to fifteen pounds of honey. If possible, I select such colonies as cast a swarm the previous season, or an after-swarm, as such will have a young, prolific queen. If the time of selection is a cool morning, with the sun shining brightly, you will have no trouble in seeing down into the hive by turning the mouth toward the sun in such a manner that the rays will strike the combs, bees, etc., lighting all up nicely. In this way there is no guess work about the matter, and if we are to succeed no guess work must be allowed. Now about the price. Three dollars is about the price usually asked for bees in such hives during the month of April, but I have seen colonies sold at auction for from six to eight dollars that were worth but little more than the honey which was in the hiye ; and I have seen colonies sold for $1.50 that were better worth $10 than others would be as a gift. The same holds good regarding any of the hives in use. A person had better pay five or six dollars for a hive that has the frames filled with straight worker combs, well stocked with bees, than have a hive with combs built crosswise of the frames, with two-thirds of that drone comb, and an old, poor queen, but plenty of honey, given to him for nothing. If you send to parties at a distance for bees, whatever the price may be, require of them that the colonies shall be in the condition given above for a good colony. If you can purchase colonies in frame hives that suit you, you can well aford to pay from one to two dollars more for each than you do for those in box hives, but, as a rule, if you must transfer, you can do it best from box hives, for in them the combs are more likely to be larger, so as to cut to better advantage than they are in frame hives.

Borodino, N. Y.

Bees and Chickens.

BY MRS. OLIVER COLE.

As I am taking a rest from the cares of my apiary, and my bees are quietly slumbering, my thoughts run toward some improvement in and about the bee yard. We have now more time to read and think than at any other time of the year, and to keep up with the advance of modern bee-keeping we must read and learn all we can from those of more experience in apiculture, yet sometimes I think the more I read about it the less I know, as so many differ in their opinions. I think in this locality it is best for each one to use his own judgment which is the best way to manage his business. As we are never too old to learn, and everyone is struggling to learn a better way how to secure the most honey and increase their stock our best teacher is experience.

Sometime ago I thought I had a good idea as how to keep the grass down in my apiary without the cost of cutting it. The grass seems to grow more thrifty there than in our meadows, owing no doubt to the fertilizer it has in the way of chaff and dead bees. My idea was to build a wire fence around my apiary and a hen house at one corner, also a convenient gate through which to pass, then put in 50 or more fowls, give them the run through the apiary and it would be fine for them, and more than that they would keep down the grass. High grass in an apiary is a great nuisance, for I have often soiled my dress and nearly spoiled my shoes in walking through it in the morning before the dew is off while looking after my queen cells and caging queens. I had planned all very nicely for the future when I happened to take up an old number of *Gleanings* and this is what I saw : "Bees and Chickens, by C. H. Luttgens." This interested me and I read it. In substance it was as follows ; "As I first mentioned chickens as drone brood and drone eaters sometime ago perhaps the readers of *Gleanings* are under the impression that I keep both in one yard, which is not the case, as I well know the disadvantages outweigh the advantages in so doing, as was described by Grant Scofield a few months ago, but he has missed or not yet experienced the worst of the evils derived therefrom, and of which I should like to inform your readers. Last year I had several hatches of young chickens, of which some escaped through the fence. They soon made good drone catchers and bee eaters. Three got stung over the eyes, of which but one recovered, and two died in great agony after several days. I would have killed them to relieve them but for the fancy stock. While I agree that bees and chickens are nice to keep together, they should be kept in separate yards."

Reading this has discouraged me with my plans, and if any of the readers of this have tried bees and chickens together with success I shall be glad to hear from you through the BEE-KEEPER.

Sherburne, N. Y.

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

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Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

Open Letter to the Bee-Keepers of the United States.

Fellow Bee-Keepers :—We have prepared for circulation a petition asking the Secretary of Agriculture of the United States to take steps to secure and introduce *Apis Dorsata*, the giant bee of India, into this country. It is a duty that the government owes and is willing to render our industry. (See Report of Secretary of Agriculture, page 25). Owing to the rapid disappearance of the bumble-bee the introduction of these bees will soon be a necessity in the successful growing of red clover for seed, if for no other purpose. That these are a distinct and large race of bees there is no doubt, but of their practical value we know nothing, and never will until we have thoroughly tested them. As progressive bee-keepers and honey producers we should not rest until every spot on this earth has been searched and every race of honey bees have been tested. We should do it for the advancement of scientific and progressive apiculture, for ourselves and for posterity. Our association has taken hold of this with sincerity and expects the united support of the bee-keepers of this country. And with their support the end of the nineteenth century will witness a new era in apiculture in which the bee-keepers of the United States will take a leading part. Yours fraternally,

Executive Committee, Ontario Co., N. Y.. Bee-Keepers' Association.

Copies of these petitions may be obtained by anyone who will circulate them by addressing

W. F. Marks,
Chapinville, N. Y.

A New Super.

BY ED. JOLLEY.

"The construction of a super that firmly and squarely supports the sections ¼ inch above the top bars, admits the tiering up, protects the edges from propolization, that may be used with or without separators, and from whence the finished goods may be released without force, combining simplicity and moderate cost, still affords ample scope for the inventive genius of the fraternity."—H. E. Hill.

I made and tried a few supers as an experiment last season that answered about all the requirements of Brother Hill, except the ¼ inch bee space. I prefer ⅜ of an inch for bee spece as I have less burr combs with ⅜ inch space than any other that I have tried, and I think I have tried everything from a scant ¼ to a full ½ inch.

As to the super, it is simply a rim 4⅝ inches high and 17 inches long, inside measurement, and as wide as the brood chamber of the hive it is to be used upon. Mine were made for an 8-frame dovetailed hive. All there was to it was the rim and following board scant 17 inches long, and two wedges. To fill this super with sections I place the rim on the table, then put in the sections, allowing them to rest on the table. Four sections will be a neat fit lengthwise, and six rows of four sections each, or 24 sections, will fill a super for an 8-frame hive. Having got the sections placed properly I put in the following board at one side between the sections and the rim, insert and tighten the wedges, and the super is ready for business. Separators may be used if desired.

This super supports the sections as firmly and squarely as a super having bottom slats, section holders or T tins. It admits of tiering up as well as any other super made. It protects the edges of the sections from propolization by being so firmly keyed together. The bottoms of the sections are entirely unprotected, but if exactly spaced there will be very few burr combs. The bottoms of the sections may be a little stained, but not much.

This super has other advantages besides simplicity and cheapness. I think the bees enter it more readily than where the section holder is used because the sections are the thickness of the bottom bars of the section holders nearer the brood nest, and the bees have that much less wood to pass through to get into the sections.

It has an advantage over the T super in not having so many places for tne bees to plug in for propolis, besides the sections are held firmer and squarer without the T tins than they are with them.

You will observe that the new super is the thickness of the two end bars of the section holders, shorter than the old dovetailed super. To make it fit the dovetailed hive I had to nail strips the thickness of the end bars of the section holders on each end of the super; that is, the new super was 1¼ inch shorter than the dovetailed super, and a ⅝ inch strip on each end made it fit the dovetailed hive. I made and tried about a half dozen of these supers last year and liked them very well. I shall try them more extensively the coming season.

Franklin, Penna.

◆

We want a large quantity of beeswax, and will pay 30c a pound cash or 32c a pound in goods for good clean wax freight paid to Falconer, N. Y.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

EDITOR AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER,
Dear Sir: Bees in this locality, St. Andrews Bay, Florida, work nearly every sunshiny day during the winter. I have not yet been able to learn the source from which they gather so much pollen, but it evidently comes from the tities and marshes, where the flowers bloom under the protection of the evergreen shrubs. Pee-to peaches and strawberries have been in bloom since December. Peach trees are also now in bloom. The lovely yellow jessamine of the south is now in all its glory, as are also the daffodils.

The movable frame hive is slowly marching through Florida, and Italian bees are being introduced. As far as my observation goes there is no honey here equal to the white clover honey of the North. Yours truly,

MRS. L. HARRISON.

St. Andrews Bay, Fla., Feb. 17, '96.

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO.,
Gentlemen: The goods shipped me have been received, and are first class. Thanking you for your prompt attention to small orders, I remain,

Yours truly, JAS. E. GIBSON.

Oneonta, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1895.

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO.,
Dear Sirs: * * * * Your goods are certainly the best we ever used, and we take pride and pleasure in recommending them to all our bee keeping friends. Yours truly,

OLMSTEAD BROS.

East Bloomfield, N. Y., Feb. 28, '96.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From Progressive Bee-Keeper.)

WILL THE GOOD YEARS COME AGAIN ?

C. H. DIBBERN.

No doubt during the last few years of disappointment and failure, many have become discouraged, and not a few will give up the apparently hopeless contest. And if the present indications were to continue indefinitely, it would be worse than folly to give all our time to a business that does not pay. Twenty years ago we could look for a good honey year, just as surely as we could for a good corn year, and the failures were the exceptions. Now, however, in this locality—and the same conditions seem to prevail quite generally over the central states, that four years out of five may as well be called failures. Then, too, we were beginning to pride ourselves that invention had made such progress that the up to date bee-keeper would soon be able to double the honey crop of our grandfather's day. I do not undervalue the great value of recent inventions; but the fact is, nothing will take the place of an abundant yield from the flowers—not even the sugar barrel, if we could get it for nothing. In times past we depended mainly on white clover, supplemented by basswood, goldenrod, heartsease and other flowers, and they seemed to yield all that could be desired, and we never dreamed that these sources would ever fail, any more than that the time would come when our rivers would dry up. But our parching, hot, dry summers, and snowless, cold winters, have about used up the white clover, and other wild flowers are much less abundant than formerly. Somehow, too, they do not seem to yield the nectar they formerly did—even the basswood. But, says someone, we know all this from recent experience; what we want to know is, can we reverse this order of things ?

Now, if we could order the weather to our liking, this question might be solved easily enough, but of course that can not be done. Our wishing does not help matters, for how often did we not hear during the past summer that someone wished it would rain, but the hot, burning days kept right along. Of course, when normal years, with a sufficiency of rainfall come again, we may expect old-fashioned yields of honey, but should the dry years continue, can we not do something to make the apiary pay ? I think the cause of a lack of honey yielding flowers, is apparent to all, and in the restoration or supplanting of such flowers would seem to be in the right direction. But I fear many of us, and I acknowledge myself among the number, have more bees than our localities will support ; in fact, we are overstocked in these years of floral dearth. It is quite likely that with one-half the bees we would have got some surplus, instead of being obliged to feed sugar for winter stores.

The question now seems to be, what can we do to increase the honey yielding flowers in our vicinity, and what flowers will it do to depend on ? I am satisfied that many farmers can be incuced to sow honey plants that are also valuable for other farming purposes, if the matter is properly presented to them. A few years ago I mailed many alsike clover circulars, and several good-sized fields of clover in reach of my bees was the result. In suitable localities many could be induced to sow alfalfa that would bless both farmer and bee-keeper. Rape is another crop that may prove a success. But while recommending, don't forget sweet clover, that king of honey-plants and best friend (though unappreciated) of the farmer. If farmers who are also bee-keepers, would take hold of this, and show what a valuable plant it is, aside from bee-keeping, to other farmers, many would be induced to sow whole fields of it. Of course much can be done to sow it in waste places, where it will not interfere with anyone. It will all help, and should the good years come again soon, we would be " right in the swim sure." But should the dry sersons continue, we can still do a good deal to help matters by reducing the number of colonies, if over-stocked, and increasing our floral area.

Milan, Ills.

From Bee-Keepers' Record. (Br).

HIVES.

WM. MC NALLY.

As one gets older in the bee business and looks back over the teachings of the past, some thoughts as to the future course bee-culture is likely to assume present themselves. Since the late Rev. L. L. Langstroth, of America, gave to the world in 1853 the movable frame hive, there have been many changes in hive structure. Every shape and form that man could devise has been tried, and now, nearly half a century later, there is a strong consensus of opinion gradually coming round in all civilized countries, to the plain, simple form of hive as first introduced by that distinguished veteran. In coming down to more recent times early in the eighties, it was frequently to be seen at our national bee-shows; prices given for hives, the cost of which was not less than £3 and £4 each. These were the days when the homes of the honey-bee were "fearfully and wonderfully made," and when the cost of twenty such would build a comfortable cottage for the bee-keeper himself to live in. Times, however, have changed since then, and the bee-keeping novice now profits by the experience gained in past days, from those who have tested all the ideas propounded, at various times, in the world of bee-culture.

In taking a glanee around my own apiary, which has gradually built itself for well-nigh twenty years, hives of all shapes and sizes, outwardly at least, may be seen. Several of these are now obsolete, others again are getting the worse for wear, and I have decided for the last year or two to save further expense on them, and run them down before they are finally converted into firewood. When a visitor happens to call who contemplates starting bee-keeping, the question generally asked is: "What sort of a hive do you recommend to a beginner?" Invariably the reply given is, "If I had to start bee-keeping now, I should adopt, as the best all-purpose hive, one of the plainest and simplest possible." Experience has shown that, to make the honey-raising industry a source of profit the working expenses must be kept at a minimum, and hives form a large portion of the outlay. Appearances, nowadays certainly, go a long way, and a neat, well-kept apiary, is always attractive and instructive. Were it not for this fact, any hive made of four pieces of rough unplaned wood, holding the given number of frames with a stand of some sort, and well wrapped to keep it warm and dry, would yield as good results as the most elaborate and expensive hive in existance. Bringing down bee-keeping into more business-like shape, such makeshift arrangements as above mentioned are unnandy, and most experienced hands will now say that the best form of a hive is one consisting of a plain outer shell, sufficiently large to hold the brood-box of frames with at least 12 in. to 16 in. of supering space above. Every part interchangeable and alike, divisable for cleaning purposes, and easy to handle. In other words, simplicity, interchangeability, and cheapness are the main essentials of successful bee-keeping. Prepared wood can be got so cheaply nowadays, that anyone handy with tools can, at a cost of a very few shillings, during the dull season of the year, fit up his own hives. Frames and sections can be bought ready made and accurately cut by machinery much cheaper than with any hand labor.

Glenluce, N. B.

(From the Review).

APIS DORSATA AND OTHER BEES.

J. E. CRANE.

I notice occasional references in bee-journals to Apis Dorsata; whether it is likely to prove of value or otherwise, and a few thoughts in reference to it may not be out of place at this time. As is known, Apis Dorsata is a native bee of Southern Asia and adjacent islands, is much larger than our domesticated bees and builds its combs upon the underside of the branches of tall trees. Apis Testacea seems to be a variety or closely allied species to Apis Dorsata whose home is among the islands of Malaysia or the Indian archipelago and in most respects quite like Apis Dorsata. Both varieties are described as somewhat ferocious and their stings very severe; although I believe Mr. Benton was able to subdue them readily.

The outlook is, not to say the least, very hopeful, but when we remember their superior size and active habits, their ability to gather honey and build comb, I for one have a lingering desire to possess them.

Because this bee has not been domesticated does not prove it incapable of domestication.

The yellow bees of Italy, known to Virgil and Aristotle, have but recently been disseminated over the earth. Because Apis Dorsata is a native of the tropics does not prove its unfitness for the more temperate regions of the earth. While it is true that most animals, birds, and plants are not adapted to a wide range of climate there are many notable exceptions. Naturalists are not agreed as to whether our domestic fowls come from one or more original species, but all unite in the opinion that all the various breeds came originally from southern Asia. The silkworm is also traced to the same locality.

We are told that our humble or (bumble) bees are found as far south as the equator, and one of our arctic explorers found one in northern Greenland quite at home.

More than this, our common hive bees are found not only in temperate regions of the earth but within the tropics as well. I am not sure that anyone can tell us where Apis mellifica was first domesticated. The earliest records of its being cared for by man are from Egypt, so far as I know, which would indicate that its early home was either western Asia or northern Africa.

The habit of the Apis Dorsata of building its combs upon the under side of the branches of trees would seem to be a serious objection, but we sometimes find our hive bees doing something quite like it. During the past season I had a colony leave the hive and go underneath and build its combs and start its honey on the under side of the bottom board.

Still, we can not help thinking that this habit of comb building would make Apis Dorsata, for the present, unprofitable and their honey of little value except for the extractor,

Could we find a bee twice the size of the common bee, strong and active and withal building its combs in a hollow receptacle it would seem to be a decided acquisition. May we not expect to find something of this sort in southern Asia? Is it idle to say that had there been such kind of bees they would have been introduced before this? Let us remember it is only forty or fifty years since the large Asiatic breeds of fowls, that have proved so valuable, have been imported. Great Britain alone claims to have 300 species of wild bees, which are, a large part of them, of the type of our humble bees. How many species of bees closely allied to our domestic bees there may be in southern Asia no one knows, but we believe that among them some will be sound of great value to the honey producing interests of the world.

In looking over an old vol. of the American Bee Journal I came across the following under the title

A CHINESE BEE.

"The Apicultural Section of the Entomological Society, at its annual meeting in Paris, August, 1874, made many interesting statements. M. Durand Saint Armand, a government officer in Cochin China, states that the country possesses a bee twice the size of ours, which, consequently, ought to have a probocis long enough to extract the honey from red clover which is known to be very abundant. This bee is found in great numbers all along the coast, in a wild state, in hollow trees, and the natives hunt them for their wax. The extensive forests of this country are leased for the product of wax, which is to be sold to the Chinese."

Here then would appear to be our bee twice the size of Apis mellifica and living like them in hollow trees. Can not our bee friends in France give us more information in regard to these bees? I believe a large portion, if not all, of Cochin China is now in the hands of France. I should not have thought so much of this statement had I not in conversation with a retired missionary learned of the same, or a similar bee, under domestification by the Chinese in western China. As he was a young man, a native of this town, brought up on a farm, I felt that his statements were worthy of entire confidence. He said the bees of western China were in size midway between our hive bees and the humble bee, and were, like our domestic bees, kept in hives; and must be of gentle disposition as he had seen a colony clustered in a crowded street, yet no one seemed afraid of them. I had hoped before this to have secured specimens of them, but owing perhaps to the unsettled condition of the country I have not as yet received them. I supposed when he first told me of them they were the Apis Dorsata which the Chinese had domesticated, but I now think they must belong to another species.

With the opening of the interior of China to the commerce of the world i may be possible to secure these bees, which may prove of much greater value than Apis Dorsata. Or they may be brought by the French from a point much further south.

Middlebury, Vt.

(From American Bee Journal).

NECTAR AND ITS SECRETION.

BY W. H. MORSE.

What is nectar, and what are the conditions necessary to a copious supply of it?

In the first place I want to say that the previous year has very little to do with supplying the nectar for the year following. (I can hear scores say that won't do, but it is a fact, nevertheless). Let us take, for instance, a small apple tree in the first year of its existence, and upon careful investigation we shall find that as the sap rises in the spring in this small tree, and, in fact, all trees, it is little more than water impregnated with a small amount of fertilizer held in solution by the surrounding moisture, but when it rises in the spring, and reaches the leaf buds and unfolds them, then the laboratory work begins, the sun's rays of light act on the wonderful organism of the leaf, and the young plant begins to receive from them the prepared sap which goes to build up the plant in general, and stores sufficient chemically prepared tissue to mature its buds for next year; and so it goes on until it acquires sufficient age to make the peculiar fermentation necessary to produce fruit-buds, and the little parts of the flower are in an embryo state, lying dormant through the winter, but as spring advances the flowers open up, and then the laboratory work is so wonderful—all man's achievements seem puny in the contemplation of this little flower. The sun's rays of light are the great agent in the work. If any one doubts it, put a red flowering plant in total darkness as soon as its flower buds can be seen, and give it heat and water, and its flowers and leaves will be white, or almost so. So we see that the sun is the base of the work, marking the petals with such beautiful tints of color, and forming the essential oils which give the flower its perfume, and ades vigor to the pistil and stamens, and to the nectary, which is the part of the flower that is of interest to us as bee keepers.

Now, I have tried to give the preceding to back up the statement I made, that the preceding year has nothing to do with filling this nectary with nectar. True, it builds it in embryo, but does nothing more. No, friends, it is when the atmosphere is favorable that plant life seems to take on that excessively luxurious growth that delights all lovers of Nature, that the flowers are changing the sap into nectar, depositing it into the nectary by such wonderful process that man cannot imitate it even if he had thousands of years to try. In fact, it would be almost like getting a strawberry from a rose bush, or *vice versa.* I used to think it possible to work that way, but in actual practice I struck snags on all sides, and had to give it up.

But some plants have the power of producing nectar under favorable circumstances, such as sweet clover and many others. Then there are plants which it seems take spells and produce an extensive amount of nectar one year, and not any for several years following--tropical plants grown in greenhouses are especially so. I remember a peculiar case of this kind; it was with a plant named "Hoyacarnosa." It was planted out in a large conservatory, and twined itself to a trellis suspended to the roof, and the year in question it flowered excessively, and secreted so much nectar that it dropped from the flowers, soiling everything underneath them; and the same flowers produced nectar until they perished, as nearly as I can recollect it, six or seven days from the time they began to produce nectar. Now this plant was handled the same in every way for four years afterwards, and if I had not seen what I have described I would have said that the flowers were destitute of any organ to hold nectar, let alone produce any. What should cause it is a knotty point, but such is the case with all nectar producing plants, which all old bee keepers know.

Florence, Nebr.

Grand Offer to Subscribers.

We will send the Bee Keeper six months, and a box of Seeds containing 12 different packages of Garden Seeds and 3 papers of Flower Seeds (value $1.40) for only 60c post-paid, or the Bee Keeper 1 year and all the Seeds for 75c. Or we will send the Bee Keeper balance of the year and a copy of "How to Manage Bees," (price 50c) for 50c. The Bee Keeper 1 year and the book for 60c. Remit in postage stamps.

HORSE OR MOTOR.

The horse and the motor have entered the lists in a contest for supremacy. Both in Europe and in this country the horseless or autemobile vehicle is announced as the coming means of locomotion, not only in cities but in rural localities. And the revolution, as its prophets assure us, will work a change in present methods radical enough to enable the humblest farmer to furrow his fields with a new-fangled plow operated by its own motor. We shall see, also, motor-driven farm wagons loaded with produce *en route* to market, the living horse left idle in his stall to die a natural death, while his successor, the mechanical horse, does his work, and does it better, more cheaply, and more quickly.

In the cities we are promised as sweeping a change in methods of haulage as the street railways experienced when the electric and cable cars supplanted the horse cars and caused us to wonder why we had waited so long for so easy and satisfactory a means of covering long distances. We shall have motor-driven delivery wagons, vans, drays and express wagons. Stage-coaches, cabs and all other public conveyances will no longer rattle over the cobble-stones to the clatter of hoofs, but will glide swiftly along on rubber-tired wheels actuated by a motor secreted under the seat. All vehicular transportation, even to the delivery of the matutinal can of milk or the last bill of goods purchased at a big dry goods shop, will be accomplished by the magic of the motor.—Oliver McKee, in March Lippincott's.

The American Bee-Keeper,

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER,
Falconer, N. Y.

☞Subscribers finding this paragraph marked with a blue cross will know that their subscripiton expires with this number. We hope that you will not delay in sending a renewal.

☞A Red Cross on this paragraph indicates that you owe for your subscriprion. Please give the matter your attention.

EDITORIAL.

At this time all bee keepers are looking forward to the coming honey season and wondering what the harvest will bring forth. The result, good or bad, does not depend entirely upon the coquettish caprices of good dame nature, and this is fully realized by many of us. We know that no matter how bounteous the flow of nectar no surplus will be stored unless our colonies are built up strong and are ready for the harvest. Weak colonies hardly gather enough honey for their immediate wants, even during the most abundant flow. Preparations should have been begun as early as last fall by uniting weak colonies, introducing young and vigerous queens and providing abundant winter supplies of food for the bees. Now the most that can be done is to stimulate brood rearing in every possible manner and then prevent swarming as much as possible. "The more bees the more honey," is an old saying and a self evident fact.

Among no other class of journals in the world will be found so many "soft" sayings, self praise, mutual editorial flattery, and railings over personal domestic misfortunes as are found in the bee journals of this country. It is a cause for regret that our journals cannot be conducted upon a more dignified and impersonal plan such as is followed out by the bee papers of other countries and all other classes of journalism. We may be regarded as somewhat pessimistic on this matter, and possibly bee keepers are different from those who follow other vocations, but we do not think so, except as they may have been educated to be so by the bee journals to which we have alluded. We never could conceive how it could be of any interest to any but a few personal friends whether the editor eats soup, beans or beef, or whether he eats at all, as long as he furnishes what he is paid to furnish, an instructive and interesting journal. Nor is it a matter of vital importance to the great majority of his readers whether he has just had his last wisdom tooth extracted, nor that his youngest boy has recovered from the measles. We have only the kindliest feeling toward each and every apiarian editor in beedom, but cannot help feeling that in filling their editorial columns with such matters they are doing themselves and their readers an injustice. For our part, if such are the requirements of an editor of a bee journal, after six years trial, we have to admit that we cannot bring ourselves to it.

The revolution in Cuba and the consequent devastation of the whole interior of that island has temporarily wiped out the bee industry there. Formerly we sold large quantities of supplies to Cuban bee keepers, but since the disturbances began there we have received no orders. There were also large quantities of beeswax imported into this country from Cuba, but none comes at present. This accounts, in some degree, for the scarcity of wax this season.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N H. will keep a complete supply of our goods during the coming season and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

In the March number of "Harpers' Monthly Magazine" we notice an article on "Bee Keeping in Arcadia," describing a visit to some of the large bee ranches in Ventura county, California. The principal facts pertaining to bee culture are obtained in an interview with an old bee man named Martin,—not J. H. Martin the well known writer of the "Rambler" articles so frequently seen in "Gleanings" and elsewhere.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER one year with the Cosmopolitan for $1.25. The Cosmopolitan is a monthly magazine containing an average of over 100 pages and 80 illustrations each month.

We are in receipt of a copy of a petition to the Secretary of Agriculture for the introduction of the Giant Bees of India into the United States. The petition is gotten out by the Ontario, (N. Y.,) Bee Keepers' Association. Copies can be obtained by any one who will circulate them by addressing W. F. Marks, Chapinville, N. Y.

A mild and comparatively open winter is now drawing to a close with an unusually "cold spell," and an abundance of snow, but the cold and snow came too late to do much harm to the bees and they should come out next month in first class condition. Bee keepers who are delaying in sending in their orders for supplies are cautioned not to wait too long. It is better to order now and be sure to have your supplies on hand when wanted than to order late and have perhaps to wait for them owing to the rush of orders that are sure to come in April ann May.

The supply business seems to be gradually getting into the hands of a few manufacturers and dealers. There are not nearly so many advertisements of supplies in the different bee journals as there have been in years gone past. This is noticable, also, in reference to the queen trade. Perhaps it is because the demand is not so great.

We have a quantity of Alley Drone and Queen Trap patterns of 1894 which will be sold at 25c each, regular price 50c. These Traps are just as good for practical purposes as those of more recent pattern.

Elsewhere in this number of the Bee Keeper we reprint an article on "Hives," from the last number of the "Bee Keepers' Record," published in England. Sound sentiments are there expressed, and our readers will do well to read it.

We are glad to note that considerable interest is being awakened on the subject of importing bees of the Apis Dorsata variety. The giant bee of India, as it is called, may not be a desirable acquisition to our American apiaries, but it is a good plan to try them.

It is a noticable fact that there have been no new bee papers started this year. This has not happened before in several years, and is an indication of "hard times" among bee keepers.

If any of our renders have failed to receive a copy of our annual price list we will be glad to mail one upon application. Special low prices prevail this season.

We are always glad to receive articles for publication. They come handy sooner or later. If you have any news of any kind concerning bees, write us about it and we will publish it for the benefit of our readers.

We are paying 30c a pound cash for good beeswax, delivered at our railroad station at Falconer, N. Y., or we will allow 32c a pound in goods.

A great many subscriptions have expired the last two months, and we shall be glad to receive a renewal of each. We will send the Bee Keeper the balance of this year to new subscribers for 25 cents. Remember the Bee Keeper is regularly composed of 32 pages, 16 of which relate exclusively to bee keeping, and the remainder to miscellaneous literary subjects.

RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY
is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. No Postals Answered. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere, and in Jamestown, N. Y., by FRANK W. PALMETER. 4-12

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 24, 1896.—The demand for honey is fair. Fair supply. Prices of best white comb honey 12 to 14c per lb. Extracted 4 to 7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Scant supply. Prices 25 to 30c per lb. for good to choice yellow.

Chas. F. Muth & Son,
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 21, 1896.—The demand for honey is good. Supply equal to the demand. Price of 1 lb. comb 11 to 14c per lb. Extracted 4½ to 6½c per pound. No beeswax on the market.

Hamblin & Bearss, 514 Walnut St.

Detroit, Mich., Fe.b 22, 1896.—Slow demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 13 to 15c per pound. Extracted 6 to 7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Fair supply only. Prices 27 to 28c per lb. M. H. Hunt, Bell Branch. Mich,

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1896.—Very good demand for honey. Ample supply of Buckwheat. Small supply of Clover. Price of Buckwheat 8 to 10c per lb. Clover 12 to 15c per lb. Extracted; plenty on hand at 4 to 6c per lb. There is a large stock of Buckwheat comb honey on the market, but Clover is choice.

Chas. W. McCullough & Co.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 26. 1896.—Good demand for honey. Plenty of No. 2 honey. Fair supply of No. 1. Price of comb 10 to 12c per lb., and 14 to 15c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb. Fair demand for beeswax. Light supply. Price 25c per lb.

E. E. Blake & Co., 75 Chatham St.

Chicago Ill., Feb 20, 1896—White comb honey is selling at 13c, Light amber 12c per lb. Dark amber not wanted. Extracted honey, white, 6c., light amber 5½c per lb. Dark amber 5c per lb In barrels 4 to 5c per lb. Beeswax 28 to 29c per lb. After the holidays the demand for honey is limited, however we have about disposed of our receipts.

S. T. Fish & Co., 189 South Water St.

PLAYING DOMINOS.

Mistress Morning—well she knows
How to play at dominos
With the children, blithe and gay,
Wide awake at break of day.
First she shows her bluest skies,
Matched by Mary with her eyes,
Next she plays her breezes light,
Matched with Lucy's laughter bright.
Then she throws her sunshine true,
Matched with smiles by merry Lou,
Flowers come now, sweet white and red,
Matched by Josie's flowerlike head.
For each charm the morning throws
In this game of dominos
Something sweet the children bring,
Matching her in everything.
If the game goes thus all day,
Who will be the victor, pray?
—Amos R. Wells in St. Nicholas.

A MIDNIGHT MIRAGE.

It was nearly midnight. The ironing was done, and the clothes lay heaped on the table in snowy piles still hot from the iron. Ann Quinn drew a chair up to the little kitchen window that overlooked the river and sat down with a sigh of pain, for her back ached. She rested her chin in her hand and stared through the faint tracery of familiar objects on the glass to the water beyond, lying dark and glossy under the stars.

"I wonder if Mis' Niles wants that chipped beef for breakfast," thought Ann Quinn, for she was both a cook and a laundress. "Guess I'll fry them cold potatoes left from dinner, too," she continued, her eyes resting on a faraway cluster of electric lights that trembled like a diamond pendant.

Presently, as she sat there, the red rim of the moon pushed itself up behind some trees on the opposite shore. Ann Quinn watched it rising, with a meditative look. "It's terrible red. Them little branches looks like they was drawn on it with a pen. I wonder what that black thing in the water is!" she broke off as a feeler of moonlight slipped across the river to where something black and long bobbed stiffly in the current. She shaded her eyes from the lamp and pressed her face close to the glass. "Looks like a man," she muttered. As she spoke the thing wheeled about and began drifting in toward the stone breakwater beneath the window. Slowly it drew near, the little moon sparks dancing in its wake. It floated into the shadow, and she strained her eyes in vain to follow it.

"Guess I'll go to bed," she said, giving one more look into the darkness. She did not go, though, for suddenly she saw a lean hand thrust over the breakwater, then another, and the next moment the figure of a man crawled out on the stone below her.

Ann Quinn started back, her heart pumping like a steam dredger, for she heard the thick splash of wet feet coming up the steps, and she saw a face pressed against the window that she had just quitted—a drawn face, yellow, pale as the handkerchief knotted about its throat.

"Let me in, Ann Quinn," said the lips, though she heard no voice. "Let me in."

She stood staring, her broad cheeks whiter than the plates on the dresser behind her, but she did not move. The man waited a moment; then he pushed up the sash and swung himself into the room.

The lamp blinked and guttered in the draft, and a door slammed. Ann Quinn quivered from head to foot. The man stood looking at her with famished eyes.

"A lifetime, a whole lifetime," he whispered at last, and his voice sounded cold and empty as the echo in a vault.

"Go away!" cried Ann Quinn. "And take your wet hand off my ironing."

The man moved and stared at the piles of clothes on the table.

"Did you do that?" he asked in a low voice. "And are you tired?"

"Yes, I did it, and I am tired," she replied, stealing her way stealthily toward the door.

As she moved, her terror lent a new, catlike grace to her awkward body She looked almost like another woman in the swaying light—a woman with narrow, wicked eyes and lithe motions. The man stepped quickly before the door and stood there, his clothes flooding the black river water on her clean floor.

"And all this time you have worked, while I have had more, a thousand times more, than I could use. And we have lived near each other here in the same city and never knew it." He covered his face with his hands and groaned. "Our sin—what was it that we should reap such lonely years in punishment?" Then he moved toward her, his arms outstretched: "My love, my lost love! Give me one kiss, my first since that other grave closed over us."

Ann Quinn gulped, and her hair rose softly. "If you touch me, I'll kill you!" she said hoarsely, catching a knife up from the shelf behind her. The man seemed not to hear her; he grasped her in his arms and crushed his mouth on hers, and his lips were wet and cold.

Ann Quinn leaped away from him and buried the great knife in his heart. He looked into her terrified eyes, and a shadow fell on his face.

"See," he said mournfully, "you have stabbed me—again; but this time it is to late."

She looked, and there was no blood gushing from that great slash—only the drip, drip of the thick water. Then she covered her face and prayed, for she saw that the man was dead.

There was a long silence, broken by the chime of a clock in the house behind them. The man shivered. "An hour more, dear God, only an hour more!" he pleaded, and he wrung his hands, crying hurriedly: "How can I say it all! How can I make her understand!" He seized Ann Quinn's arm and shook her fiercely.

"Remember, woman! Try to remember! Have I forgotten? Have I not lived alone—waiting—and you never came?"

She brushed her rough hand over her eyes, something stirred in her torpid brain. As the summer lightning, threading the sky, will show a sudden pearly perspective of unseen cloud mass, then flash out, leaving the same blind night it found, so the soul of Ann Quinn opened for an instant beyond her wretched, work-ridden world, only to close again as quickly. The man caught her look and asked, his voice tense and quivering:

"Those faded lilies of the valley, there in that cup, why did you keep them only from the flowers you threw away this morning?"

"They—they—smelled good," answered the woman, troubled, bewildered.

"Only that?"

"Yes, only that."

"Have you never dreamed of some one you loved, some one apart from this miserable squalor I find you in?"

The blood flooded her sallow face. "What business is that of yours? Go away, I say!" she added weakly, giving him a push and catching at the table to save herself from falling.

"Tell me," he pleaded, "have you never missed me, who was more to you those few short years ago than life or honor?"

Ann Quinn looked into his eyes and laughed. There was no mirth in that laugh, though, and he shielded himself as if she had struck at him. Then he spoke again.

"Listen," he said. "Tonight in a far land my soul will be born anew. Until then the veil is lifted. But we will cheat God and love and law—you and I together. Soon my eyes will be blinded, and I shall not know you except by this. Take it and keep it always over your heart, and though you be old and bent, and though you be a little child, still I shall know you."

He thrust his hand into his breast and drew out a leather case. He opened it and pushed something toward her. She looked. It was a faded spray of lily of the valley. Then he reached into his pocket and threw a canvas bag down on the table. "Take these," he said. "There is enough here to keep you from this drudgery." He pointed to the ironing. "And now I must be gone. The river calls to me."

They stood looking at each other in silence. The light swam before Ann Quinn's eyes, and everything blurred but that white face staring into hers. Nearer it came, ever nearer, and she felt her muscles quiver in resistance, then grow lax; there was a pause, a gasping breath, and she had thrown herself into his arms. The cold ooze from his wet hair trailed on her neck. Closer and closer they swayed together, locked in each other's arms; then, with a strange, thin cry, like the wail of a newborn child, the man tore himself away and leaped from the window into the night beyond. There was a heavy splash and silence.

The wind had blown out the lamp. Ann Quinn groped her way to the table, dazed and stupid. She struck a match. It sputtered and went out. Then she crawled away into a corner, her wide eyes fixed on the open window. The moon swam high, and the river ran molten silver beneath it. The little stars set, and the gray scroll of morning unrolled across the night. Still she sat there, her eyes fixed on the empty window space.

Suddenly she stood up, and she felt old and dizzy and lame. She reached out and picked up the canvas bag the man had given her. She shook it, and there rolled out on the table a great handful of unset rubies. Ann Quinn stood staring at them until the first sunbeam came sifting through the darkness, lighting them into a thousand crimson sparkles.

There was a rap at the door, and she thrust the jewels from sight. It was only the milkman, and he looked at the woman's face in disappointment. "So you've heard the news already?" he asked.

"What news?"

"Why, didn't you know they've found the body of Ellis Price, the millionaire, drowned not a hundred yards from this very spot?"

"No," said Ann Quinn.

"Yes, and they think he must have been murdered. He left home to go to the bank with some rubies he had for his niece's wedding, and they weren't on the body anywhere."

"Murdered—murdered! What would they do if they found—some one with them rubies?" Ann Quinn asked thickly.

"Why, hang him high as he'd swing," answered the milkman.

Ten minutes later Ann Quinn stole down to the riverside. She reached over and dropped a handful of stones into the water—a handful of stones that shone like blood drops. Down they sank into the gray river slime. But on the ripples above them hung something too light to sink, for it was only a dried stem of lilies of the valley.

Ann Quinn watched it drift out of sight. Then she turned back to the house to get breakfast.—Julie Closson Kenly in San Francisco Argonaut.

Mr Switterda's School.

Early in the eighteenth century a Mr. Switterda announces that ladies and gentlemen who desire in a very short time to speak Latin, French or High Dutch fluently, and can spare but two hours a week, will be faithfully taught by him according to a very easy and delightful method, full, plain, most expeditious and effectual. "Every one," he continues, "is to pay according to his quality from 1 to 4 guineas a month, but he (Mr. Switterda) will readier agree by the great." A good contrast to the above is the plain and homely description of "a school about 40 miles from London. The master has had much success with boys, as there are almost 40 ministers and masters that were his scholars. His wife also teaches girls lacemaking, plain work, raising paste, sauces and cooking to a degree of exactness. His price is £10 or £11 the year, with a pair of sheets and one spoon, to be returned if desired."—Cornhill Magazine.

Kissing.

An English journal prints the following: "A very disagreeable habit of the king of Portugal is that he kisses his male friends. The princes of our reigning house all do this, and of course it is common enough abroad; but, thank heaven, so far this nasty looking (no matter how really innocent) habit has never become fashionable in this country. It is of course all a mere question of etiquette, but let us fervently pray that Englishmen when they meet with or part from their friends will never get to think it the correct thing to kiss one another. Etiquette in parting varies all over the world. In America the men shake hands and the women kiss one another and sometimes cry, for the American ladies are champion weepists. In France and in Italy even more the women weep, while the men kiss and hug one another almost as vigorously as if they were in a wrestling match. An English woman shakes hands with a man of her acquaintance, while in Spain she always gives her hand to be kissed. It makes the same sensation in Madrid for a man to take a woman's hand and shake it as it would in London for a foreigner to seize a lady's hand and kiss it."

A Grave Mistake.

Music Publisher (to song writer)—You have made an error in this duet which would hurt its sale with our lady customers if published.

Song Writer—Why, what is it?

Music Publisher—You have given the last word to the man.—New York Herald.

THE FIN DE SIECLE DAMSEL.

She has hair that is fluffy, straight, banged or half curled;
Has a parasol, oft by her deft fingers twirled.
She has eyes either brown or black, gray or true blue;
Has a neat fitting glove and a still neater shoe.
She has cheeks that make bitter the envious rose.
She has trunks upon trunks of the costliest clothes.

She has jewels that shine as the stars do at night,
And she dances as Ariel dances—or might.
She's accustomed to sitting on rocks in the glen.
She's also accustomed to sitting on men.
There's not much in her brain, but there's heaven in her smile.
Her profession is love, and she flirts all the while.

—Munsey's Magazine.

A BICYCLE THIEF.

A certain news agency had telegraphed abroad the report that I am in Switzerland, not for the benefit of my health, but for the purpose of stealing bicycles, and they added that I was an expert thief, and, for a time at least, I had succeeded in baffling the most praiseworthy attempts of the police of two towns to capture me.

While this statement is naturally flattering to me it is nevertheless a libel, and, in fact, if I cared to use strong language I might go so far as to take the last syllable away from the word "libel."

The whole trouble arose through Switzerland not having a proper language of its own, that hilly country preferring to express what few thoughts it has in a mixture of French, German and Italian, depending on what particular canton you happen to be in. They say that the Swiss are natural linguists. Unfortunately they are. Any combination of sounds you may make means something to any Swiss to whom you happen to be talking, for he knows so many languages that you are sure to hit one of them, and so you convey ideas to him that you had no thought of expressing.

October weather is lovely in Switzerland. Most of the visitors have then gone, prices come down one-half, and the air is sweet and cool, with usually a cloudless sky.

Under these circumstances I thought it would be a nice thing, as the roads were good and the scenery picturesque, to take a bicycle tour right around Lake Thun, beginning at the town which gives the lake its name, going around the north side of the lake to Interlaken and returning by the south shore.

The hotel keeper told me that if I went up the street, turned to the right, went under an arcade until I came to a tunnel, penetrated that and emerged on another street, turned to the left and kept on I would come to the shop of a man who would let me have a bicycle on hire by the day or the hour. I followed the directions as closely as possible and thought I recognized the shop because a bicycle was leaning against the wall. The owner was leaning against the doorway, looking at the bicycle outside. The following conversation in many languages took place between us:

"Haben sie un bicyclette a louer?" I opened on him with the above impartial mixture of German and French. It seems he understood me to ask if that was his bicycle, whereupon he replied in four languages:

"Yaw, yaw, oui, yes, se."

Then, throwing in a bit of Italian, I led off with:

"Quanta costa la machine a la hoor, oder per tag?"

Now, I submit that to any educated person, or even to a university man, this sentence said as plainly as print, "How much do you want for this machine by the hour or the day?" I tried afterward to get the magistrate to see this, but he, not knowing Italian, shied at the very beginning of the phrase. The owner of the bicycle on oath declares that he thought I asked how much the bicycle had cost him. He says that he answered he paid 500 francs for that brute of a machine, made in France, while I understood him to agree to let me have it for 5 francs a day, which was cheap. I was in a hurry to be off and was afraid he might repent his offer, so I said it was all right, and I would take it, whereupon, without further parley, I wheeled the bicycle into the middle of the road, sprang on its back and was off, leaving the astonished man standing by his door, too thunderstruck, it seems, to make any outcry until I had passed beyond his sight at the first turning of the road.

I pedaled serenely on, little realizing what a commotion I had left behind me, and the one funny thing about this most regrettable episode is that I spent an exceedingly quiet, peaceful and enjoyable day, not knowing I was pursued, making no attempt to elude anybody and yet eluding them in what appeared afterward to be by subtle and crafty dodges. The magistrate could not be persuaded that my sitting on the veranda of a restaurant in the main street of Interlaken, with the bicycle in plain view of everybody, was not the brazen act of a hardened criminal, who knew the police would be searching for him in the back streets.

When the man standing against the doorway had recovered partly from his amazement at my sudden flight on his machine, he rushed to the police station and told the authorities there a plausible foreigner had engaged him in polite Ollendorfian conversation, and, while his mind was distracted in trying to follow his remarks, had seized the opportunity and also the machine and was at that moment making his way to the north road toward Interlaken.

Now, capture under these circumstances seemed to be deliciously easy. There were no branching off roads. The mountains were on one side and the lake on the other, on neither side of which was bicycling practicable. Therefore all the two policemen had to do, when they mounted their machines, was to ride faster than I did, and so overtake me. As I had no idea that a race was on, I plunged along in a leisurely manner and would undoubtedly have been taken near Interlaken if it had not been for the fact that some years ago a company built a funicular railway from the margin of the lake a mile or so up to St. Beatenburg. I had lived in St. Beatenburg once, and I remembered that the road from there to Interlaken was a good one, so I thought that perhaps it would not be a bad plan to go up on the railway and coast down to Interlaken. I knew a man who had done it once. I can well believe now that no one ever tries it the second time. The car goes up to St. Beatenburg three or four times a day only, but when a couple of miles away from the landing I saw a steamer coming in, and I knew if I reached the landing about the time she did I would get a car.

I am not a racer, but I thereupon put in my best licks to make connection with the mountain railway. The road at this point is as level as the lake itself and only a few feet above it. My thoughts turned to the railway because I knew that beyond the lower end of it the carriage road rose high above the lake, passed through several tunnels and then went down to the Interlaken plain. By taking the up car I would avoid all this and have it down hill all the way. The policemen, it seems, caught sight of me as I was making my spurt, and they at once put on extra steam, but there is a deep bay just before one reaches the funicular, and they lost sight of me as I turned the point. I had reached the top of the railway funicular, and I bicycled the mile or more along the street, high up above the lake, on one side of which is scattered the village of St. Beatenburg, with its wonderful view of the snow mountains—the Jungfrau, the Eiger, the Monch and a host of others.

I found the ride down the zigzag road not such fun as I had expected. I saw the brake was not going to last if I kept on, so I had to walk most of the way down. Coming to a more level ground, I cycled gently into Interlaken, making for the place where they sell Munich beer, and there, over a mug and a sandwich on the main street, I made my frugal lunch, with the bicycle standing against a pillar of the veranda.

After a smoke I proceeded out of Interlaken and took the south road that borders the lake. This road is not so good for cycling as the other, being much more hilly, while the roadbed is more stony. I therefore walked a good deal, taking it very leisurely, and in course of time I was overtaken by a policeman, who also was walking his machine. He asked me if I had met a man on a bicycle coming from Thun, and I told him quite truly that I had not.

He seemed discouraged and told me all about the bicycle theft and the arrest of the wrong man. He feared the thief had hidden in the forest until he and his comrade went past and then perhaps took the steamer across the lake, or the villain might merely have pretended to take the north road, while in reality he went by the south. Thus the policeman hoped to meet him yet. I promised to keep a lookout, and the officer went on.

When I reached Thun and came to the place where I got the bicycle, I found the man was in Interlaken, and his wife, who knew all about the robbery, was amazed to see the thief return the machine and place 5 francs and his thanks on the counter.

I regret to say that the apparent honesty of this action did not commend itself to the authorities. They looked on it as the ruse of a crafty scoundrel, who realized that, so vigilant were the police, it was impossible for him to escape, and so endeavored to throw dust in the eyes of the wise men of the place. I therefore had to pay the expenses of the chase and apologize to everybody concerned.

Thus the bicycle, at 5 francs a day, was not so cheap as I had at first supposed.—Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

An Attentive Gallant.

Among the audience at one of the popular theaters were a young man and a young woman who appeared to be either newly married or on the verge of it. The young man was as attentive as he could be, and the young woman, who wore all the earmarks of a spoiled child, took all his little kindnesses as a matter of course. Between the first and second acts the courteous gallant whispered to his fair one for a moment, and she nodded her head affirmatively. The young man arose and went out of the theater through a door leading to an adjoining candy store. He returned a few minutes later accompanied by a colored boy in white coat and apron, who carried in one hand a tray with a glass of soda water upon it and in the other a napkin. He stood in the aisle while the young man besought his lady to refresh herself with the glass of soda. The eyes of the entire audience were upon them. The young woman sniffed at the glass disdainfully and waved it aside. A facetious youngster in the front row of the gallery ruthlessly fractured the prevailing silence with the suggestion: "Slap 'er on de 'rist, de sassy t'ing. Get 'er some shampy. She don't want none o' yer temp'rance drinks." The young man blushed and sat down and looked miserable during the rest of the play.—Philadelphia Record.

An Old Love Letter.

The following love letter, written by a Kentuckian in his youth, and bearing date in 1823, may be of use to some of our more modern but less effusive and tropical lovers, as an example in erotic epistolary correspondence:

MY DEAR AND ADORABLE POLLY—As the heavens yield gloomy aspects, making null and void my timidical feelings, I sit down to promulgate to you, most holy and immaculate virgin, that I hold a kind of biennial reverence for your most sacred charms, but owing to the intense frigidity of the circumambient atmosphere it has discomboborated my respiration like a ship tossed on the tumultuous ocean in sight of the delightful land and then tossed back again. Oh, if there is any tender pity lies within that snowy bosom, delay my raging passion, or I shall doubtless pass out of this world in a hurricane of sighs to that sweet elysian which gives dreams of consolation to heal lovesick hearts. Your fond adorer, etc.

It may reduce the percentage of romance to state that the writer died an old bachelor about 20 years ago.—New York Sun.

Royal Etiquette.

On one occasion Queen Victoria, Louis Philippe and the Duke of Wellington paid a visit to Eton college. They were invited to sign the visitor's book. The French king thoughtlessly took up the pen and signed his name at the top of the page. Etiquette, however, forbade Queen Victoria to sign her name under any other. She therefore signed on the top of the next page. She then took up the pen and handed it to the Duke of Wellington, who was so excited at the contretemps that he actually signed his name "Weggington." And, by the way, it may be recorded that etiquette forbids the queen to converse with tradesmen. When a purveyor waits upon her, the queen addresses her remarks to an equerry, who in turn addresses the expectant merchant.—Philadelphia Times.

No Danger.

"My dear," said young Mrs. McFlimsey to her husband, "I do wish you would not go about the house in your shirt sleeves. People will think your father worked for a living."

"They won't when they know his

How Tom Scott Became Rich.

An interesting story is told by T. O. Curtis of Lowville, Columbia county, about Tom Scott, the millionaire lumberman, who died some years ago. Mr. Curtis came to Wisconsin in the forties and engaged in hauling goods from Milwaukee to the pineries. While in Milwaukee he met a young man who had fallen into ill luck. He had a few land warrants, however, from which he hoped to realize a few hundred dollars. These warrants were given to Mr. Curtis to sell. He afterward disposed of them for several times the amount the young man had expected to receive for them.

In the meantime the young fellow had gone to New York city. The money was forwarded to him and reached him in a very opportune time, being the means of placing him in a position where he became, later, the head of one of the largest dry goods firms in the great metropolis.

Some years afterward Mr. Curtis visited New York, where he was joyously received and royally entertained by the merchant prince whom he had "placed on his feet," as he himself expressed it, a few years before. Tom Scott at this time had a sort of store at "the Rapids," but his stock had so dwindled down that he remarked to Curtis that he would have to do some hard scratching in order to obtain a new stock. Curtis, remembering his New York friend, signed a joint note with Scott and obtained from the gentleman the desired goods. "That," says Mr. Curtis, "was Tom Scott's starter in life."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Working Under Pressure.

It is said that the highest recorded air pressure under which men have worked is 50 pounds to the square inch. Forty-five pounds has been found about as much as the average workman can stand. When it is necessary, in such as sinking caissons, to work under such pressure as this, the men are changed frequently. If the character of the excavation is such as to allow considerable leakage, the men can work much longer than otherwise, owing to the constant change of air. The necessity of breathing the same air over and over again is said to be productive of worse results than the high pressure.—Baltimore American.

It Came Hard.

In France, as in most other countries, it is necessary to give one's age when making a statement in a court of justice, as well as in many other official proceedings. But Frenchwomen of mature years are noted above all other women for their unwillingness to state their age.

On one occasion a lady who had to testify was accompanied to the court by a numerous company of her friends, and when the magistrate asked, "How old are you?" there was such a coughing and clearing of throats, as of people suffering from severe colds, that all that could be heard in the courtroom was "——ty years!"

Through the amiability of the magistrate, this more than half suppressed response was allowed to stand, but the tribunals are not always so lenient. On another occasion a magistrate asked a woman:

"What is your age, madam?"

"Whatever you choose, sir," answered the lady. She was under oath.

"You may put down 45 years, then," said the magistrate to the clerk. "What is your occupation, madam?"

"Sir," said the witness, "you have made a mistake of ten years in my age."

"Put down 55 years, then," said the magistrate. "Your residence"—

"Sir," exclaimed the lady, "my age is 35 years, not 55!"

"At last we have your statement," said the magistrate, and he proceeded with the examination.—Youth's Companion.

Why Hunt For It?

Tommy's Mother—Did you hear about poor Mrs. Jones? She ran a needle into her hand. The doctors had to open every finger trying to find it.

Tommy—What made 'em do that, mamma? Why didn't they get the lady another needle?- [illegible]

Were Not In Her Set Anyhow.

The teacher of the infant class at the Sunday school, to interest the little ones, had begun to tell them the story of the fall of man, when a mite of a girl was heard to exclaim half aloud, "Oh, I'm so tired of that story about the Adamses."—Boston Traveller

A European Idea.

One of the most characteristic features of European prisons as a whole is that prisoners are allowed to have a portion of their earnings. This system prevails in France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Russia, Sweden, Denmark and other countries. The amount earned by the prisoners varies considerably where it depends upon piece work. In France the average salary of the prisoner is 35 cents a day. Of this amount the prisoner is allowed to spend one-half while in prison for supplementary food and clothing, postage, etc., though no expenditure is made without the approval of the administration The other half is reserved until the time of his discharge. A three years' prisoner has to his credit on leaving an average of $50, a four years' prisoner $70 and a five years' prisoner about $90.—Chicago Record.

Experimenting.

Some gentlemen, cruising round a part of the Irish coast, observing that about the same hour every day a boat containing two men and a woman took its passengers from the shore, and after a short time returned with them, inquired the reason.

"My men," said one "what makes you come out here every day? Is it that you like it so much?"

"Oh, your honor, not at all, but, your honor, the wife and me's going soon to Australy, and so we're just practicing the saysickness, that we may be used to it when we start."

"Well, and do you find yourselves improving?"

"Ah, sure, your honor, the wife's ill every day, but she's getting on purtily!"—Strand Magazine.

First Sight of a Railway Train.

A country boy who was brought up in a remote region of Scotland had occasion to accompany his father to a village near which a branch line of railway passes. The morning after his arrival, when sauntering in the garden behind the house in which they were staying, he beheld with wondering eyes a train go by. For a moment he stood staring at it with astonishment, and then, running into the house, he said: "Fayther, fayther, come oot. There's a smiddy ran off wi' a row o' houses, an it's awa' doon by the back o' the town."—London Telegraph.

The Butcher and His Customers.

"What 're legs o' mutton selling for?" asked Griddlerack, entering the butcher's shop of Cleaves.

Cleaves looks about him cautiously and then whispers, "We're asking 14, but we'll let you have it for 13."

"Come now," says Griddlerack, "none of your shinanigans. You just sold a leg to Rabbage for 12½."

To this Cleaves promptly replies: "But not for such mutton as this. I could sell you such mutton as I sold to Rabbage for 10 cents—if I had any left."

"Nonsense! I saw you when you cut it off, and I know it came off the same sheep that this did."

Cleaves—You're a sharp one, you are, Griddlerack. There's no getting the start o' you. And nobody wants to. Leastwise, I don't. Let me tell you the dead truth about it, Griddlerack. Rabbage's leg did come off the same critter, and I did sell him for 12½, but what's a fellow going to do? Rabbage is such a confoundedly close buyer, it's next to impossible to sell him. So when he came in just now I put the price way down, but he didn't get ahead of me so much as he thought he was going to. I cheated him on the weight—see?

Griddlerack—Oh, that so? All right then; I'll take that leg.—Boston Transcript.

Different Views.

"Do you ever go to church?" asked a city missionary of a woman who had applied to him for assistance.

"No, I don't," was the reply. "The fact is, I ain't fit things to wear. My husband's been out o' work so long I've run out o' things, and, anyhow, me and my husband have such diff'rent views I'd have to go alone if I went at all."

"What are your views?"

"Well, I'm a Methodist, and my husband, he's one o' these here Knights o' Pythias."—Youth's Companion.

First Negro Minstrel.

The first man who ever sang a negro song on the stage was an actor named Herbert. He sat in a chair before the curtain. He painted his face with black paint, burned cork being then unknown

How She Got the News.

Two Louisville women who are "great friends," as the phrase goes, from one cause or another had not met for several weeks, though living only a few squares apart. The other night one dame went down to visit the other one and said on entering the house:

"Margaret, I came down to visit you because I heard you were sick."

"Well," answered Margaret, who seemed a trifle out of sorts, "you took your time about it. I have been sick a week."

"Yes," Deborah replied, "but I could not come sooner because you took such a roundabout way of letting me know you were sick."

"Roundabout way? I don't remember sending you any word at all. How did you hear?"

"Well, you wrote the news to your daughter Alice in Milwaukee; she wrote to my daughter Mary in New Orleans; Mary mentioned it when she wrote to me—and that is how I happened to come over."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Artificial Scenting of Flowers.

Flowers that have lost something of their perfume are now scented artificially by watering them with an alcoholic solution of essence, using a little glycerin to fix the odor. Thus, for violets, the liquid is composed of 100 grams of glycerin and 10 grams of essence of violet. In many places, while scented violets are comparatively rare, the unscented kinds grow wild in great profusion. These are now bought up in large quantities, scented artificially and put into the market in advantageous competition with the perfumed violets grown by the horticulturists. Cut flowers which have wilted from time or transportation are revived by being plunged into a weak solution of sal ammoniac. Flowers which have little or no scent are also perfumed for sale by being put into a box with ice and then saturated with a current of carbonic acid charged with perfume.—London Public Opinion.

Muscular Christianity.

The Westminster Budget tells a characteristic story of the late Rev. Peter Mackenzie of London. Many years ago, after delivering a lecture in a village near Sunderland, he was returning to his host's house along a lonely road, when he was accosted by a robber. The latter was a believer in the right of might and requested Mr. Mackenzie to turn out all the cash he had got. "Well, my dear man," replied Mr. Mackenzie, "you know I am big enough to thrash you. If it's money you want, I'll give you half a crown." The robber would not accept this very charitable offer. Mr. Mackenzie "doffed" his coat and gave him what the man is now pleased to call "a dashed good hiding." That thrashing did the man a great service, for he afterward left the paths of vice and became one of Mr. Mackenzie's many converts.

An Illustrious Pupil.

It was in 1859, when he was embassador at St. Petersburg, that Prince Bismarck studied Russian. The suspicious ex-chancellor, who once declared that blotting paper was "an invention of the enemy," wished to dispense with interpreters. He engaged a young law student to give him lessons. M. Alexeleoff has lately furnished some particulars of his former pupil.

The pronunciation of certain syllables was a great difficulty, and Bismarck got out of temper more than once, but he finally mastered the language well enough for his purpose, and then disputed the remuneration which had been agreed upon.

Bismarck carefully kept his knowledge of Russian a secret from the court, with the result that he occasionally gleaned information not intended for him, but on one occasion the czar, who was talking in Russian to Prince Gortshakoff, noticed that the embassador was looking very fixedly at him, and at once guessed the truth. He asked Bismarck, point blank, if he understood Russian, and the "man of blood and iron" confessed, much annoyed at having been found out.—Pearson's Weekly.

Out of His Line.

The Boston Transcript reports that two gentlemen fell into a talk about books.

"What do you think of the 'Origin of Species?'" asked one man.

"I have never read it," was the other's reply. "In fact," he added, "I am not interested in financial subjects."

ONE LITTLE HOUR ERE DAY.

The while I sleeping lay
One little hour ere day,
Before my window on the tree
A swallow sang this song to me,
One little hour ere day.

Now listen to my lay,
Thy lover I betray.
The while I sing this song to thee
Another maiden kisseth he,
One little hour ere day.

Oh, me, no further say!
Ah, hush, no more betray!
Fly, swallow, from my sill away.
Ah, love and faith, a dream are they
One little hour ere day.

—Eduard Moerike.

CHOLLY'S STORY.

It was too warm an evening, even for a smoking concert, Cholly said as he came out of his room, attired all in white, looking a perfect picture of manly beauty. Cholly was a blond specimen of the male sex, blue eyed, golden haired, a stalwart representative of the Saxon type. He was 27, well placed as regards this world's wealth and position. Life to him—thanks to old Egerton Bailey, his late father—was a pleasant pastime, the world a charmed play place, where girls worshiped him and men voted him a trump. So much for Cholly, debonair, kind hearted and handsome, who had traveled the world over, making friends wherever he went.

Cholly's prediction that it was too warm even for a smoking concert on this particular evening was verified by the slim attendance there on his arrival. Only eight men out of the 30 expected found their way to the usual rendezvous. By general agreement the music was banished, coats discarded, negligee attitudes assumed, and the eight men amused themselves by relating anecdotes and personal experiences.

“By the way, Cholly,” at last a friend said to the blond Adonis, who, sprawled on a sofa, was listening quietly to the conversation, “you're very silent tonight. You've just arrived from the west too. Come, haven't you some blood curdling tale to tell us of western atrocities, cowboy ‘breaks’ or Coxey outrages? These fellows' stories are stale. We require something spicy to stir us up a night like this.”

“Well, I did have an adventure, but its recital won't be spicy, Tracy. I don't think it will be the style you care for.”

“Out with it! Out with it!” seven voices simultaneously exclaimed. “Is it a Christian Endeavor story, Cholly?” asked Tracy. “You do look awful solemn.”

“No; it's a Sunday school talk,” said Andy Vicars, a very young man with a new mustache and a drawl.

“All right,” said Cholly quietly; “if you fellows don't be quiet, I won't tell it.”

“Go on, Cholly. Don't mind the calves,” grunted old Major Poole. “Tell us your story, man.”

“It will interest you, major. Doubtless you remember the Donovans of Limerick—pretty Kate, they called one of them. I met them in Dublin.”

“Do I remember her? May me eyes fall out of me head if I ever see her likes again—eyes like violets, hair like ink and a skin like peaches and cream. And a figger! God bless you, boys, she had a figger like a goddess. She could ride cross country like a bird. Never saw such a rider before nor since. But, Cholly, me boy, I thought you were ‘gone’ in that direction. Oh, the pair you'd have made!”

Cholly blushed scarlet; the company exchanged glances. “Seems to me,” said Andy Vicars, “that the major's telling this story. Go on, Cholly; hold the platform.” So Cholly cleared his throat, as Andy said afterward he seemed mightily upset by the major's remarks, wiped the perspiration from his flushed face and began:

“You see, fellows, my story will have to consist of two parts, the introduction and the sequel. It begins in Ireland four years ago and ends in Canada four days ago. It was in Dublin that I first met Miss Kate Donovan of Limerick. She was a stunner, as the major says, the best cross country rider I ever saw. She was poor as a church mouse and proud as Lucifer. She was an orphan; had been brought up by her uncle, old Peter Donovan. He had three daughters of his own, but none of them could hold a candle to Miss Kate herself. From what I saw during the time I was in Dublin I don't think the trio cared much for pretty Kate; they were jealous of her and took pains to show it in many petty ways, particularly when Captain Gordon, who was considered a matrimonial catch, appeared on the scene and devoted himself to Kate."

"Captain Rupert Gordon of the Forty-seventh?" queried Major Poole.

"The very same, a dark beggar, with a bad mouth and lots of money.

"Well, he was the man that set all the Dublin girls wild. They literally lionized him. He was dunce enough there. He was asked everywhere, and old Peter Donovan was mad enough when he asked him for his niece and not for one of his daughters. They said the three girls never spoke to Kate for weeks.

"Poor Kate! She hardly knew what to do. She was very unhappy. She told me all about it one evening at a dance. She had a devil of a life in her uncle's house, and Gordon seemed very fond of her. She didn't know what he really was; neither did I, or I could have warned her. They were married in September. In November Gordon took her to the Riviera after the honeymoon was over. A fellow who met them there told me that Kate—that is, Mrs. Gordon—looked miserably unhappy, and people said Gordon ill treated her. However that may be, she did not stay with him very long. One day a woman appeared at the hotel where they were staying. She was a gaudily attired specimen, not overcultured. She registered as Mrs. Captain Gordon and forced herself into the Gordon private rooms. Gordon hadn't a word to say. He owned up that he had married her five years before somewhere, where his regiment was stationed—I forget where. There was a terrible scene, which ended by Kate leaving the hotel. No one knew where she went. My friend, an Englishman, who told me just what I have told you, tried to follow her and offered to do what he could for her in a monetary way. He was a gentleman and meant well by her. She refused all offers of assistance and disappeared as if the Mediterranean had swallowed her up. He heard of her again at Marseilles. She had been singing in a cafe there. She always had a passable voice and played the banjo well Poor Kate! Her pride was dragged in the dust; her heart was broken."

Cholly paused to wipe the perspiration from his face and take a few sips from a tumbler beside him. The old major, for a wonder, kept silence, from time to time shaking his head sorrowfully.

"I suppose that is the first part of the story," broke in Andy Vicars. "It is deuced sad. Hope the little girl got back to her uncle."

"Uncle!" growled Major Poole. "Poor child! He didn't want her. He was a cruel hearted, mean old scoundrel, was Peter Donovan. He never treated the girl right when he had her."

Cholly nodded his head affirmatively to Major Poole's assertion and continued his story:

"This all happened four years ago. No one heard anything during that time of pretty Kate Donovan, for, you see, she wasn't Mrs. Gordon, after all. An aunt of hers did have the grace to write to me, making inquiries. She had heard that Kate was in the United States, in a place called Pennsylvania, and would I make inquiries, as I lived, no doubt, near there? You know, these old country people, as they call themselves, think that the United States are about as large as an English county."

"Do I know it?" interrupted the major. "Why, a lady in London once asked me to personally deliver a small parcel of china to her daughter because I lived in New York, near where her daughter was settled. I took the parcel, thinking to see the address of some street here. Where do you think the fair creature lived?"

"New Jersey?" hazarded Vicars.

"Maine?" queried another.

"No!" roared the major. "Idaho!"

"Guess you didn't accept the commission, major," said Cholly.

"Well, no. I relieved my mind by reciting sundry words not in Webster's Dictionary. Go on, my boy. Tell us all you know of pretty Kate Donovan."

"I came through Canada on my way from the west a few days ago," continued Cholly. "We changed cars at a place not far from Toronto and had some hours to wait for connection. Strolling around, I came to a place where a circus was in full swing—double tent, side shows, all complete. Consulting my watch, I found I had time to see the performance. An English steeplechase was advertised as the chief attraction. It had just commenced when I took my seat in the first row, close to the ring. I can hardly tell you my feelings when I recognized the first lady rider who entered. It was Kate Donovan."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the major. "Come to that?"

"Yes; it was Kate, graceful, lithe, nervy as ever, looking like a queen among those painted judys and rough men."

"How could you sit there and see it?" groaned Major Poole.

"I hadn't to sit long. I recognized her instantly, and, poor girl, she saw me!"

"Knew you?" gasped the major.

"Yes; she turned pale under the horrible paint and rouge she was daubed with. Somehow she seemed to lose her nerve all of a sudden. The horse, a vicious black beast, swerved to one side suddenly—major, fellows, I cannot tell it, it was too horrible."

"Kate Donovan to lose her nerve on horseback? I cannot credit it," said the major in an awed tone.

"I was in the ring and by her side in a moment," Cholly continued, not noticing the major's interruption. "She knew me, poor girl, when her eyes opened for the first time. She died with her hands tightly clasped in mine."

"Did she say anything?" asked Andy Vicars. "Did she tell you anything?"

"If she did, you're not the one I'd repeat it to," said Cholly fiercely. "The last words of a poor dying girl are hardly club talk, not if I know it."

So saying, Cholly seized his coat and strode angrily from the room.

The other men looked at each other significantly.

"He's hit hard," said the major. "Poor fellow! If you had seen Kate, you'd not blame him. I always thought he liked her."

And Cholly, as he strode along the street homeward, cursed his own folly in telling the story of pretty Kate to such an audience. "As if they cared," he muttered. They were a set of hard hearted, cold, cynical men, and he (Cholly) was a fool for telling the story. Somehow he had never realized before that he had cherished an ideal for the past four years, and that ideal was the woman who but a few days before had died in his arms. Tell that idiot Vicars what she said? Cholly smiled grimly as the thought struck him, for only he knew what those last words had been. They echoed in his ears even now in the din and noise of the New York evening:

"Cholly, dear—dear Cholly!"

If she had only said them four years ago, he thought miserably as he shoved his key into the latch of his home door. —Vanity.

Napoleon's Generosity.

Count de P—— had been raised by Bonaparte to honors and dignities, but for some unaccountable reason he betrayed the confidence which his patron had reposed in him. When Bonaparte became cognizant of the man's treachery, he ordered him to be arrested. He was to have been tried the following day and in all probability he would have been condemned, as his guilt was fully established. In the meantime Mme. de P—— solicited and obtained an audience of the emperor.

"I am very sorry for your sake, madame," he said, "that your husband should be mixed up in an affair which places his ingratitude in so glaring a light."

"Perhaps he is not so guilty as your majesty supposes," said the countess.

"Do you know your husband's signature?" inquired the emperor, taking a letter out of his pocket and handing it to her.

Mme. de P—— rapidly perused the letter, recognized the handwriting and fell into a swoon. When she came around, Bonaparte put the letter into her hands, saying:

"Take it. This is the only legal evidence that exists against your husband. There is a lighted fire behind you."

The countess quickly snatched up the important document and threw it into the flames. P——'s life was saved, but as for his honor, not all the influence of a generous emperor could avail to restore it.—Chicago Daily News.

The Egyptian reed which was used for making the pens found in Egyptian tombs is a hard variety, growing to about the diameter of an ordinary goose quill. Pens made from it are said to last for a day or two and do excellent work.

Glad to See Him.

New members of congress feel shy and lonesome. To be thrust suddenly in among almost 400 members, many of whom they have never seen, and only a few of whom they have ever heard of, is rather a trying experience. To make a speech under these conditions takes some courage. James Kerr, ex-member of congress from Pennsylvania, recently told of his experience in going into congress for the first time. He came down from Pennsylvania raw and green. He sat in his seat for several days, and in that time managed to pick up a formal speaking acquaintance with one or two of his neighbors. One day he was sitting in his seat, disconsolate, listening to the reading of some tiresome bill, when the member who sat next to him, who had served two terms, came in like a breeze and said cheerily:

"Hello, Jim."

Mr. Kerr wheeled in his chair and said eagerly:

"Say that again, will you, old man? It sounds like home."

"Well, Jim, let's go down to Murrayville and talk about home."

The reference to Murrayville is unintelligible to the outsider, but Mr. Kerr had learned by that time that the name referred to the house restaurant, where oysters and the cup that cheers were to be had, and they wended their way down stairs.—New York Tribune.

Making the Sound of Hoof Beats.

In these days of war plays and stage realism the sound of hoof beats is worked into pretty nearly every melodrama. Very few people know how the effect is produced, and very few, too, could make the noise right even if they had the apparatus. It takes quite a lot of practice to be a good "horse," as it is called. The necessary outfit consists of a table on which is a long marble slab covered with rubber graduated from an inch thick down to the thinness of a piece of paper. The operator has strapped to each hand half a cocoanut shell, on the edge of which is fastened a horseshoe. He starts in pounding them on the thick rubber to imitate hoof beats in the distance and gradually works along to the thin part as they are supposed to come nearer, and finally ends up with a clatter on the bare stones as the horse is pulled up just outside the scene.

This is considered generally to be the most effective of all the hoof beat machines.—New York Herald.

And Then He Proposed.

There had been a brief interval of silence, and he felt that he ought to say something.

"I see that the students of sociology have figured it out," he began, "that education"—

He paused as if in doubt whether he ought to proceed.

"Yes?" she said encouragingly.

—"that education is having a bad effect upon matrimony," he continued; "especially the education of women."

"I never did believe in too much education," said she softly.

She waited for him to speak, but he said nothing.

"I'm glad I never knew my lessons, anyway," she added.

Some men are slow to take a hint, but they are quick to understand when they are hit with an ax.

He saw the point.—Chicago Post.

A Story of Ransom.

The Washington Post tells a story illustrating the politeness of Minister Ransom. One day, when he was in the senate, as he was going down the capitol steps, he saw approaching a very dull, long winded man. Ransom was alarmed. He was in no mental or physical shape to bear the brunt of a full fledged bore just at that moment. He must do something to save himself. As the dull one drew near, Ransom, in his desperation, greeted him with shortness and hurried by. The other had paused, but at this brief dismissal, as it were, turned away up the steps. Ransom was smitten of conscience at his own rudeness. It was foreign to his polite and flowery instincts. He must do something to take the soreness out of the man. Ransom turned pleasantly when some ten steps separated him from the bore and called out: "Goodby, Simpkins! I've been thinking a mighty heap about you lately, Simpkins!" At this Simpkins began to betray symptoms of returning. "But don't come back, Simpkins," remonstrated Ransom, wildly motioning with both hands. "I've been thinking a mighty heap about your family, Tompkins, but don't come back; don't come back!"

Conkling and Thurman.

Senator Roscoe Conkling was once addressing the senate in an impassioned manner and seemed to direct his remarks to Senator Thurman. At length the latter got irritated.

"Does the senator from New York," he roared, "expect me to answer him every time he turns to me?"

For a moment Mr. Conkling hesitated, and everybody expected a terrific explosion. Then with an air of exquisite courtesy he replied:

"When I speak of the law, I turn to the senator from Ohio as the Mussulman turns toward Mecca. I turn to him as I do to the English common law as the world's most copious fountain of human jurisprudence."

The usually decorous senate broke into a storm of applause, and the Thurman eye moistened a little. It is ever a pleasure to be complimented, but to be complimented as a lawyer by Roscoe Conkling—that was praise indeed. The two statesmen were the best of friends and greatly enjoyed each other's society when "off duty."—Baltimore American.

The Preacher Performed His Part.

It has long been a matter of controversy how far the end justifies the means in getting money for good purposes. There are occasionally found people who object to the extortion of a church fair where you get in for 25 cents and out for $25, and who say that the raffle of a charity bazaar differs from no other gambling except that nobody but the directors ever win the prize quilts. A gambler from Ohio, who had made a big fortune in a saloon and faro bank, says that last winter he attended a colored church in Florida where the preacher announced that a special blessing would be asked for all contributors. One brother put in a dime. "De Lord bless Brer Jones!" exclaimed the preacher. "Brer Johnson, God bless you for that quartah." When it came to the gambler, he fished out a $20 bill. "What name?" asked the almost breathless collector. "It doesn't matter. I am a gambler from Ohio." "Gamblah from Ohio!" shouted the collector. The pastor rolled up his eyes and dropped on his knees: "Twenty dollars from de gamblah from Ohio! May de good Lawd prosper him in his business!"—New Orleans Picayune.

The Alaska Boundary.

Alaska was not much thought of at the time of its purchase, and there is a tradition that the money we paid for it really reimbursed Russia for other good offices of hers in our behalf. But now it is seen to have been worth far more than it cost. It is likely that we do not know as yet anything like the full measure of its possibilities. It is worth retaining to the extremest boundary. Britain knows something of its value, as she knew that of the Columbia river years ago. We should know enough about boundary problems by this time to defend our own without shrinking or carelessness.

It is not probable that the Alaska case ever will come to arbitration. It will be settled, like the Maine and Oregon boundary disputes, by negotiation and a treaty, and the United States will lose no territory.—Portland Oregonian.

The "Bad Man's" Sense of Humor.

A young man from way down east had gone to Denver armed with an old fashioned Allen revolver—"pepper box" that weapon was called in those days.

In a gambling house one night he became involved with a "bad man" in a quarrel and drew forth his "pepper box." The "bad man," who was really a tough citizen from the mountains, and who had not the remotest idea of fear, and who was always armed with a pair of big navies, threw up his hand in well feigned dismay and said:

"Heavens, man! You ain't a-goin to throw that at me, are you?"

For the sake of his joke he spared the young man's life, and to that one of the wealthiest and most respected citizens of Denver now owes the fact that he is doing business in the western metropolis.

He is a monument of that border man's sense of humor.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Witty Judge.

The late Lord Bowen, besides being a great judge, was also a great wit, and many interesting bonmots of his are being recalled just now. On the occasion of the queen's jubilee the judges were drawing up an address to the queen. "Conscious as we are of our shortcomings," ran the address. "Conscious as we are of one another's shortcomings," suggested Lord Bowen.

Sometimes his wit was very incisive, as, for instance, when he remarked: "Truth will out—even in an affidavit." Not the least happy of his recorded witticisms was the remark he made when congratulated on his appointment to be a law lord. He would, he said, find the work easy, his duty being to give his opinion after so many others had given theirs. "In fact, I only have to agree, and might well have been raised to the peerage as 'Lord Concurry.'"

Frog Egg Curiosities.

Frogs' eggs are laid before they really become eggs in the true sense of that word. They are always laid under water, and when first deposited are covered with a sort of envelope in the shape of a thin membrane. In this shape they are very small, but as soon as they come in contact with the water they rapidly absorb that element, and in so doing go through a queer transformation. The thin membrane containing the little seedlike eggs is quickly changed into great lumps of a clear jellylike substance, each section joined to the other, the whole forming a string from a few inches to several feet in length. On the inside of each of these lumps of jelly the eggs come to perfection, and in due course of time add their quota to the frog population of the world.—St. Louis Republic.

The Achæan League.

The Achæan league was formed by the 12 towns of Achæa for mutual protection against foreign aggression. It was broken up by Alexander the Great, but reorganized B. C. 280 and again dissolved B. C. 147. The second of these leagues comprised all the leading cities of the Peloponnesus, and, indeed, most of the cities and states of Greece. It was this league which contended with the Romans for the independence of Greece; but, its troops being defeated by Metellus at Scarphæa and by Mummius near Corinth, the league was dissolved, and all Greece submitted to the Roman domination.

King Alphonso's Tact.

Alphonso king of Aragon, was one day examining the different articles in his jeweler's shop in company with many ladies of his court. He had scarcely left the house when the jeweler missed a diamond of great value and ran after him, complaining of the theft. The king, not willing publicly to disgrace any of his attendants, commanded a large basin full of sand to be brought him, into which he directed each person to put in the hand clinched and to draw it out flat. By this means the diamond was left in the sand, unknown by whom.—Household Words.

Not Interested.

An old man and his wife were last summer sailing on a steamer between Blackpool and the isle of Man. As the sea was rather rough and the old woman unaccustomed to sailing she said to her husband:

"Oh, John, this ship is going down."

"Well, never mind," said her husband. "It isn't ours."—London Fun.

A Tramp's Trick.

"Say, partner, yer from New York, ain't ye?" I heard one tramp say to another the other day as they sat sunning themselves on opposite sides of the path in Union square.

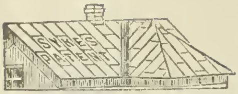
The weary gentleman addressed made an evasive reply intended to create the impression of a negative without being one in terms.

"Yes, y'are," continued the first in an aggravatingly persistent tone of voice. "I've been watchin yer, an yer've been keepin that foot o' yours movin all the time yer was asleep, an th' ain't but one place in this country where the gazabos learn that, an that's in City Hall park, New York, where yer have to give the cops some kind o' excoos while yer settin up sleepin or they'll run yer in. I've been there, partner, an I kin do it myself.

"But. say," and the voice assumed a confidential, contemptuous tone, "you don't have to do it in this town."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The state of Iowa is so far from being wholly agricultural that it has 59,174 persons engaged in its factories, whose annual output is $125,049,183.

World's Fair Award.



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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

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A few Remarks on Bee-keeping.

BY JNO F. GATES.

What is there in connection with bee-keeping that looks so nice, homelike and safe as those long rows of open sheds full of large, tall hives of bees, with their fronts worn and stained with the constant traveling in and out of the vast throng of busy workers? They look as though they could take care of themselves so far as all natural enemies are concerned, and you can depend upon them to do so.

If you had been down south about the time of our late unpleasantness you could have learned, as I did, some pertinent facts about bees. You would have seen many such sights as I have described. It was no uncommon thing to see a hundred hives of bees in one yard. The soldier boys liked the looks of them too, and the boys learned some of their first lessons in apiculture down there when they got a choice old pioneer gum, as they called them there, and done it up in a blanket and reached a safe place where they could remove the blanket. At first their mouths watered, then their eyes watered, and about that time they usually concluded it was time to go back to camp. Some would be doctered up for neuralgia, others for erysipelas. Of course I never did any of these things. The boys have learned since that it was the wrong time of year to do up bees in blankets. Well, it goes to show that such strong swarms can and will protect themselves from their natural enemies.

While little care needs to be taken in the south in regard to what is called freezing out, here in the north we have to be more careful. Bees can be raised and kept by the hundred swarms in one place as well as another. I have studied the problem of wintering bees on summer stands, and believe I have mastered it. I saw that the greatest success could only be obtained by outdoor wintering; first, because it afforded a way of keeping those large hives, and it also saves an immense amount of labor carrying them in and out of the cellar, and if once understood would prove much safer than cellar wintering; then again, the vast number of bee-keepers that will winter their bees outdoors anyway would profit much by a thorough and safe method of doing so.

You may say you want to get all you can out of your bees and must use small hives in order to do so; then if you lose them you have got something out of them. Well that is a good way to do if you are going to quit the bee business, or if you are a believer in luck, but it is not a very sensible thing to do no matter who does it, for can't you see that you worse than sold your bees when you done it? I know bee-keepers, I mean bee-killers, who have been twenty years trying to make money by keeping bees, but so far have only succeeded in making simpletons of themselves. They don't know any more now than when they commenced, but they thought they did and talked a good deal about it. I ain't quite sure, but still I think I am right when I say these same ex-bee-killers have turned patent right men. If they must kill their own bees, why do they sell implements, which will destroy bees, to innocent people? I would not talk so, but when you consider the vast pressure that is under the safety valve you won't wonder that a little blows off now and then. No man takes kindly to the loss of hundreds of dollars, and such losses are apt to make him remember the source whence they came.

Yes, I remember my early experience in bee-keeping; I remember when young and ignorant of the first rudiments of bee-keeping I would go to some man who knew how and ask him a few questions, and he would act as if his teeth would drop out if he opened his mouth. One even told me that he got as high as two dollars for answering a few questions. I concluded that he must live on corn in the ear, and I left him without buying any bristles. All these things have taught me to deal very kindly to those who don't know how to keep bees, or who stand in need of help. I do it because a Christian should, for "no man liveth to himself," nevertheless some animals do.

There is no great secret about keeping bees successfully any more than there is about raising farm crops or live stock of any kind, except that a little neglect is more apt to prove fatal to bees on account of their being the smallest animal raised. If you put the same proportion of hogs or other stock in as small a space accordingly as bees, and have poor ventilation, and separate them by partitions so they can't huddle together, in the manner as the modern frames separate the bees, and especially if instead of natural food you supply a scanty allowance of some food wholly unnatural to them, I say what do you think would be the result in the spring?

You see if you only understood a few plain facts in regard to the preparation and care of your bees, there need be no more chance of your losing them than there is of your losing any other farm stock. I will try to tell you next time just how to manage box hives so as to be sure of your bees. I will give directions for all four seasons.

I don't italicize my words, for I am heavy enough to hold my end of the plank down without it. There are many who are almost discouraged, and don't know what to do. They are the ones that long to be told, while there are others who are a long way off from being told, simply because they desire to be burned yet a little more.

Ovid, Penna.

Box Hives as Breeders.

BY W. J. DAVIS.

Mr. John F. Gates has given us his idea on the above topic in the pages of the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER, and it must be confessed that he makes it appear that as a permanent fixture a lot of big box hives, set out in the yard, with never a hands turn of labor, save to hive the big swarms that issue from them early in the season, would be a good thing. He gives as about the proper size of such hives 12 inches square and 2 ft. high. He also speakes of hiving those big swarms in small hives, giving abundant surplus room and getting a large yield of superior honey, that people will fairly tumble over each other in their haste to purchase.

Now, Mr. Editor, that is just the state of things that bee-keepers would like to see. But allow me to make a suggestion or two that might be an improvement on the said box hives. There are some things even in a box hive that sometimes need setting to rights. For instance, not one swarm in 100 hived in such hives would fail to build too much drone comb. 2d, Swarms are always *liable* to become queenless, and how would we remedy these abnormal conditions? To break out drone comb from such hives would only be to have drone comb rebuilt.

Let me suggest a hive that would enable us to overcome these defects that would surely present themselves as above noted, viz: A hive 12x13 in. inside measure and 20 inches high, made in two sections, each 10 inches high, filled with 16 brood frames.

These hives, if made roughly, can be made almost as cheaply as box hives, and the frames could be furnished by supply dealers very cheaply. The young swarms could be hived in $\frac{1}{2}$ size and worked for comb honey for all they are worth, as Mr. Gates suggests, and in the fall two of them could be united by simply placing one over the other. There should be a bee space of about $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch between the upper and lower frames, which would always insure winter passage for the bees in the middle of the hive. The top should be a sound board, well cleated at the projecting ends to prevent warping, and if occasion required the cover could be removed and a section case placed on top and covered with the hive cover.

Another advantage this hive would have over a hive with fixed combs is that in case of too much or too little honey in any particular hive an exchange of combs is possible.

Youngsville, Pa.

Notes and Comments.

BY H. E. HILL.

Our first swarm for 1896 issued February 28th.

Speaking of supers. Why don't somebody make a super for holding sections that fills the requirements? Make "a super as is a super."

To prevent quilts from unraveling, roll them up and touch the edges to melted wax.

A strong putty knife is the very handiest tool about our apiary work.

A nice lump of wax at the end of the season will amply repay the care of having a handy receptacle in which to drop all small particles of comb when at work in the apiary.

In the American Bee Journal, F. L. Thompson, a Colorado specialist, substantially avers that the life of the "specialist" is "one continual round of pleasure." Doubtless his success is attributable directly to the pleasure he finds in the persuit of his business. A determined yet rational ambition, born of innate love for the "art," will ultimately achieve success, and only those possessing this prime requisite need hope to escape the fate of all others who have been beguiled into our ranks by avaricious motives, as attested by pages of apicultural history.

A current newspaper item is to the effect that an apiary has been established in an Arizona penitentiary and the convicts are required to attend the bees which flit at will over the prison walls and return of their own accord, thus affording envious amusement to the denizens of the "pen."

Australian bees have been successfully introduced in England, but the English bee-keepers do not regard them as possessing any merits. They are about one-third the size of the common house fly, and are valuable only as a curiosity. They are unable to sting, but bite and cannot endure a temperature below fifty degrees Fahrenheit.—Falmouth, (Mass.,) Enterprise.

The inqniry is made in the American Bee Journal, whether or not honey gathered from mountain laurel is really poisonous as supposed. Laurel was abundant within range of my apiary in Pennsylvania, where I kept bees for ten years, and disposed of several thousand pounds of honey. During that time, though funerals were a frequent necessity, not once did a coroner's jury find that laurel honey had inticed the "grim monster." I think it is all bosh. Who has actual knowledge?

Any one who contemplates fastening foundation into one hundred sections this season, yet fails to provide himself with a Daisy fastener, is making a big mistake. It is the only efficient device of which I know that can be worked all day without the application of muscle, lubricant or unbecoming language.

George Holbrook's 3-year-old child, while playing near the home of its parents in Letcher county, Missouri, was stung by a yellow jacket. The little one screamed and its mother ran to its assistance. The sting had entered its left leg below the knee. The limb began to swell rapidly, the child went into spasms, and in ten minutes after the insect had stung it the little one died.

Spruce Bluff, Fla.

Selling Honey.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

The bee journals have of late devoted considerable space to the above question. It is one thing to produce a crop of honey and have it in marketable shape, and quite another to dispose of it to the best advantage of the producer.

The majority of bee-keepers have about concluded that the home market should be supplied first. I for one have decided so for myself long ago, even though we get a little less for the product. In the home market we know in advance what we will get, besides we have no high freights or commissions to pay. But to establish a home market for your honey you will have to do some hustling. Advertise your goods thoroughly, offer people some inducement to give your article a fair trial, and if your honey is what it should be you will soon be able to dispose of a considerable quantity right at home.

One very important item in cultivating a local demand is to never sell your customers a poor article unless you thoroughly explain the faults of an inferior article should you sell it. Then if they insist on having honey of a lower grade because you are selling it a little cheaper, or should you be without any that is first class, let them have it ; but I think it a better plan not to sell a poor grade of honey in the home market under any circumstances ; better use it for feeding the bees.

After having built up a good home trade you will have to be careful in order to keep it, or to build it up still more. Even if you have a good reputation and are considered honest and reliable, your honey may some day be called "bogus" if you are not careful. Remember that many consumers know very little about honey. I have known parties to buy nice extracted white clover honey, and after finding that it granulated they pronounced it sugar and lard and probably believed it to be such, when a little explanation in advance, or a label explaining the peculiarities or honey placed on the package would have made all clear. Remember it is easier to prevent false rumors than to stop them.

Steeleville, Ill.

OUR
CORRESPONDENTS

Editor American Bee-Keeper,
Dear Sir: It is no misnomer at the present time to call Florida the "Land of Fowers." Leconte pears are very abundant in this locality, and the trees are white with blossoms. I have counted twenty-eight single flowers in one cluster which appears at a little distance to be one huge blossom. Early varieties of peaches have fruit as large as an hazel nut, while nectarines and early varieties are holding a carnival of pink. Pink and white are the principal colors now. This is paradise for plums. The air is redolent with the perfume of ti-ti. It has delicate white blossoms growing in raceme and is a thing of beauty.

There are so many white honey flowers now I do not see how the bees decide for which to give their preference.

Florida is making rapid advancement in improved bee culture and horticulture. Most any of the Chinese or Japanese fruits do well here.

Yours very truly, Mrs. L. Harrison.

St. Andrews Bay, Fla., Mch. 12,'96.

The W. T. Falconer M'f'g Co.,
Gentlemen : Enclosed find check for the balance of my account. I have not unpacked all of the goods yet but presume they are all right. I have three different makes of hives on hand but yours are superior to all, both in workmanship and quality of material.

* * Yours truly, Geo. R Gray.

March 20, 1896.

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO., Gentlemen : Since you have asked for some experiences of bee keeping I have concluded to write you some of my own with those of others. Last winter I put all my bees into the cellar, but did not give them an airing on any of the warm days as I should have done sometime during the winter. The result was that two colonies died, the dampness having caused diarrhea. I could not have any fire in the cellar and the weather was at one time very cold. The bees were in box hives, and it was impracticable to use a Hill's device. Of course as soon as I found that they were not doing well I took them out. This year the bees so far are all right.

One of my neighbors who has kept bees for a long time, mostly in old box hives, always winters them upon the summer stands without any protection, but last winter he told me he lost about fifteen, and that he has become disgusted with the business, as he has but five colonies left. He said that in several of the boxes there was plenty of honey, and he supposed there was some disease that was the cause of the death of the bees. I think that could he have used the Hill's device over the combs and had the device covered, he might have saved some at least of the swarms. It seems that some of them were not provided with sufficient food, and so would have died anyway as the weather was so cold and severe that the bees could not break cluster to get food outside.

I tried feeding a small swarm by placing a small box of honey directly above the cluster, the entrance to the honey being through a two inch hole. It did not work satisfactorily. The result was that all the bees died.

Yours respectfully, T. V. S.
March 18, 1896.

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO., Gentlemen : Please accept thanks for quick reply and shipment of goods. I cannot praise your hives too highly. If I have already told you this, just accept this also. Yours truly,

A. L. SMITH.
Rahway, N. J., Mch. 14, 1896.

EDITOR AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER : In a recent number of the American Bee-Keeper Mr. G. M. Doolittle writes in regard to painting hives and I will admit that I am somewhat puzzled. Now I believe it is admitted on all sides that the bees plaster the sides of their hives with propolis. This looks to me as if they wanted a smoother surface to travel over and also to exclude the moisture. The same process would prevent the moisture from escaping through the hive. Now to help in that direction I use the best white paint, for without paint or propolis I think the moisture from outside would more than counterbalance that from within. His test may decide the matter for him, but as I look at it leaves me in doubt. AMATEUR.

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO., Gentlemen : Your goods came to hand in good order, and I am very well pleased with them in all respects. Please accept my thanks for your promptness. Yours truly,

SOL. HARPST.
Kremis, Pa., March 14, 1896.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From American Bee Journal).

BEE-FORAGE.—SOME IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS.

BY PROF A. J COOK.

The general failure of the honey crop for so many seasons during the last decade in nearly all portions of the country, and the absolute failure in arid regions like Southern California, whenever the rainfall comes short of a certain limit, gives to this subject of honey-plants, more than merely a passing interest.

In the great North East of our country, before the great forests of basswood and tulip were cleared away, and the great marshes with their profusion of boneset, golden-rods, asters, etc., were drained—and possibly we may add, before the seasonal droughts, consequent upon the removal of the forests and drainage of swamps—each and every season was a honey season, and the expression of "honey-years" had no significance, and so was unheard among bee-keepers. In California, if the rainfall is less than 15 inches, experience proves that the honey-production will range from nothing to less than half the maximum crop.

These facts make it desirable that the bee-keeper should study thoroughly the bee-forage of the country, should know the honey-plants, the quality and quantity of honey which each is likely to produce, and the effect of drouth and other seasonal peculiarities upon the nectar-secretion of each species.

This subject suggests two practical considerations, both of which will engage the thoughtful attention of every wise bee-keeper: In securing a location, he will give earnest heed to the native bee-plants, hoping to secure a rich bee-pasturage, without any extra labor, in the natural resources of his neighborhood. Many a Michigan and Wisconsin bee-keeper has been led to rejoice in by-gone years, because of the near proximity to his bee-yard of a grand forest of basswood, or of a broad expanse of marsh-land. Even today, the great basswood forests of Wisconsin make that, perhaps, the leading honey-state of the great North East. Year after year the willow-herb of the pine-clearings of Northern Michigan, supplemented by the berry-bushes of the same treeless tracts, has given a rich honey crop of finest quality to the bee-keepers of that region. If the apiary is along a stream, so that variation in moisture will prolong the season of bloom, then the bee-keeper will rejoice in greater prosperity. Mr. Doolittle and others along the Mohawk River in New York have felt the benefit of such location. In Southern California a good range of white and ball sage in both valley and canyon, hard by the apiary, followed by generous acres of wild buckwheat, will give a wondrous crop in seasons of bounteous rainfall. If eucalyptus and alfalfy are found in quantity, then he may be more independent of the rainfall.

After the location is decided, then the enterprising bee-keeper will anticipate drouths, winds, cool seasons, and endeavor to add to the native recources in his section, which he will almost always be able to do, so that if possible he may rejoice in a bountiful honey harvest each season. Let us consider what may be wisely attempted in this direction.

It is well if the bee-keeper has so wisely located that he will be content to make his location his permanent home. Then he can fix up his apiary so that it will be his pride, and the pride of his section. This will make his bee-keeping more than a mere business, it will become his pleasure, and he will mingle poetry with the prose of life. Once permanently located, and the bee-keeper may set to work to make his locality all that it is possible to make it. By proper thought and wise management this may be easily and cheaply done.

In the first place, let me urge, that it will not pay to plant good land with bee plants exclusively for honey. My own experiments, extensively carried on for a series of years, at the Michigan Experiment Station, as also private experiments by others, makes this more than mere opinion—make it really demonstrated fact. But it will pay oftentimes to scatter seeds of the mints, sweet clover, viper's bugloss, great willow-herb, etc., on all waste places near by the apiary. It will pay to line the roadside with tulip, linden and other nectar-producing trees, and get our neighbors to do the same, even if we have to pay something towards the purchase of these trees. Mr. D. A. Jones did very much of such work about his home at Beeton, Ont. Mr. Root planted out many basswoods at Medina, and now is reaping the advantage which must swell with the years. To raise buckwheat and Alsike, and induce one's neighbors to do so, may be very wise. All this, the tree-planting, and buckwheat and Alsike growing pays, aside from the bees axd honey, and should receive most thoughtful attention by all our bee-keepers. I believe that bee-keepers of the East may well adopt these suggestions. With little expense, they may add materially to their income by just such planting or tree-setting,

Sometimes by moving bees the bee-keeper can keep in the range of bee-forage. Many bee-keepers have added greatly to their incomes by moving bees to regions of basswood bloom or fall flowers.

Mr. Harbison told at a recent Farmers' Institute at San Diego, Calif., how he secured a large growth of ball-sage, by planting, and how it increased the value of his location very materially. This was on waste hill land, and so all clear gain. There are great areas of such tracts along the mountains and in the canyons of this favored region, and Mr. Harbison's suggestion may well receive thoughtful attention.

Another bee-tree—or bee-trees, for there are, it is said, more than one hundred species—which California should observe and study with the greatest care, is the eucalyptus. It is destined to become the greatest shade-tree of this State. It blossoms from September to April, depending upon the species; is a favorite with the bees whenever in bloom, and seems to furnish much and excellent honey. Some of the trees are wondrously beautiful, and the tassel-like bloom, white, buff or crimson, with the curious caps to the flower-buds is not only wondrously beautiful, but exceedingly interesting. Eucalyptus globulus, or blue-gum, is the common one. This tree has an entirely different foliage when young from that of later growth and years. The white blossoms are showy, and are freely visited by the bees. But it blossoms in winter when the bees are not numerous and when they are mostly shut in the hives, so that the amount of honey is not great, though I knew bees to get not a little blue-gum honey during the last winter. I have some of this honey now, and have just sampled it. It is amber-colored, very sweet, and has a very peculiar flavor, which I think might become very pleasant with use, but I doubt if it would be as well liked at first. It is claimed that this honey has rare medicinal properties, which seems not at all improbable. The deep-red showy blossoms of eucalyptus fissifolia, which will make this tree a great favorite, blossoms from August to October, and attracts the bees. By proper selection of species we can have blossoms from August to April.

Eucalyptus robusta is quite a favorite for planting in this locality at present, because of its beautiful habit, and foliage, and the strong, thrifty growth which it makes. It blossoms at the same time with the common blue-gum.

Eucalyptus corniocalyx, so called from the long, horn-like cap that covers the bloom in bud, blossoms in Oct. and Nov. It is so curious and interesting that it may well be planted. I saw the bees thick about the blossoms in November while the cap was only slightly raised and not yet falling from the blossoms. I have much hope from these encalyptus. They come from arid Australia, and more than likely they will be indifferent to the most severe drouths. Indeed, this is more than a guess, for the winter of 1893-1894 was one of the driest ever known in this region. The bees were idle—entirely idle—all through the following summer. I saw not the least evidence of honey-gathering after fruit in March and April. Yet my bees gathered quite an amount of honey in December and January of the following winter from the blue-gum.

I think it behooves all of us in Southern California to keep close watch of our bees and their storing from eucalyptus, and at all such times be sure to make note of date of bloom, earliest and latest, and unless the species is surely known, send bark, leaves, bud and blossom to some one who can identify it, that we may learn the most valuable species. Bee-keepers near Smiley Heights, Redlands, where there are over 80 species of this genus, or at Santa Monica, where the State Forestry Station is located, and where there are a large number of species of the eucalyptus, can do excellent service in this direction. I am trying to secure such data, and already have a long list of species with rate of growth and time of bloom.

I think bee-keepers may well do all in their power to encourage road-side and field-planting of eucalyptus. Such plantations as are being made all over the grand Elysian Park at Los Angeles, are large with promise to bee-keepers. It is said that there are over 1,000 colonies of bees in buildings in the city. No doubt they get much of their food from the eucalyptus groves that are so numerous and so attractive to others than bees. We all do well to make a close study of bee forage, and whenever we notice bees thick upon any bloom, be sure to find the name of the plant that attracts. The Bulletin just issued by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., has extended and carefully prepared tables of bee-plants, with time of bloom. We should all do what we may to make such tables fuller and more complete and accurate. It is also very desirable to make a note of the color and excellence of the honey, and the power of the plants to secrete at times of severe drouth.

Claremont, Calif.

(From Farm Journal for February).

THE BUSY BEE.

You have such a February face
So full of frost, storms and cloudiness.

From every outward appearance, beemen will not put on such a face this coming spring. The winter so far has been favorable, and gives indication that it will be milder and shorter than the preceding. This will drive the frost and gloominess out of the apiarists, who will find their hives responding to roll call in the spring.

In open winters bees begin to breed earlier. Care must be exercised not to allow them to become scarce of food. To prevent this it is well to examine them on pleasant days and ascertain the amount of food each hive possesses. Supply those that are short with combs of sealed honey, or good sugar syrup made from granulated sugar. It will be well to reduce the size of the brood chamber of all hives that are short of bees. This is easily done by inserting a division board, fitting closely the inside of the hive. Reducing the space adds to the comfort of the bees and enables them to generate enough of animal heat to hatch their eggs. Whenever bees cannot do this they are gone. There is no help for them unless the apiarist can give them a frame of brood that is full of bees just gnawing out of their cells. This will soon enlarge the number of bees and generate the necessary amount of heat. Be sure to have a comb of honey on each side of the cluster whenever you contract the size of the brood chamber.

In the month of February bees begin to breed if the weather is not too severe, in latiture 40 degrees north. This will be on a very small scale. In the centre of the cluster when examined a small circular batch of brood, varying from the size of a quarter to that of a silver dollar will be found. This will continue to increase, always in a circular form, until the comb is full.

We club Farm Journal with the American Bee-Keeper, and will send it all of 1896 to every new subscriber to our magazine at 50c a year, and to every subscriber who will pay up all arrearages, if this notice is mentioned.

(From Gleanings.)

SOMETHING OF MY MANAGEMENT IN THE APIARY.

BY F. GREINER.

The more experience I gather in the management of bees, the more I become aware how difficult it is to lay down rules to be followed year after year, with any guarantee of meeting with highest success. In my location a honey season is an unknown and uncertain quantity, and much depends still upon luck or circumstances which we can not foretell. So our preconstructed and most petted plans aften come to naught. As not all shoes can be made over one last, expecting to fit all and every foot, so we are obliged to modify our plans to suit the seasons as they are. Some years our honey season opens from the first to the middle of June (this is rare); some years about a month later (more often), and other years nearly two months later, closing about August 25 to 28. Perhaps once in twenty years we may expect honey-dew after that, lasting, under favorable circumstances, some two weeks. With these prospects I may commence operations the fore part of May if the month comes in warm enough. We may have at this time some colonies exceptionally strong ; often some begin to lay out by May 1. Now, if the honey season does not open till in July these colonies are wasting their energies unless some use can be made of them during May and June. If more increase is desired, dividing these colonies would serve a good purpose ; but feeding may possibly have to be resorted to. I have always been an opponent of this kind of feeding. I don't do it ; for if the honey season does fail, more sugar will be needed in the fall ; and should it so happen that bees do not winter well, we may lose our investment. Furthermore, should a fair honey flow set in soon, our divided colonies would not be well fitted to store surplus; they could not be depended on until basswood opens. A better use of these strong colonies can be made by drawing on them for equalization. I greatly prefer to help up the weaker colonies—not the weakest, however. At this time the weather is as yet uncertain and changeable, and we must guard against chilled brood. In equalizing I take but one brood-comb at a time, replacing with an empty comb, or even one solid with honey. The latter I scrape so as to break cappings ; I also select such brood-combs as contain capped brood as much as possible.

If, by the time apple-bloom commences, all colonies should be in tolerable good shape, some of these strongest colonies may be dequeened and allowed to raise a young queen. Tne old queens may be saved and set aside with a brood-comb and adhering bees, and then allowed to build up during the season. If two such nuclei are united later on, a harvest may be expected of them from buckwheat. But I do dislike to give up any of these queens. Although old they are probably good ones, and I try to save them all. Later on it will be seen that it frequently happens during the summer that we have brood combs to dispose of. Such I use to build up the nuclei, and I generally succeed in getting them in shape to take advantage of the late flow, so they will give a surplus.

When the prospect of basswood bloom was good, and no increase, or little of it, desired, I have practiced this kind of dequeening with good success about June 20-25, or about 12 to 15 days before the basswood flow is expected ; but nearly matured cells were then given. The object is to have our young queens begin to lay as basswood begins, or, rather, a few days before. Such colonies are practically in the same condition as colonies having cast a swarm, except that they are much stronger; they are in good working order.

Colonies having swarmed but once, I find, will work nicely after they get their queens, providing honey is coming in sufficiently. The Heddon method reduces the parent colony to a mere fraction, which is of little further good that season ; for this reason I abandoned the Heddon method of preventing after-swarms long ago. To reinforce my young swarms I prefer to hive them on the stands of some other good colonies not having cast swarms, treating these colonies sometimes, if thought best, as the parent colony in the Heddon plan. More colonies can thus be gotten in working order for the basswood flow. I do not suffer any colony to cast more than one swarm. All second swarms are returned after cutting out the queen cells. Should a second swarm unite with a prime swarm while out in the air, I make no attempt to separate them ; but the next prime swarm is hived in the hive having cast the second swarm. Quite a number of colonies are treated on this plan in my yard during the latter part of the swarming season every year; only, in practicing it. I do not wait for the after swarm to issue, but hive the prime swarms into such hives as have cast their prime swarms five or six days previously.

Swarms issuing during the main honey-flow (from basswood) I also hive in empty hives on the same stands whence they came ; shake all bees from parent colonies off and in with them; give section cases to swarms, and use brood-combs to build up nuclei made during the earlier part of the season. All young swarms are given a reduced brood chamber, hiving them on empty frames provided with foundation starters (strips $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide), never using full sheets. The later the swarms isssue, the more the brood-chambers are reduced, commencing with seven L. frames or their equivalent, later on using six, then only five or half-stories.

At any time, should flowers yield honey to any amount, section-cases are applied to the strong colonies. It is an impossibility to have all colonies in working order all the time ; but since the flow from linden is the more reliable (with buckwheat to follow), I aim to have all colonies strong when it commences, but also have some colonies ready any time. In favorable years we may get some honey from sugar maple, fruit bloom and clover ; but only clover amounts to anything, if anything does at all, and I believe it is better to allow the bees to store in the brood-chamber from the first-named sources to bridge over the different periods of honey dearth. To those colonies that I expect to work in the sections during the earliest part of the season I give only a few sections, dummies being used in the cases, with chaff cushions on top. If we can supply sections with nice white comb in them, we are all the surer of the bees occupying, filling and finishing them. Comb foundation I do not use in full sheets in sections at any time. . I feel a good deal like a prominent German bee-keeper who recently said in the *Bienenzeitung*, "If we should use comb foundation in our comb honey we should soon drive many of the purchasers of our honey away from the markets." I myself am not only a producer of comb honey, but also very largely a consumer, and I consider foundation an undesirable adjunct to my comb honey when it comes to the eating part.

Since keeping bees I have experienced only one season with a continuous honey flow from beginning of basswood to the end of buckwheat; but ordinarily we have a honey dearth between the two, lasting from 8 to 16 days, and I find it pays me well to remove all sections after basswood is over, sort out all partly finished ones, and have them finished up on a few of the best working colonies during this time. I feed extracted honey in somewhat diluted form. When open cases are used, such course can not be so well pursued; but I believe nearly all comb honey producers use separators now.

Although my aim is section honey, still I also raise some extracted honey, for my own use and home trade principally. I find, however, nice white extracted honey, put up in one-pound glass jars, (screw top preferred), sells as well as comb honey in some large cities; but it must reach the consumer before it granulates.

In fitting my comb honey for market I always scrape sections perfectly clean, stamp each with my name and address, put them up in 24-pound crates, glassed and otherwise neatly made, and sell early. In shipping I combine with the grape-growers of my town, and so I secure very low freight rates to the principal cities, quick transit and safety; also avoidance of breakage, etc. It would be to the advantage of honey producers in general if they would follow the example. Prof. Cook is right on this subject.

Naples, N. Y.

COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF THE GREAT NAVIES.

In considering the navies of other countries, that of Great Britain stands of course pre-eminent. It amounts to between four and five hundred vessels, of which one hundred and twenty are armored cruisers, and it employs eighty thousand men. It aims to be equal in offensive and defensive strength to any two other navies combined, For example, in the matter of battle-ships Great Britain has built or is building fifty-four; France, thirty-seven; Russia, eighteen; Germany twenty-two; Italy, twenty-one; United States, six,—a total of one hundred and fifty-eight. This of itself repsents an outlay of fully three hundred million dollars, and only one class of ships is included. In the matter of armored cruisers the figures are: Great Britain, one hundred and twenty; France, seventy; Russia, sixteen; Germany, twenty-eight; Italy, six; United States, three; Austria, twelve; Spain, six; total, two hundred and sixty-one. This represents an outlay of at least two hundred million dollars.—From "The Great Navies of the World," in Demorest's Magazine for March.

MOUNT VERNON.

Whatever those who visited this old home upon the Potomac may have thought of the life there, it was ever the dearest spot on earth to its master and mistress. General Washington wrote in his diary, when he quitted his home in April, 1789, to enter upon his duties as Chief Executive of the new nation, "About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity, and, with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York," while Mrs. Washington always spoke of the days spent away from home amid the stir and excitement of public life as "lost days."—Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, in April Lippincott's.

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EDITORIAL.

We learn from the Progressive Bee-keeper that 928 patents have been obtained on bee hives in this country. The greater number of these were taken out by persons who could ill afford to spend their time and money, and *not one* of those patents have "filled a long felt want" of the bee-keepers. On the contrary but one or two patent hives are in use at all, fully 98 per cent. of all the hives in use today being unpatentable. It is generally poor policy to patent anything for the use of bee-keepers as the sales are generally so small that the cost of patent can hardly ever be realized. One of the reasons for this is the fickleness of the trade, this year one method is generally practiced, while next season something entirely different will be advocated. The fact is, the great majority of bee-keepers are groping in darkness, and blindly follow where every Moses may wish to lead them, and the Moseses of the "bee-keeping fraternity" are not few.

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

At this time anyone who has anything to sell to bee-keepers should edvertise it liberally. Supplies of all kinds, queens and bees are now in great demand and will be for the next two months or more. While the indications during the past three months have been very discouraging in the Eastern States for a good season, everything is looking more hopeful now and looks as if the next three months would far exceed our expectations.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N H. will keep a complete supply of our goods during the coming season and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

We are in receipt of a copy of the by-laws of the California Bee-keepers' Exchange. The Exchange will doubtless have a large membership and will be a great benefit to the honey producers of the Pacific coast.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER one year with the Cosmopolitan for $1.25. The Cosmopolitan is a monthly magazine containing an average of over 100 pages and 80 illustrations each month.

We notice that the dull times have had the usual effect of reducing the prices of bee-keeping supplies, and some dealers are offering their goods at prices which are actually below the cost of making. We do not believe in doing business "for fun." It works well for a while but cannot last. However we propose to protect our customers against any prices made by competitors, and will duplicate all prices made by any other dealers anywhere for goods of equal quality and merit.

We want a large quantity of beeswax, and will pay 28c a pound cash or 30c a pound in goods for good clean wax freight paid to Falconer, N. Y.

We will send the Farm Journal, (Phila.) and the Bee-Keeper one year for 50c, or will send the Farm Journal one year to everyone who owe a year or more subscription and will pay up. (Mention this offer).

We have a quantity of Alley Drone and Queen Trap patterns of 1894 which will be sold at 25c each, regular price 50c. These Traps are just as good for practical purposes as those of more recent pattern.

We are always glad to receive articles for publication. They come handy sooner or later. If you have any news of any kind concerning bees, write us about it and we will publish it for the benefit of our readers.

We are paying 28c a pound cash for good beeswax, delivered at our railroad station at Falconer, N. Y., or we will allow 30c a pound in goods.

Editor York, of the American Bee Journal, takes exceptions to our recent remarks concerning the self praise, flattery and "softness" which is so prevalent among certain bee editors, and in his weak way attempts to retaliate. Evidently the shoe fitted; the shot went home. Well, editor York, you are one of those at whom we aimed. We hope you only received a flesh wound and will profit by it, for such silly stuff is heartily condemned by every intelligent one of your readers.

Grand Offer to Subscribers.

We will send the Bee Keeper six months, and a box of Seeds containing 12 different packages of Garden Seeds and 3 papers of Flower Seeds (value $1.40) for only 60c post-paid, or the Bee Keeper 1 year and all the Seeds for 75c. Or we will send the Bee Keeper balance of the year and a copy of "How to Manage Bees," (price 50c) for 50c. The Bee Keeper 1 year and the book for 60c. Remit in postage stamps.

A great many subscriptions have expired the last two months, and we shall be glad to receive a renewal of each. We will send the Bee Keeper the balance of this year to new subscribers for 25 cents. Remember the Bee Keeper is regularly composed of 32 pages, 16 of which relate exclusively to bee keeping, and the remainder to miscellaneous literary subjects.

Clubbing List.

We will send the American Bee-Keeper with

the—	PUR. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
American Apiculturist,	(75)	1 15
Bee Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

The Shop Has Brains.

The tendency of successful business is to enlargement, and with enlargement come a new multitude of agents, a new variety of markets, a new kind of competitive danger, to avert which absolutely requires mind. The very number of his employees compels the great tradesman of our day to become a judge of character; the very expansion of his market drives him to study many countries, many tariffs, many laws, and his extreme danger from competition makes of him an artist, a chemist and a critic. The process is slow, because he is always governed by the idea of selling, and he often learns rather to know public taste than to know what taste is and to seek in his purchases the popular rather than the good, but still the process must develop his mind.—London Spectator.

Value of Celery Root.

The root of the celery plant is not as widely appreciated as it should be. An authority cited by the Boston Journal says of it:

"The root of celery has been sadly despised, outrageously misunderstood. It, too, is at the service of man during greenless months, when, so feeble is his imagination, he seldom soars above sprouts. It may be boiled, and then white sauce well becomes it; it may be fried in close embracing bread crumbs; it may be fashioned into a puree; it may be stewed. Why let it linger longer, the wallflower of the green grocer's stall? Celery, in root and bunch, soothes—a rival to opium. Eat it for which of its many excellences you will, only see that you eat it."

It Wasn't a General's Egg.

An amusing anecdote is given in the Madras Mail about Calcutta life of a bygone generation. It relates to Lord Wellesley (Duke of Wellington) and is as follows: The great man had been given a bad egg for breakfast, and sniffing at it he called to his valet: "Lamell, a bad egg! What an atrocious thing to have given me!" The valet hurried up with a serious face, examined the egg closely and then exclaimed: "I entreat your forgiveness, my lord. The stupid servant has given your lordship in mistake an aid-de-camp's egg."

India Rubber Tree Fruit.

The fruit of the india rubber tree is somewhat similar to that of the Ricinus communis, the castor oil plant, though somewhat larger. The seeds have a not disagreeable taste and yield a purplish oil. It is a fairly good substitute for linseed oil, though it dries less rapidly. Mixed with copal blue and turpentine, it makes a good varnish. The oil may be also used in the manufacture of soaps and lithographic inks. The seeds are somewhat like tiny chestnuts, although darker in color. The Indian girls are fond of wearing bracelets and necklets made of them.

He Won His Bet.

One must take the word of an archdeacon, or I should be inclined to request further particulars in the case of the patron whom Archdeacon Wilson mentioned at the conference at Carnforth the other day. A certain living—so said the archdeacon—had fallen vacant by death. The patron summoned to him his legal adviser, who explained that the presentation must be entirely gratuitous. "But," added the lawyer, "I will bet you £1,000 that you do not present my son-in-law." Curiously enough, the son-in-law was the lucky man.—London Realm.

His Razor.

Husband (shaving)—Confound the razor!

Wife—What's the matter now? You're dreadfully cross tempered.

"The razor is so dull."

"Dull! Why, I ripped up an old skirt with it only yesterday, and it cut beautifully."—Chicago Record.

Balloons In War.

Blinkers—Do you think balloons will ever be useful in war?

Winkers (who has a good memory)—Well—er—they might come handy in case of a draft.—New York Weekly.

A Dollar's Worth of Information.

Mr. Keep Cash—Did you write to that man who advertises to show people how to make desserts without milk and have them richer?

Mrs. Cash—Yes, and sent him the dollar.

"What did he reply?

"Use cream."

THE ELECTRIC SPIRIT.

With wild wings fettered I ride the wires,
My life finds issue in blinding fires,
Bright shapes are wrought by my flying
breath,
But my touch is flame, and my kiss is death.

Since man hath bound me with coil and chain,
Nor sea nor space can his word restrain,
I wind my circles of burning speed
The round globe over to serve his need.

Of warring winds I am king and lord;
The storms come wielding my radiant sword.
I laugh in light as the swift strokes fly,
The sullen thunders make slow reply.

With mystic passion I yearn from far
To my secret home 'neath the northern star,
And thence, on the vast black walls of night,
I fling great rays from my gates of light.

Time flees before me, and none may know
My course as from star to star I go,
For I am life. In the utmost dark
God's touch enkindled my fervid spark.

Think ye to know me, O ye who raise
My torch of flame on the world's highways?
Ask him whose throne is the central light
Of countless suns in their wheeling flight.

With fierce strength fettered, I ride the wires.
Prometheus spirits have tamed my fires,
But God alone, in his chosen hour,
Can free the force of my nameless power.
—Marion Couthouy Smith.

A RUSE THAT LOST.

She was my first love, and so far as I can tell, she may prove to be my only one. She is now a buxom wife with some four or five rosy, romping children, and I am still a bachelor. But time is a great healer, and I can now tell the story of my luckless suit with Dora Rudgwick without a pang.

Dora was the only daughter of a retired London medical man. At the time I first made her acquaintance her father had retired from practice and was a widower. I fell head over heels in love with the girl—though I can hardly believe it when I look at her today—and she consented to marry me if the old doctor gave his consent. She never professed to have any deep affection for me; she liked me, however, and was willing to become my wife if her papa approved.

But the eccentric old man would not hear of it. I remember how dejected I was after he had told me, with considerable vigor, that I could not become his son-in-law, and how indignant I felt at his declining to give me any reasons for his decision. The following day I met an old college friend in Bond street—Douglas Bligh.

"You are not looking very bright," he said. "What are you worrying about?"

Bligh also was a doctor. He had walked the same hospital as old Rudgwick, only many years later.

"A love affair," I confessed, with a forced smile.

"Ah! I thought something of the sort. Girl thrown you over?"

"No, not the girl—the father!"

"Oh, that's nothing! If the lady is willing, love will find out a way, and papa will come round."

"He is a pig headed old doctor—I beg your pardon, but I suppose a doctor may sometimes be pig headed like the rest of us?"

"Undoubtedly. Do I know him?"

"Dr. Gordon Rudgwick."

"Oh, yes. I am acquainted with him. I also once met Miss Rudgwick. I congratulate you, old fellow. A charming young lady, 'pon my word. But the old man—ha! ha—no wonder he rejected you!"

"Why?"

"You are too healthy!"

"Too healthy!"

"Yes. You ought to have some interesting and deep seated disease—something complicated and lingering!"

"I—what on earth are you driving at, Bligh?"

"Don't you know? He's"— and he touched his forehead with his forefinger.

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes. He is mad on one point. He has a contempt for healthy people, and respects only those who are suffering from some terrible disease."

"But his daughter never told me."

"She doesn't know. They have kept it from her. And this is the cause of his want of parental affection. There is absolutely nothing the matter with the young lady. Now, what he wants is a son-in-law riddled with disease. You must get some internal growth or"—

"Good heavens, Bligh!"

"Come with me and I will coach you up in all the symptoms of a most interesting malady. Everything will then turn out according to your best wishes."

* * * * * *

"But how did you discover you were in possession of this striking disease?" said Dr. Rudgwick in a state of ecstasy.

"Well, I have had suspicions for a long time," I replied, "that something was wrong, but I kept the opinion to myself. A few days ago, however, I tried to insure my life, and the medical officers of half a dozen companies rejected me. I then went to a first class man, was thoroughly overhauled, told exactly what was the matter with me and informed that I was one of the most extraordinary cases that had ever come under his notice. He gives me only six months."

"Ah! The symptoms are most remarkable. I have not been so interested for a long time. It is certainly a very curious case, unprecedented in its complexity."

"Do you really think it is so serious?"

"Oh, I hope so. I think I may safely assert that the man you have consulted is absolutely correct in his diagnosis, if the symptoms are as you say."

"Do you think I shall survive it?"

"Not unless you allow the course of the disorder to be interfered with by those sentimental quacks who hinder the advance of pathological science by seeking cures."

"But six months is very short," I said despondently.

"Not at all. With care, the thing may be induced to run its course even more quickly. Drugs and a low diet may be made to do a good deal in accelerating matters."

"What would you advise? Should I consult Sir John"—

"No, no, no! Don't consult anybody. Don't meddle with it, or you may spoil all."

"But perhaps a cure"—

"Cure, sir! Don't talk such sickly nonsense, or I shall begin to think it possible that you could do such a mean and dishonorable thing as to rob medical science of one of the most instructive, beautiful and striking cases that have ever enriched the literature of pathology."

"What, then, is the use of pathology if doctors are not to cure?"

"Pathology, sir, treats of diseases, their causes, effects and symptoms. It is a branch of knowledge, an interesting abstract study, a recreation. It has nothing to do with treatment, cures and such like quackeries."

"But what may be sport to you is death to us."

"Why, we must all die, and what could be nobler than to die in the cause of science? By the way, you were speaking to me about my daughter the other day."

I shook my head in a melancholy manner.

"Well, I have been thinking I spoke hastily. She is yours. I shall be proud to have you as a son-in-law. To watch the course of your complaint will be a privilege and a delight. Marry as soon as ever you like. I think you will find Dora somewhere about the house. See her and fix the matter up."

But Dora was not to be seen that day. She had gone to her room indisposed.

When I called the next morning, the housekeeper told me that Miss Rudgwick had gone on a visit to friends at Brighton, but had left a note for me. I opened it and read as follows:

"I overheard your talk with papa, and am so very, very sorry for you. I do so hope that your state is not so bad as you fear, and that you will not lose courage and will soon get well.

"Of course everything must now be at an end between us. It would be madness to talk of marriage. I shall always think of you as a very dear friend, and I want you to believe that you will have my most sincere sympathy."

I put the letter in my pocket and went home. What a mess I had made of it! First I had gained the consent of Dora and failed to obtain that of her father. Now I had obtained the doctor's consent and lost the daughter's. Fancy her overhearing all that I said and thinking I was speaking the truth about the diseased state of my body! And yet, why should she have supposed I was lying?

One thing was certain. I must find her out and explain all. Dr. Rudgwick knew the name of the friends whom Dora had gone to, but he could not tell me the address. He had been accustomed to allow her to go and come pretty much as she pleased.

A week passed, several days of which I had spent at Brighton, without anything being heard of her. One morning I strolled round to Dr. Rudgwick's to learn whether his daughter had written.

when I saw an empty cab standing at the door.

"Miss Dora has just arrived, sir. I'll tell her you are here."

I stepped into the drawing room and waited. In a few minutes I heard the dear girl running down the stairs. My heart leaped with joy.

"How do you do?" she said, placing her little hand in mine and looking into my eyes with infinite pity. "I do hope you are better. You are looking pretty well."

"My dear Dora, I was never better in my life. That was all untrue about my illness. I am in perfect health."

"Untrue?"

"All of it. I will explain it to you another time."

"Then you are not going to die in six months?"

"I hope not, nor in six decades. Are you sorry?"

"Sorry? Of course not, but"—

"I have your father's consent to our marriage. Darling, you will now be mine?"

"Impossible!"

"How so?"

"Well, the fact is—I—I am married!"

I sprang back amazed.

"You see, I thought you were a doomed man. I heard it from your own lips. Marriage with you would have been mad, impossible. And papa's strange talk alarmed me, especially when he gave his consent. I was terrified and feared his anger. So I went away to friends at Brighton. There I met Captain Ainsworth. He was my first love, and I have never really lost my affection for him. He asked me to marry him, and—well, I did so at once, as he is going out to India. You really cannot blame me, can you?"

No; I didn't exactly blame her, but I cursed my fate, and I told Bligh that he was the biggest fool in his profession, for which he has never thoroughly forgiven me, though he says he has.—London Tit-Bits.

Napoleon's Advice About Hortense.

Louis, who was governing Holland with reference to its own best interests, and ordering the affairs of his own family rigidly, but admirably, received a severe and passionate reprimand from the emperor for his economy. What was wanted was pay for the troops, plenty of conscripts, encouragement for the Dutch Catholics, and a giddy court, where men would forget more serious things and where Queen Hortense could make a display. "Let your wife dance as much as she wants to. It is proper for her age. I have a wife 40 years old, and from the field of battle I recommend her to go to balls, while you want one of 20 to live in a cloister, or, like a wet nurse, always bathing her child."—Professor Sloane in Century.

A Bond.

"Yes," said the Cumminsville sage, "I don't doubt that having fought in the same regiment is calculated to bind men together firmly, and so is a membership in the same lodge, but for real, heartfelt sympathy gimme two fellows who have the same kind of rheumatism."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Saw Him Fed.

Contrary to general belief, Munchausen is not dead, or he must live in the persons of some of the continental tourists you meet around the Metropole and the Victoria. They repeat this conversation of one of those enterprising but prevaricating end of the century explorers:

"I visited Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy"—

"Indeed! So you saw Venice?"

"Well, I rather guess I did."

"Did you see the lion of St. Mark?"

"Of course I did. Why, I saw him fed."—Washington Post.

Overdoing It.

"Now, I maintain," said Miss Strong, "that there is no place filled by man which a woman cannot fill. Is that comprehensive enough?"

"It is very comprehensive," replied Mr. Northside, "but I am prepared to go still further in advocacy of woman's ability."

"Are you?"

"Yes, I am. On the seat of a street car, for instance, she can fill two men's places."—Pittsburg Chronicle - Telegraph.

Oregon has 18,798 hands in her factories and makes every year $41,432,174 worth of goods.

OF A GARDEN.

Within my garden bounds are set
Sweet memory and sad regret,
And where my orchard blossoms glow
The winds of life forever blow.

Here falls the rain, here springs the
seed.
The perfect flower, the perfect weed,
Rejoice together, side by side,
In equal sunlight, satisfied.

The fruit that mingles gold and red
Is born of beauty withered.
The fruit that mingles red and gold
Is young because the bough is old.

My garden and the world inclose
Alike the thistle and the rose.
My garden and the world are one
In kinship both of storm and sun.
—New York Tribune.

THE MIRROR.

There was once a kingdom where mirrors were unknown. They had all been broken and reduced to fragments by order of the queen, and if the tiniest bit of looking glass had been found in any house she would not have hesitated to put all the inmates to death with the most frightful tortures.

Now for the secret of this extraordinary caprice. The queen was dreadfully ugly, and she did not wish to be exposed to the risk of meeting her own image, and knowing herself to be hideous it was a consolation to know that other women at least could not see that they were pretty.

You may imagine that the young girls of the country were not at all satisfied. What was the use of being beautiful if you could not admire yourself?

They might have used the brooks and lakes for mirrors, but the queen had foreseen that and had hidden all of them under closely joined flagstones. Water was drawn from wells so deep that it was impossible to see the liquid surface, and shallow basins must be used instead of buckets, because in the latter there might be reflections.

Such a dismal state of affairs, especially for the pretty coquettes, who were no more rare in this country than in others!

The queen had no compassion, being well content that her subjects should suffer as much annoyance from the lack of a mirror as she felt at the sight of one.

However, in a suburb of the city there lived a young girl called Jacinta, who was a little better off than the rest, thanks to her sweetheart, Valentin. For if some one thinks you are beautiful and loses no chance to tell you so he is almost as good as a mirror.

"Tell me the truth," she would say. "What is the color of my eyes?"

"They are like dewy forgetmenots."

"And my skin is not quite black?"

"You know that your forehead is whiter than freshly fallen snow, and your cheeks are like blush roses."

"How about my lips?"

"Cherries are pale beside them."

"And my teeth, if you please?"

"Grains of rice are not as white."

"But my ears—should I be ashamed of them?"

"Yes, if you would be ashamed of two little pink shells among your pretty curls."

And so on endlessly, she delighted, he still more charmed, for his words came from the depth of his heart, and she had the pleasure of hearing herself praised, he the delight of seeing her. So their love grew more deep and tender every hour, and the day that he asked her to marry him she blushed certainly, but it was not with anger. But, unluckily, the news of their happiness reached the wicked queen, whose only pleasure was to torment others, and Jacinta more than any one else, on account of her beauty.

A little while before the marriage Jacinta was walking in the orchard one evening when an old crone approached, asking for alms, but suddenly jumped back with a shriek as if she had stepped on a toad, crying, "Heavens, what do I see?"

"What is the matter, my good woman? What is it you see? Tell me."

"The ugliest creature I ever beheld."

"Then you are not looking at me," said Jacinta, with innocent vanity.

"Alas! yes, my poor child, it is you. I have been a long time on this earth, but never have I met any one so hideous as you!"

"What! Am I ugly?"

"A hundred times uglier than I can tell you."

"But my eyes"—

"They are a sort of dirty gray. But that would be nothing if you had not such an outrageous squint!"

"My complexion"—

"It looks as if you had rubbed coal dust on your forehead and cheeks."

"My mouth"—

"It is pale and withered, like a faded flower."

"My teeth"—

"If the beauty of teeth is to be large and yellow, I never saw any so beautiful as yours."

"But, at least, my ears"—

"They are so big, so red and so misshapen under your coarse elf locks that they are revolting. I am not pretty myself, but I should die of shame if mine were like them." After this last blow the old witch, having repeated what the queen had taught her, hobbled off, with a harsh croak of laughter, leaving poor Jacinta dissolved in tears, prone on the ground beneath the apple trees.

Nothing could divert her mind from her grief. "I am ugly—I am ugly!" she repeated constantly. It was in vain that Valentin assured and reassured her with the most solemn oaths.

"Let me alone! You are lying out of pity. I understand it all now. You never loved me. You are only sorry for me. The beggar woman had no interest in deceiving me. It is only too true—I am ugly. I do not see how you can endure the sight of me."

To undeceive her he brought people from far and near. Every man declared that Jacinta was created to delight the eyes. Even the women said as much, though they were less enthusiastic. But the poor child persisted in her conviction that she was a repulsive object, and when Valentin pressed her to name their wedding day, "I, your wife!" cried she. "Never! I love you too dearly to burden you with a being so hideous as I am." You can fancy the despair of the poor fellow so sincerely in love. He threw himself on his knees, he prayed, he supplicated; she answered still that she was too ugly to marry him.

What was he to do? The only way to give the lie to the old woman and prove the truth to Jacinta was to put a mirror before her. But there was no such thing in the kingdom, and so great was the terror inspired by the queen that no workman dared make one.

"Well, I shall go to court," said the lover in despair. "Harsh as our mistress is, she cannot fail to be moved by the tears and the beauty of Jacinta. She will retract, for a few hours at least, this cruel edict which has caused our trouble."

It was not without difficulty that he persuaded the young girl to let him take her to the palace. She did not like to show herself and asked of what use would be a mirror, only to impress her more deeply with her misfortune. But when he wept her heart was moved, and she consented to please him.

"What is all this?" said the wicked queen. "Who are these people? And what do they want?"

"Your majesty, you have before you the most unfortunate lover on the face of the earth."

"Do you consider that a good reason for coming here to annoy me?"

"Have pity on me."

"What have I to do with your love affairs?"

"If you would permit a mirror"—

The queen rose to her feet, trembling with rage. "Who dares to speak to me of a mirror?" she said, grinding her teeth.

"Do not be angry, your majesty, I beg of you, and deign to hear me. This young girl whom you see before you, so fresh and pretty, is the victim of a strange delusion. She imagines that she is ugly."

"Well," said the queen, with a malicious grin, "she is right. I never saw a more hideous object."

Jacinta, at these cruel words, thought she would die of mortification. Doubt was no longer possible; she must be ugly. Her eyes closed; she fell on the steps of the throne in a deadly swoon.

But Valentin was affected very differently. He cried out loudly that her majesty must be mad to tell such a lie. He had no time to say more. The guards seized him, and at a sign from the queen the headsman came forward. He was always beside the throne, for she might need his services at any moment.

"Do your duty," said the queen, pointing out the man who had insulted her. The executioner raised his gleam-ing ax just as Jacinta came to herself and opened her eyes. Then two shrieks pierced the air. One was a cry of joy, for in the glittering steel Jacinta saw herself, so charmingly pretty, and the other a scream of anguish as the wicked soul of the queen took flight, unable to bear the sight of her face in the impromptu mirror.—From the French in Short Stories.

Tips Expected For Free Shining.

Many retail shoe dealers have in their stores a porter whose duty it is to polish the shoes of customers free of charge.

A movement is now on foot among some of the barbers to establish the same custom in connection with their business, and it will be no surprise if the new year finds signs hanging in some of the shops reading, "Shoes polished free of charge."

Of course those who start the custom will have a large run of new trade, 25 per cent of which they will retain, after the custom becomes generally established, if good barbers are employed.

A shoe dealer who was one of the first to establish the custom said the cost is practically nothing after the original outlay for chairs and brushes, as the colored porter is well paid by the tips he receives.

It is contended by some of the barbers that the porter would be well paid for his trouble by tips and the customer would feel that he had saved money by getting shaved there, as no one considers money given away in tips as money spent.—Chicago Journal.

Athenian Street Car Pleasantries.

Conductor—You got aboard after I took the fares, I believe?

Passenger—Not after you took mine.

Conductor—But I do not remember taking yours.

Passenger—Very likely. Neither do I.

Conductor (receiving nickel)—Thanks. Northampton street! — Boston Transcript.

A Good Name For It.

"My bicycle has been injured in the windpipe," said Gildersleeve.

"What on earth is a bicycle's windpipe?" asked Tillinghast.

"The very part that is on earth, the pneumatic tube."—Detroit Free Press.

Coffee.

Many persons who are unable to drink coffee that has been boiled or made by putting the coffee directly in boiling water and cooking at or above the boiling point for a certain number of minutes are able to drink without any disagreeable consequences either present or future coffee made by percolation—that is, by inclosing the coffee in a bag of some kind or in a wire gauze strainer and pouring the boiling water upon it. This method of coffee making should always be used in households where the members breakfast at different hours, and where only one pot of coffee is made. In France, where chicory is often added to the coffee, percolated or "drip" coffee that is quite strong is often made and tightly bottled or sealed so that its aroma cannot escape and kept in a cool place for several days. As it is wanted it is heated very hot and served with hot milk, and, if you want it absolutely perfect, heat your cup also. Percolated coffee is considered more economical than that boiled.—New York Post.

Illustrates a Phase of Clericalism.

One of the most famous of mediæval utterances is a curious mixture of diabolical wit and savage fanaticism. It is told of the Papal Legate Milo, at the sack of Beziers, in the "crusade" against the Albigeois. History, or tradition, says that when it was asked how it would be possible to distinguish the heretics in the town from the Catholics the legate cried out: "Kill them all! God will know his own." So the story goes. But did the legate ever say it? Or was it said by Arnold, the Cistercian abbot? Did anybody say it? The only thing absolutely certain is that, expressing, as it did, in the pithiest style, the spirit of mediæval fanaticism in religion, it might very well have been uttered by somebody.—London News.

San Salvador.

San Salvador is built on a volcano. It has been three times destroyed by an earthquake, but the people are becoming accustomed to such occurrences. Earthquakes are pretty frequent, and while one is naturally very nervous there is really little danger to life. The shocks have been known to come as frequently as 80 times in an hour.

THE WANDERER.

Upon a mountain height, far from the sea,
I found a shell,
And to my listening ear the lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came the shell upon that mountain height?
Ah, who can say
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand
Or whether there cast when ocean swept the land,
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,
One song it sang,
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide,
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height
Sings of the sea
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home; sing, O my home, of thee!

—Eugene Field.

IN WARTIME.

Just below the dam the water wheel of Euzebio, the miller, creaked noisily in its ponderous revolutions, while from the opposite bank the mill of Anselmo growled a muffled accompaniment. Friends from childhood, the lives of these two old widower millers of 70 gave a silent contradiction to the popular axiom concerning men of the same employment.

And the picturesque beauty of the spot! Behind Euzebio's mill the pasture ground sloped gently to the river's edge, and, crossing it, ran the pathway down which the mules were driven, laden with grain for the mill. Along the bank a row of tall poplars threw fantastic shadows upon the placid surface of the millpond. The river slipped easily along between its sandy margins, now glistening in the sunlight, now hiding itself within the recesses of some cane plantation and emerging at length to fall in clear and transparent streams of sparkling water upon the wheel, which churned them into a snowy whiteness.

In summer, when the water was low, the two old comrades used often to visit one another, boldly crossing the stream by the stepping stones below the dam, but when the autumn rains had swollen the slow moving river into a noisy torrent they were obliged to content themselves with calling from bank to bank.

Sometimes Euzebio would say:

"Speak louder, Anselmo. I don't hear you."

"What do you say?" the other would ask, advancing to the river's edge and leaning forward anxiously.

And Euzebio, making a speaking trumpet of his hands, would shout:

"I don't understand."

When they finally succeeded in making themselves heard, they would agree that the water wheels were more noisy than they used to be, and that the river had never been so turbulent. Ah, yes! It was the creaking of the wheels that kept them from hearing and not the weight of the years pressing upon their shoulders!

Euzebio had a son, a fine looking fellow of 22, tall, well built and as straight as an arrow. A great worker, daybreak would find him already busy in his father's mill. "He toils like a Moor!" the neighbors would say approvingly. Every one liked Simon, and he was a general favorite at the merrymaking of the neighboring villages. Sometimes after one of these gatherings the priest, a staid and solemn personage, would come to remonstrate with Euzebio upon his son's behavior of the night before, whereat the old man was accustomed to shake his head reprovingly and cast down his eyes, whether to better express his condemnation or to hide the twinkle in them no one ever knew.

And Anselmo had a daughter, Margarida by name, a pretty girl of 19, with that sweet, natural beauty of the country, and her loveliness of face and form was but a fitting accompaniment to a gentle and loving disposition. Margarida and Simon had been playmates from babyhood, but when the girl had reached her fifteenth year this childish intimacy began to give place to a maidenly reserve on her part and to an attitude of chivalrous devotion on the part of her companion, while in his heart a deep and earnest love was slowly springing into life.

Margarida would feign annoyance whenever Simon summoned up the courage to speak of his love and of the pain her indifference gave to him, and with a frown on her pretty face would abruptly change the subject. The maiden's disdain of her lover's pleadings, however, merely added fuel to the passion that flamed in the heart of the young miller.

"Margarida," he said to her one day, "if thou wilt not marry me, I shall have to die a bachelor."

"There are plenty of girls, Simon."

"And see thee become another's!" cried the lad, with tears in his eyes. "I don't know what I should do—it would kill me!"

And was Margarida so cruel as really to despise the love of her childhood's friend and playfellow? Wait awhile; we shall soon see how far a woman's love and devotion can go.

At the time of which we write war had just broken out between the followers of Dom Pedro and Dom Miguel. When the terrifying news reached the village, the mothers shuddered as they looked upon their sons, returning weary from the plow.

"Nobody knows the number killed," said the messenger. "It is the end of the world!"

The next day a squad of soldiers entered the village, and, marching to Euzebio's mill, drew up line, while the officer in command, with a couple of privates, entered. A few minutes later the horror stricken neighbors saw them march away with Simon in their midst, with bound arms like a felon apprehended of justice. The father tried to follow them, but age and weakness held him back. Hearing the cries of the people, Margarida came running to the spot, and when they told her that Simon had been impressed into the service of Dom Pedro, she fell fainting in Euzebio's arms.

A week later shots were heard in the distance and the bugle calls of a battalion. A skirmish was evidently taking place near by. At midday a column of troopers passed through the village, and all pressed forward to see if Simon were among them. Yes, there he was, but how changed! Breathless and exhausted, covered with dust, his shoes in holes and clothing torn, they saw him march by, bending wearily beneath the weight of his knapsack. As he passed them he nodded to his acquaintances, while his eyes searched eagerly for a glimpse of Margarida or his father, but in vain! And so, with a heavy heart, he passed on.

When Margarida was told that her lover had just gone by, she wanted to run ahead and catch up with the battalion.

"And mingle with the rough soldiers!" cried an ancient dame. "God save us, child! Dost thou know what thou art saying?"

"Is not Simon a soldier, Aunt Joaquina?" asked the girl tearfully.

At nightfall a melancholy procession neared the village. A file of soldiers led the way. Behind them came a slow moving line of farm wagons, makeshift ambulances, filled with the wounded. There they lay, heaped together, the dead among the dying. Oh, it was a pitiful sight! The sobbing women ran from cart to cart, searching for the face of some loved one.

Suddenly, from amid the cloud of dust surrounding one of the ambulances, a faint cry was heard:

"Fa-ther! Mar-ga-rida! I am dying!"

And one of the wounded men was seen to let his head fall forward upon his breast, while from the edge of the wagon his left arm hung limply.

The soldier leading the horses of this ambulance shook his head as Margarida came running toward him, asking for her lover. The rumble of the cart wheels droned her words. Sorrowfully she turned away, but as the cart passed her the arm extended from its side caught her eye, and springing forward she seized the hand in hers, and examining with intentness a ring the dead man wore fell back into the arms of her friends, with the cry of a breaking heart:

"Oh, Simon, my love! Dead! Dead!"

When a neighbor went to Euzebio's house to tell him of his son's death, he found the old man seated on the edge of his bed, praying, with his eyes fixed on a crucifix he held in his hand.

"Pray for his soul," said the friend sadly.

The old miller, who had become very deaf, raised his head and asked in alarm, "What is it?" putting his hand to his ear.

"Dead," shouted the other.

Euzebio rose to his feet, and, with pale face and set eyes, made his way to the head of the bed, and took down an old musket that hung there.

"What is that for, Uncle Euzebio?" inquired his friend.

"I will kill them!" said the old man, in a trembling voice. "I will kill them!"

But as he crossed the threshold of his house, gun in hand, a volley rang out from the foremost squad, and the old man fell forward on his face, dead.

The next morning a neighbor's boy came running home, white with fear, sobbing and trembling, and told his mother that a little below the dam he had seen the body of a woman, drifting—drifting—

* * * * * *

In after years I revisited the scenes of my childhood. It was a beautiful April morning. I found Margarida's father seated in front of his mill, his chair by the river's edge, enjoying the warmth of returning spring. He told me of Simon's death and of the tragic fate of his friend Euzebio, but when he began to speak of his daughter, his voice failed him, and, turning his head away, he whispered to himself:

"Oh, my Margarida!"

And silent, motionless, like a man in a dream, he gazed with fixed eyes upon the river that slid softly by his feet, as though within its depths he beheld her smiling face.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Couldn't Congratulate Her.

M. Paul Deroulede, the French poet and dramatist, was captain of a company in the service of the Versailles government of national defense in 1871. At one time he had to lead his company against a street barricade in Paris raised by communists.

Some signs of resistance had been observed behind. As Deroulede marched his men onward, a woman sprang to the top of the barricade, aimed a chassepot rifle at the leader and fired.

The soldiers ducked their heads, but no one was hit. They marched on, Deroulede in advance. He smiled, eying calmly the woman, who leveled her gun at him and fired again. Once more no one was hit. On went the soldiers steadily, their captain smiling, the woman on the barricade continuing to charge her piece and to fire each time as nearly as she could at Deroulede.

Presently, however, the soldiers were on the barricade. The woman threw away her gun and stood with folded arms. She was one of the petroleuses—the furious fighting women of the commune. Deroulede looked behind the barricade to see who else was defending it. No one was there; the woman was alone.

Then he took off his cap, bowed low to the woman, and said very politely, "Madam, I regret exceedingly that I am unable to congratulate you, but really, in view of your markmanship, I cannot."—Youth's Companion.

The Crescent of the Mohammedans.

The crescent symbol of the Mohammedans has nothing to do with their peculiar religious opinions and ceremonies. It was not originally a symbol of the followers of Mohammed at all, but was first used by the Byzantines. Thousands of coins have been found in all parts of Turkey which date back to the time when Constantinople was known as Byzantium, and on each of these the symbol of the crescent appears, proving conclusively that it was in use as an emblem among the people of that region long before Byzantium was overthrown and its name changed to Constantinople. The story of the origin of the crescent symbol is as follows: When Philip of Macedonia besieged Byzantium, he had planned to storm the city on a certain cloudy night, but before his arrangements were completed the moon shone out and discovered his approach to the besieged citizens, who accordingly marched out and repulsed his forces—something which would have been impossible in the darkness. After that event all Byzantine coins bore the symbol of the crescent moon, which was always alluded to as the "Savior of Byzantium."

After many years the hordes under Mohammed II captured Constantinople. At that time the crescent was used everywhere and upon everything. Suspecting that there must be magical power in the emblem the Mohammedans appropriated it, and have since used it as their only symbolic decoration.—St. Louis Republic.

The first of the modern bank notes were made in China about the year 1000 A. D.

A FIGHT IN SCHOOL.

"Order! Order!" cried the teacher,
But the naughty thing was done—
Eddie rubbed out Tommie's lesson,
And the fight had just begun.

Little chubby hands were clinching
Jackets torn and rumpled hair.
They could never sit together,
They were such a naughty pair.

So the teacher straightway stood them
In the corner, with high caps,
And two little outstretched palms
From her ruler got ten slaps.

"Now, then, tell me all the trouble,"
Said the teacher at recess,
But they both talked loud together,
Each one anxious to confess.

"Hush, now, children," said the teacher;
"Let Eddie speak; one at a time."
So Eddie answered, all defiance,
"Tom said his ma uz prettier'n mine."

—Ida Hammond Clark in Kansas City Star.

A HOUSE TO LET.

It was advertised in the papers after this fashion: "A bijou residence, suitable for small family. Charmingly situated on one of the loveliest reaches of the Thames. A house of unique design and exceptional sanitary arrangements. Sloping garden to river, boat, boathouse, stabling, fruit garden," etc.

Yet despite the alluring character of this announcement, the bijou residence went through two seasons unlet, its notice boards leaning lower and lower as the seasons went on over the stone boxed fringed garden walls with pathetic irresponsibility.

At length, simultaneously one morning in late July, two people caught the glow of that announcement from opposite corners of England—the one a man, the other a woman—and they bent their faces in its direction.

A geographical—as well as a railway time book—dispensation decreed also that these two people should make their debut simultaneously at the little wayside station, situated some mile and a half from the bijou residence in question. After that, how much fate or destiny had to do with it, how much man, how much woman, remains problematical. I defy two people of the opposite sexes to walk for a mile and a half along a boxed in country lane and not be oppressively conscious of each other. I defy a man possessed of the slightest moiety of taste not to pick out the various beauties of that woman if she have them and briefly tabulate them on the retina of his appreciation as he walks. I defy her, if she have a grain of that coquetry which is said to be innate in woman, not to display those beauties to the best advantage for his especial delectation.

And what woman ever walks along a country road rich in wild flowers without stopping every five minutes to pick samples of them?

Finally, the two drew up at the garden gate, if not simultaneously almost so, the man pushing the gate wide for her and waiting, and they arrived face to face under the trellised porch.

The woman had put a bunch of scarlet rowan berries in her hat, a corresponding bunch in her waistband. She held sufficient wild grasses and flora in her arms to decorate a font at a harvest festival. Her dark gypsy face had caught a glow from these berries; her dark eyes shone; she was not young, the man thought, but extremely attractive.

The sound of advancing footsteps—footsteps presumably of the caretaker—roused him from his temporary aberration. It occurred to him that speech was the only thing possible to save the situation. He raised his hat, displaying a grizzled but patrician head, and smiled.

"Is the house let then?" he asked.

The woman showed a gleam of teeth under the rich undulating curve of her red lips.

"That was just the question I was going to put to you," she answered.

"No," he said. "I have merely come from Dorchester to look at it."

"And I have come from Cromer."

In the pause of which announcement, a woman, in sunbonnet and clogs, with that reticence which the caretaker exhibits when she does not want to let the house, slowly opened the door. She moved back, making room for them to enter, making at the same time a depreciatory movement with her bare arms. "It's all very nice and convenient like," she said, indicating the tiny drawing room on the right, the tiny dining room on the left, the lilliputian kitchen in perspective, the narrow stairway intervening, "fur a bachelor, or a spinster, but not fur them es is married.

For them es is married—an I flatter myself es I knows, being myself a married woman—this 'ere bijou residence ain't 'alf, nor yet a quarter, large enough. A man may be es fond o' his wife es ever it is possible fur 'im to be, a woman may be es fond of 'er 'usband es 'er ever ken be, but they don't want to be knocking up agin each other all the livelong day."

Here the figure in the rowan berries summarily disappeared into the tiny drawing room. The tall patrician man, preternaturally embarrassed, strode into the tiny dining room, and the garrulous caretaker was left to finish her speech to empty benches. She imagined herself to be a woman of singular penetration, however. It was her boast that she could grasp a situation at a glance and take it all in. Therefore she was by no means disconcerted till a flutter of skirts smote her ear and the woman with the rowan berries reappeared, the man having gone up stairs, saying in a whisper, with indignation traceable in every word:

"That gentleman is a perfect stranger to me. I have never seen him before today in my life. We chanced to arrive at the station together and to walk up to the house together. And now you can go. There is no occasion for you to follow me over the house. I prefer to look at it alone. By the bye," she added, "I should advise the owners of it to put it in other hands. You evidently don't want to let it!"

It does not take long to look over a six roomed cottage. In ten minutes the man was out on the slope of garden in the rear looking idly ahead of him across the reach. He had seen in a flash through the staircase window the rowan berries going up stairs. He caught in a flash now the rowan berries coming down.

"Will she go straight out by the hall door," he asked himself, "or come into the garden?"

A rustle of the silk skirts coming down the path toward him, a glimpse of a comely figure silhouetted momentarily against the pendent ivy, was the agreeable answer to this query.

"As we have both come very long distances and indisputably upon the same quest," she began, "it is but fair, indeed the right and civil thing to do, I think, to ask you if you have come to any decision about the house? I believe"—here her eyebrows went up, and she showed a gleam of teeth—"in all business matters man takes precedence."

"But, in matters of sentiment," he interrupted her, "woman."

"Sentiment?" she said. "Do you think, then, that even in her business transactions a woman is necessarily sentimental?"

"I certainly do," he answered.

She moved on down nearer the flagged edge of the reach and stood looking away across it to the green meadows opposite, each detail of her charming person duplicated in the water with distracting accuracy.

"Ah, if you knew me better," she said, "you would find that I am a most prosaic creature. I threw aside sentiment ten years ago, when I threw aside my youth. My head at this moment, if you could only see the workings of it, is full of the prosiest speculations as to the drainage of the cottage, the exact character of the soil on which it stands, for I have a strong suspicion it is built upon clay. I am propounding, too, whether I like the kitchen range. The scullery strikes me as having been thought of afterward, and about the bathroom fittings I am just wondering. It seems to me they are inadequate, as compared with the flowery suggestion of sanitary perfection conveyed in The Daily Telegraph; and, well, the drawing and dining rooms are certainly rather circumscribed, aren't they?"

"Yet, at the same time, you are agreeably pleased on the whole?" he suggested.

"On the principle that nothing, even in six roomed cottages on the banks of the Thames, can entirely reach the fullness of our expectations—yes."

He smiled and spread his hands.

"In that respect the best of us are but as little children ever searching after what is absolutely impossible in this world—perfection," he answered.

"Yes, why is it? We should not like it if we could get it either. Yet we search, search, search, and waste our whole lives."

She turned her arch glance toward him and waited.

"It is our disease. Perhaps it is put there purposely that we should not grow too fond of living. Besides—and here comes the irony of it—if everything were perfection we shouldn't know it."

"No, we should want counteracting foils, like milestones, to show us it is perfection." Her eyes traveled up the green slope toward the house, and she added, reverting to it: "But you, you also, like this by no means faultless bijou residence. Yes, I can see by your face. Your face assures me that you have seen something today that pleases you."

He dropped his hazel eyes upon her and leaned on his cane.

"Yes," he said slowly. "I have certainly seen something that pleases me today. But," he added quickly, "I am willing to waive priority if I have it, which I doubt, in your favor and back out of all competition with regard to the bijou residence. After all, what does it signify? I am a bachelor; anything will do for me."

"And I am a spinster," she said with a smile. "Why should not anything do for me?"

"For all their never 'avin met till this 'ere morning, they seem to be mighty friendly," observed the caretaker watching their departure down the shady road together later. "It seems to me to be more a question of taking each other than taking the house. They ain't said nothing about the house one way or t'other, but they 'ave said a good deal about each other judging by their eyes."

The woman picked more wild flowers as she went back, the man assisting her. Midway down the dusty lane they rested on a fallen oak, the victim of a recent cyclone, and told each other their biographies. At the inn, close to the railway, they lunched together in the inn parlor, criticising the proprietor's ideas of art afterward, a task of elastic quality according to the degree of opportunity for lingering desired. And she—she never looked prettier, even in her palmiest days.

Have you ever traced the genesis of an acquaintance? It may be quite as capable of wide advances and undreamed conclusions as the genesis of speech. You may begin in the tropic of Cancer and end in Siberia; or you may begin in Siberia and end in the tropic of Cancer; it's all a matter of chance. But this man and this woman began and ended in the tropic of Cancer, and so there was a marriage in the paper, but the bijou residence is still unlet.—George Wemyss in Sketch.

He Made Books.

Miss Rosebud (at her first race)—And who did you say that gentleman in the checked suit was?

Mr. Straighttip—Oh, that is S—, the bookmaker.

Miss Rosebud (enthusiastically)—Do bring him up and introduce him. You know I dote upon authors.—Exchange.

Easily.

Cumso—What would you take to stand all night on bronze Penn's hat on the top of the city hall?

Bumso—A bad cold.—Philadelphia Call.

Henry Clay.

A Lexington merchant, in conversation with the editor of The Gazette a few days ago, related this interesting reminiscence of Henry Clay: "I remember when a youth and an enthusiastic Clay Whig of coming here during the canvass of 1844 from my home in Harrodsburg, with the Clay club of Mercer county, on whose banner was the motto, 'We Are Few, but True,' to unite in the celebration held that year in Lexington. The barbecue was given at the race track. There a number of distinguished orators addressed the multitude—among them Tom Corwin, Judge Ewing, probably James C. Jones of Tennessee. But after this half century, that which I now remember most distinctly and what most impressed me was this—that Mr. Clay did not go out to the grounds. He considered it beneath the dignity of a presidential candidate to electioneer. How well I remember seeing him, as the procession in which I walked passed his office (then with his son, James B. Clay, on Short street, near the engine house), standing in the doorway with his head uncovered, and with the rare grace which few men possessed, bowing to the passing multitude that was wild with huzzas, banners and music."—Lexington Gazette.

"WHEN ELI'S HAD HIS DINNER."

On long, hot Sunday afternoons,
When we've got home from meetin,
An Eli's changed his pantaloons,
He's awful set on eatin.
He's that outrageous cross 'twould shame
An unconverted sinner.
I have to stand a heap of blame
Till Eli's got his dinner.

An so I'm never very slow
To get the kettle bilin;
I call it duty, for I know
His temper is a spilin,
I warm the taters an the meat
An don't let nothin hinder,
An then I let the feller eat,
An Eli gets his dinner.

Now, Eli's not a greedy man,
But somehow, come a Sunday,
He'll eat a bigger dinner than
He'd think of on a Monday.
An when he's done he tips his chair
Back 'gainst the kitchen winder,
An soon you'll hear a snorin there
When Eli's got his dinner.

But when he's dozed a little while,
Half wakin an half sleepin,
He'll wake up in a better style
For Sunday an a deakin.
He'll talk so pious an so kind,
'Twould touch a hardened sinner;
A better man you'd never find
Than Eli after dinner.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

BIG TOM, CONVICT.

There were those who said that convict 1280 was innocent of the crime which sent him to prison for such a long term of years, but that there was scarce a hope of his ever being a free man again. They meant that he was technically guilty. He had sought to save a woman from a beating at the hands of her husband, and in the struggle and excitement he had struck a blow which caused the death of the man. It was accident, in a sense, but it was also manslaughter. No man who is a man will stand by and see a woman beaten, and yet if he interferes he must take his chances with the law. Big Tom, as the convict was sometimes referred to, was, like most big men, a child in his gentleness and good nature. He did not complain, but he grieved. He thought of the years and years which must drag away before the prison doors would open to him, and he moved about like a weak, old man. The prison officials felt pity for the man, but a convict is a convict, and all must be treated alike—all who show obedience to the rules. They sized him up as childlike and good natured, and yet they said to each other as they talked of him:

"Look out for Big Tom! He will break loose some day and do some desperate thing!"

They thought it would come during the first six months of his term—then during the second—then they almost became afraid of him. Men who are slow to anger—who go on grieving, brooding and bearing a mental burden for weeks and months are devils when the climax comes.

Big Tom had the management of the trip hammer in the machine shop. Had they put him in the shoe shop or tailor shop he would have rebelled at once. His place was beside the biggest piece of machinery in the shops, two pieces of machinery, as it were—Tom and Trip. Day by day and week by week and month by month, as the ponderous hammer rose and fell and its blows shook the very earth for yards around, making the convict smile and look proud, the guards had an eye on him and kept saying to each other:

"It will come. It is only delayed. When he breaks loose, he will kill some one and have to be killed in turn."

Nearly half of the second year had passed, and the giant convict had never even sulked, when one day there came into the shop as sightseers a husband, wife and little girl 4 or 5 years old. Children are seldom seen in prisons, and it is a rare thing that they are taken into the shops in the yards. If any one in that prison knew that convict 1280 had a daughter—a fair haired, handsome child, who could only walk alone when the jury pronounced his verdict of "guilty"—he had forgotten the fact. His wife had visited him as often as visitors were allowed, but the child had never been seen within the grim walls. Knowing that her husband had killed a man by accident, the wife could bear to see him wearing the horrible stripes of a convict, but to let the child look upon him, to gaze in wonder at the iron bars, to ask why all those men were there, a thousand times no! And so this was the first child Big Tom had seen since the heavy doors shut him in. Father, mother and child came close to him and gazed at the ponderous hammer with wondering eyes. You would have argued that the sight of the child would have softened the convict's heart and brought tears to his eyes, but it did not. It brought a feeling of madness, of desperation, of frenzy. To save a woman from a brutal beating at the hands of a drunken, worthless thing not fit to be classed with men he had struck a blow.

A jury had called it murder in the second degree, and he was here in prison on a sentence almost never ending. He had been wronged, and the knowledge of it fired his heart and brought the long expected outbreak. With a sudden cry which startled every one in the noisy shop Big Tom made a spring forward, seized the child in his arms, and there was a shout of defiance on his lips as he held her at arm's length and glared about him. The mother of the child gasped for breath and staggered back to the wall and sank down. The father stood staring, as if struck dumb, but presently held out his hands in silent supplication. Big Tom glowered and muttered in reply. He was a convict, a childless father. He was dead to his child—she was dead to him. He could not make another father's heart ache and throb and grieve as his did, but he would secure revenge.

After muttering he was silent. No one cried out. Guards and convicts were seemingly stupefied. There was the hum of machinery, but not of voices. Convicts turned from forge and anvil and bench and lathe and held their breath. The two shop guards leaned forward in their chairs and looked and looked, but they did not move or cry out.

"What will he do with the child?"

The two men working at the trip hammer with Big Tom had fallen back. He had control of the machinery which worked it. The answer to the question could be read in his eyes. Men had wronged him under cover of the law. He had been deprived of liberty, degraded and disgraced. Death were more merciful than such a sentence as his, and in dying he would secure revenge. A piece of iron had been left under the hammer. There was heard the sound of crash! crash! crash! as the mass of iron rose and fell at regular intervals—that sounded above the monotonous hum of the machinery.

"He will thrust her under the hammer!"

So thought each guard and each convict—so thought the father, whose feet seemed chained to the floor and whose face was whiter than the dead. One of the guards could have touched a button and signaled the engineer to shut off steam, but he did not move a hand. Either guard had a fair mark to shoot at, but their pistols were not lifted. Up and down—up and down went the hammer, but suddenly the belt was thrown over on the loose pulley and the mass rested on the anvil. It seemed to those who looked as if they had been looking through a mist—such a mist as rises from earth of a summer morning. It seemed to them that this mist thinned out—cleared away before the influence of a rising sun, and by and by they saw the child nestling on Big Tom's hairy breast, one hand smoothing his cheek, and seeming to come from a long distance off they heard her childish voice saying:

"No, you wouldn't hurt Nellie—you wouldn't hurt Nellie! What makes you cry? Have you got a little girl too? Won't they let you go home to see your little girl?"

And the convicts advanced step by step, and the guards crept forward, and lo! Big Tom's tears were falling as he hugged the child more tightly and kissed her fair hair and rosy cheek. There was silence yet—silence as he walked to and fro and wept and sobbed and lifted the child till she could clasp her tiny arms about his neck and rest her cheek against his. Not a whisper among the convicts—not a move from father or mother or the guards. By and by Big Tom placed the child in its father's arms, wiped the tears from his eyes on the sleeve of his striped jacket, and with a "God bless the little darling!" and a "Thank ye, sir!" he returned to his work, and the hammer was lifted and held in waiting for the hot iron to be placed on the anvil beneath.

The guards motioned for the other convicts to go back to their benches and forges, and a minute later the visitors had gone and work was in full blast. The long expected outbreak had come and gone. For 30 seconds Big Tom had felt such a raging hate in his soul that he was transformed into a human devil. The child had smiled into his burning eyes—her soft touch had lulled him—her words had brought back his reason. Was he punished? No! A year later he was pardoned, and today another fair haired, blue eyed, smiling child puts her arms about his neck and says:

"You are such a great, big papa, but you wouldn't never hurt nobody, would you?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Gentlemanly Profession.

A city man was lately asked to recommend a nice, gentlemanly profession in which a quick fortune could be made without risk. He replied that he knew of only two such professions, and they were both rather hard to get into. They were the professions of Kaffir millionaire and American railroad reorganizer. The Kaffir millionaire is not entirely unknown to our readers, but perhaps they are not so well acquainted with the railroad reorganizer. His native habitat is New York, and he is only to be seen in London as a bird of passage. He may honor us with his company for a few days when on his way to the Riviera or the upper Nile, but he would be making himself too cheap if he were to recognize such a thing as business when he "had only run over for a short holiday." His work here is done vicariously through sympathetic agents or public spirited committees. He has also committees in New York, and nowadays he finds it necessary to have syndicates and underwriters as well.

A playful professional fiction assumes that these committees have been elected by the reorganized bond and stock holders to protect their interests. Another pleasant illusion gives the syndicates and the underwriters credit for stepping into the deadly breach to save the reorganization scheme from imminent peril. And they have to be paid accordingly, or, in professional phraseology, "compensated."—Saturday Review.

Greely and Greeley.

"Do you know," said Representative Aldrich of Chicago, "meeting General Greely recently reminds me of a day at the World's fair, when we all stood with open mouth wonderment and interest, looking upon that scene, so graphically illustrated, of Greely and his little band of surviving explorers struggling with death and worse. At the same time we were listening with sadness to the eloquent recital which was given to groups of visitors every few moments by the attendant, when suddenly, during a pause in the proceedings, an old granger—that was his appearance—broke out feelingly, 'I allus thought it was a shame that Greely wa'n't elected president and said so to the Grant crowd to hum at the time.' "—Washington Post.

A Racial Difference.

There can be no question that very many of the differences, mental and bodily, that exist between the average Frenchman and the average Englishman are caused by the distinct methods of education that prevail on the different sides of the channel. You would not like your son's only schooling to be obtained in France. On the other hand, you have a pretty distinct belief that if French boys were sent over here young enough and put to good English schools, they would grow up into a very fair sort of Britons. A typical story of the ways of French schoolboys, with their ushers, is reported in recent morning papers. Some spirits had been smuggled into one of the dormitories—a thing, we fear, not altogether unknown in some English establishments. It is even conceivable that the English master who discovered the bottle would have confiscated it to his own use, but this would not have been at the invitation of his pupils. But the French pion in question was contented to make one of the party, and as he was not so used to rum as his pupils, he got so terribly drunk that he died. Happily for the French boys, their compulsory military service gives them an opportunity, later on for learning a little discipline.—Pall Mall Gazette.

What a vast deal of time and ease that man gains who is not troubled with the spirit of impertinent curiosity about others.—Anon.

The General of the Army, the General commanding the U. S. Corps of Engineers, Vice Pres. Webb of the New York Central, and John Jacob Aster, compose the Cosmopolitan Magazine's Board of Judges to decide the merits of the Horseless Carriage which will be entered in the May trials, for which the Cosmopolitan offers $3000 in prizes. This committee is undoubtedly the most distinguished that has ever consented to act upon the occasion of a trial of a new and useful invention. The interest which these gentlemen have shown in accepting places upon the committee is indicative of the importance of the subject, and that the contest itself will be watched with marked interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

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Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

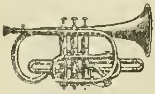
CINCINNATI, O., Mch. 19, 1896.—The demand for honey is fair Supply good. Price of best white comb 12 to 14c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Supply fair. Prices 25 to 30c per lb. for good to choice yellow.
CHAS. F. MUTH & SON,
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Mch. 19, 1896.—The demand for honey is good. Supply equal to the demand. Price of 1 lb. comb 11 to 14c per lb. Extracted 4½ to 6½c per pound. No beeswax on the market.
HAMBLIN & BEARSS, 514 Walnut St.

DETROIT, Mich., Mch. 19, 1896.—The demand for honey is slow. Moderate supply of good honey. Price of comb 12 to 13c per lb. Extracted 6 to 7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Fair supply. Prices 26 to 28c per lb. There is considerable poor comb honey in commission houses, some so unsightly as to be almost unsalable.
M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

ALBANY, N. Y., Mch. 18, 1896.—The demand for buckwheat honey is very good, but there is no clover on our market. Price of comb honey 8 to 10c per lb. Plenty of extracted but selling slow at 4 to 6c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Light supply. Prices 28 to 30c per lb. Every lady reader of the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER should send a 2 cent stamp for our Scripture Honey Cake Receipt.
CHAS. W. MCCULLOUGH & CO.

BOSTON, MASS., Mch. 20, 1896.—Good demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 14 to 15c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb. Fancy comb in cartons wanted. E. E. BLAKE & Co., 75 Chatham St.



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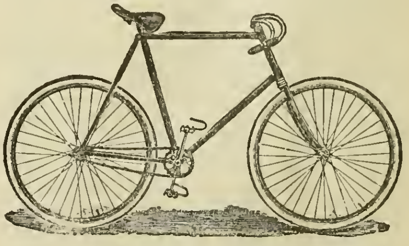

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

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A Flower Garden for Bees.

BY BESSIE L. PUTNAM.

The old custom of making bees and poultry "pick their own living" is now regarded as unprofitable; and pasturage for bees is one of the questions of major importance to the progressive apiarist. While there are several standard plants upon which to depend for the main supply, the multitude of those which yield a smaller quantity,—in many instances smaller because of the limited number of individual plants,—is not fully appreciated, the value of these auxiliaries underestimated, and a source which might easily be rendered of no mean importance permitted to remain undeveloped.

Flowers are now regarded as a necessary adjunct of the farmhouse,—a sort of index regarding the degree of refinement of its occupants. And why not, in making selections during the coming season, include a liberal supply of such as the bees can enjoy? The returns will really be three-fold. You will have the pleasure afforded by the flowers themselves, the enjoyment of seeing the busy little insects at work, and finally the fruits of their harvest.

One of the most beautiful and interesting annuals which the writer has recently grown is Cassia Chamaecriste, the Partridge Sensitive Pea, a native of sandy fields southward, and one of the indigenous plants now included in the catalogues of a few of the leading seedsmen. This plant was selected for ornament alone, but the crowd of bees which thronged about it so long as a blossom remained soon gave sufficient evidence regarding its utility. The foilage is pinnate, resembling that of the acacia or sensitive plant. While not sensitive to the touch like the latter, the leaflets close together at the close of day to re-open with the rising of the sun. Pressed specimens can only be secured in good shape by taking the portfolio to the garden, for the leaflets close as firmly shortly after being plucked as though taking their nocturnal rest. The flowers are more than an inch in diameter and of a bright yellow, the two upper petals being handsomely marked at the base with purple.

A distant relative of the cassia and a plant whose pea-shaped flowers at once proclaim it as one of the legumes has the three-fold virtue of being a dainty contribution to the flower vase, furnishing a wholesome and palitable material for soups, and attracting winged visitors by its nectar. The foilage of the lentil somewhat resembles that of the vetch, as do also the pale blue flowers. The pods contain small lens-shaped seeds, in fact the name of the lens originated from the Latin word for lentil, and was given on account of the close similarity in form to that of the seed of this plant. The seeds are a staple article of food in some parts of the Old World, and more than one family of emigrants has been homesick for the "linsen" of the Fatherland, seed of which they neglected to bring with them across the sea. The seeds are gathered and threshed when ripe in a manner similar to beans; they may be cooked in any way liked for beans or peas, while their smaller size renders them savory in much less time than that required for cooking our standard garden legumes.

The cleome, or spider flower, is curious and interesting, and its long spikes of white or pink form a fine background for plants of lower growth. The stamens are much longer than the clawed petals, and render the name spider plant a most appropriate one. Seeds are formed in long pods somewhat similar to those common in the mustard family, and after the first flowers become transformed into ripening fruit at the base of the raceme, the terminal buds still continue to form; thus a single spike will produce flowers for several consecutive weeks. Of this plant Prof. Cook says in his Bee-Keepers' Guide: "This plant thrives best in rich, damp, clay soil. It is only open for a little time before night-fall and at early dawn, but when open its huge drops of nectar keep the bees wild with excitement, calling them up even before daylight, and enticing them to the field long after dusk. This cultivated species, *Cleome pungens*, is a native of South America. A less showy species, though one perhaps even more valuable, is *C. integrifolia*, the Rocky Mountain bee plant, indigeous from Minnesota to Kansas, and frequently cultivated in gardens for its nectar.

Southern apiarists reap a rich harvest from the cotton blossoms. While we cannot afford to grow it in quantities here for the honey alone, a few plants in the garden will furnish in their large creamy or pinkish flowers and curious bolls, even though the latter fail to mature, a profitable subject of study for the children, and one that will delight the bees.

Then there are candytuft, sweet alyssum, mignonette, and many other plants almost indispensable to the flower lover, and while in small quantity not to be regarded as a material source of the honey crop, yet close at hand and alluring to the bees when not actively engaged on some of the staple plants. They may be reckoned akin to the knitting work with which the industrious housewife of olden times made use of the odd moments which would otherwise have been lost.

Let those inclined to make light of the small part which a flower bed would furnish to a colony of bees, repair to the crocus bed on the first sunny days. The blossoms are literally alive with the busy insects, which evidently want to make up for their long imprisonment, at least they never seemed more hard at work, and a first glance at them among the blossoms is sufficient to show that the latter furnish an abundance of pollen, to say the least. These bulbs can now be obtained for a trifle, and as they die to the ground after blooming, the space can later on be filled with annuals, while their bright faces, sparkling with the drops of the melting snows, are ever welcome harbingers of spring.

Transferring.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent writes, that he wishes I would tell him, through the columns of the American Bee-Keeper, how to transfer bees from box hives to movable frame hives, as he has purchased some bees in box hives which he wishes to transfer in the spring. The first requisite is to make some holes at the proper distance through the center of the sides, top and bottom bars of the frames, contained in the movable frame hives. These holes should be made with an awl or fine bit of the right size to take wire nails one and one-half inches in length. I make about three holes through each part of the frame, or twelve holes to each frame. Our correspondent says he wishes to transfer his bees in the spring. Bees can be transferred by a skillful hand at any time of the year, but for the unskilled there are only two really favorable times for transferring. The first is during fruit or apple bloom, and the second is twenty-one days after the first or prime swarm issues. If done in fruit bloom, comparitively little brood and honey is in the way, while honey is coming in to prevent robbing, as well as to enable bees to rapidly repair their combs. If done twenty-one days after swarming, there will be no brood in the hives except a little drone brood, so there will be no loss from cutting through it, as all the eggs laid by the old queen will now be hatched, while the young queen will only just be laying. Besides having the frame and nails ready, a board about two feet square will he necessary, and a barrel or box of convenient height for the operator, to place the board upon. On one side of the board should be tacked two or three thicknesses of cloth, stretched out straight and tight, so that the brood and combs will not be injured by placing them upon it, if you are not always careful in handling. Having these things in readiness, together with a long bladed knife, proceed to the hive and blow a few puffs of smoke in at the entrance to alarm the bees, when the box hive is to be turned bottom side up and the frame hive placed on the stand the box hive occupied. Blow a little more smoke over the exposed bottoms of the combs, and place the cap to the hive, or any suitable box, over the bottom of the hive, a little to one side, for the bees ta crawl into. It is often said that the box must fit so tightly that no bee can get out, and after having such a fit made, the bees must be drummed up into it by pounding upon the sides of the hive with small sticks; but I find that the tight joint is unnecessary and that all the drumming required is done by splitting the old hive apart, preparatory to cutting the combs out. Select the side of the hive to which the combs run parallel, if possible, and proceed to pry off the side of the hive, using a cold chisel to cut the nails if necessary. If there are cross sticks through the center of the hive, these must be cut off with a saw, or otherwise, so they can be twisted and worked out of the combs as soon as the first comb is out so you can get hold of them. By this time the bees will all be off the combs next to you, when the first one is to be cut out of the hive and laid on the prepared board. Now lay a frame on the comb, and mark the comb by the inside of the frame. Take off the frame and cut out the comb a hair larger than the marks, so that it will fit closely. Next press the frame over the comb until it is as nicely in place as if the comb had originally been built there, when the nails are to be pushed into the comb through the holes made for them, thus securing the comb in the frame as you have it fixed, when it is to be hung in the hive. To take the frame from the board, raise board and all until the frame stands in the position it will when hanging in the hive, when there will be no danger of the comb falling out, in lifting it. If you attempt to lift it otherwise, the honey which has run out will cause it to stick to the board, and this, together with the weight of the comb, will be quite liable to cause it to leave the frame in spite of your nails. Place the comb in the hive, when the bees which have returned from the field will take possession of it, licking up drip, etc. Proceed to cut out the rest of the combs and fit them in the frames in the same way until all are used, and set in the new hive, always placing them in the new hive in the same relative position as near as possible which they occupied before, otherwise much brood might be lost, should the weather become cold soon after transferring. If drone comb to any amount is found, this should be left out, for by so doing you will save the raising of a host of useless consumers. If many pieces of nice worker comb are made, by the combs not cutting to advantage, they can be fitted into the frames and fine wire wound around to hold them in place. If after you have used all the good comb you still do not have enough to fill all the frames, it is well to fill the other frames with comb foundation, as the bees will be likely to fill these frames with drone comb, if they are allowed to build comb in empty frames under these conditions. As soon as the combs are all in, and the inside work completed, close the hive, and hive the bees which are in the box into it the same as any hive would be swarmed. Now wait two or three days until the bees get the combs all repaired and fastened to the frames as they wish them, when you will open the hive and remove the wire nails, wire, or whatever you use to hold the combs in the frames, when you have your colony in your new hive in just as nice shape as if they had originally been hived in it. If a scarcity of honey exists at the time of transferring, so that robbing is liable to occur, you should wait until near sunset to do this work, or have a screen tent to set over you and the hive during the operation.

Borodino, N. Y.

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We will send the American Bee-Keeper one year with the Cosmopolitan for $1.25. The Cosmopolitan is a monthly magazine containing an average of over 100 pages and 80 illustrations each month.

Successful Beekeeping.

BY JNO. F. GATES.

This article will be devoted as nearly as possible to the method of handling or working bees in box hives through the four seasons of the year. But first I will say that I would not advise any one to abandon any plan of their own which has proven to be successful, but they could try my plan in addition to their own and see which is best. I am talking more especially to those who are in hard luck and have failed in all their plans.

Now we will commence in the spring, and supposing you have a few colonies left and believe my plan to be best, and you wish to adopt it. Perhaps your idea at first will be to rush your bees all into box hives, but don't do it that way. You must go slower. There is very much in this world that is done entirely too quickly and hastily. Don't always do a thing the first time you think of it, but think of it a number of times before you do it, and if it suits you then do a little of it.

You could make a few box hives 12 or 13 inches square by 24 inches high, or any size within an inch or two of those figures just as your lumber happens to come, for there is nothing particular about a few inches in the size of hives for breeding as no cases are used on them. Nail the top on, and bore a couple of half inch holes in the top, which if dug open every fall will give ventilation enough perhaps. Put in old fashioned cross sticks about one inch square mid-way in the hive, and nail them in. Leave the front board ⅜ of an inch shorter than the sides and back for an entrance clear across the hive. Lay some blocks over the holes in the top of the hive, and make a loose box about 6 or 8 inches high that will cover the top of the hive, and place it on it and your hive is done.

You see there is no frame, no comb guides, nothing in the hive but two cross sticks, and right there is where success is commenced, for the bees are not compelled to follow out any unnatural method as they are obliged to do when on frames and starters; but they are at liberty to build their combs in their own natural way, and will richly repay you for giving them the privilege. Now I would put the first swarms in these box hives, and as each one is hived move the old colony to a new stand as far away from where it stood as convenient, and place the box hive where the old one stood.

Now, here is where you will begin to squeal, as some perhaps will, for they at once see that this plan has put an end to surplus honey for that season. Well, most certainly it has; but can't you see that a little present gain given over to its just owners will bring large profits in the future? "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return." "Such measure as ye give to others shall be measured to you again."

My plan is a little slow, but sure. If you growl about one year given to set you right so you can go ahead and keep ahead, why don't you growl about the many years that you have lost without any profit or practical results for good at all? Why don't you growl because you can't pick ten bushels of apples off of each of your trees which are a year old? Oh, yes! I see; if you could you would and you would growl if you could not, but as you can not you are willing to show a magnanimous spirit and give those trees ten or more years to produce their first bushel of fruit. Now won't you give your bees one year to get entrenched so that every winter wind will not dislodge them or blow the life out of them? They would be fully as safe I think as your apple trees. Then an apiary would be as solid an investment as your trees, and should be raised by the acre and evenly distributed through every orchard on every farm. Then people could have honey, and those people who get sick because they think twice in succession without resting, would smile a sad smile, and say that the day of sugar honey and "cunningality" is passed, and that farmers were surely contriving to protect their own interests, and perhaps would soon be making sugar out of honey, thus destroying the sugar cane industry.

Well, now, to come back to my subject; did you ever notice in box hives how far apart the combs are that give the bees their natural clustering place or nest? That is why they winter well, and if they winter well your success is assured because the winter problem is all that stands in the way of success with the majority of bee keepers.

If you have plenty of large breeding colonies you have about as safe an investment for an income as a man can have unless you invest in real estate.

Well, as fall approaches you won't be bothered with robber bees, so you can stop worrying for once in your life about the robbing problem, for the robbing bee would be pretty well jaded after getting through with the guards of such hives, and would be apt warn his friends to keep away; yet it is well enough to watch them some. Late in the fall take the blocks off the holes on top of the hives, and dig out the glue so as to be sure the holes are open for ventilation. This I believe to be the most important part, for no matter how large a hive is the moisture must be carried off.

Do not disturb the bees in winter by digging at the hive entrance to keep it open. As a general thing you can, and it is better to let them alone, and I believe it would be better to do so. If I should say be careful not to let the entrance get clogged with ice, some might be after them every day with broom, shovel, tongs, hammers, knives, etc. In the spring let them alone also, except to cover the holes in the top of the hive. When they swarm you will admit that a bee keeper is a poor stick that could not get from eight to fifteen or twenty dollars worth of honey from the swarms of each breeder by putting them in as small hives as they can stay in and pressing them for all they are worth, and do with them as you please afterwards. The old breeders can go on the even tenor of their way year after year, and you will rejoice not only in the hope but the certainty of your success in bee keeping.

Ovid, Penn'a.

Bees and Chickens.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

In the March number of the American Bee Keeper Mrs. Oliver Cole asks to hear from those who have tried keeping bees and chickens in the same yard. I have had several years experience in keeping bees and poultry in the same yard, and have never had any trouble outside of what scratching they do.

I have my home yard of some 150 colonies well set with fruit trees, such as peach. plum, cherry, etc., also some grape vines. This gives shade for the apiarist and bees; and at the same time I have a nice lot of bloom for my bees, and a very nice crop of fruit for myself. It also gives the bees a chance to cluster at swarming time without getting away from the apiary, and settling in the top of some big tree. It also improves the looks of the place, and I always like to see see things neat and tidy; in fact the appearance of a place has a great deal to do with encouraging or discouraging us in our work. The trees and vines need some cultivation, and that is the time when I do not enjoy having chickens around; at least not until after we had a rain to settle the ground some.

My object in keeping bees and poultry in the same yard is to keep poultry among the fruit trees, having read at different times that poultry would destroy many insects that injure fruit and fruit trees. If my chickens have ever eaten bees, or even drones. I have never seen them do it; and I have never known my poultry to be stung. At one time I noticed a pullet that acted as though it had been stung, and for several days acted as if in great pain, and also seemed to have lost sight to a certain extent, but in a few days was all right. This may have been caused by a bee sting, but I do not know.

If any great evil existed in keeping bees and poultry in the same yard I should know something of it by this time, as this yard is where I breed my queens, and I spend a great deal of my time there, and so would be able to observe what is going on.

Steeleville, Ill.

United States Association of Bee Keepers' Societies.

BY W. F. MARKS.

The bee keepers of this country need a National Association, organized on business principles that are systematic and representative. Did it ever occur to you how absurd it is for a few individuals to meet and organize an association, elect a *few honorary* members from various localities, give the association a *big name*, and imagine that *they* constitute or represent the bee keepers of this great country? Such an organization *never has had*, *never will have* and *does not deserve* the *confidence* or *respect* of the bee keepers of this country. There is no use of trying to fix up any dead or dying so-called organization for any purpose. Let us, as G. W. Broadbeck suggests, begin and build up through representatives from the various State, County and District Bee Keepers' Societies, that are or may be organized, a National Society. It will be representative from the start and will command the respect of not only the bee keepers and all other citizens, but of the National and every State Government. Such an organization will not only control but can demand and dictate legislation pertaining to our industry. We want an organization that *can not* be controlled by a few individuals for personal or selfish ends, an organization organized for business purposes, and controlled by Bee Keepers' Societies from every part of this country, where every Society and every member will have an equal voice in its management. I would respectfully call the attention of all bee keepers and Bee Keepers' Societies in the country to this subject and trust that its agitation will lead to an organization that will be a credit to our industry for all time.

Chapinville, N. Y., April 20, 1896.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO., Gentlemen: The bee hives came all safe and sound; everything entirely O. K. We have got them all put together and find everything entirely satisfactory, and are much pleased with them. When in want of more goods will let you know. Yours truly,

Paris, Apr. 4. A. W. BURRITT.

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO., Gentlemen: I received the goods some days ago, and found them in good order, and the goods are first class. I am very well satisfied with them.

Yours truly,

Taylor, Apr. 7. HENRY R. FRITZ.

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO., Gentlemen: The goods were received O. K., and are very nice. I am very much pleased with them. Thanking you for your promptness, and for such nice goods, I remain, Yours truly,

So. Easton, Apr. 6. CHAS. W. HILL.

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO., Gentlemen: The hives arrived O. K., and everything in first class order. I have put them together and they are daisies. Every joint fits like "der paper on der vall."

Yours respectfully,

H. H. DECKER.

Johnsonburg, March 16.

* * *

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

OUR EXTRACTOR

(From Progressive Bee-Keeper.)

BREEDING FOR IMPROVEMENT.

DR. C. C. MILLER.

Every now and then someone talks about making improvements in bees by properly breeding them, and pretty generally that is understood as referring to scientific breeders that are away beyond us every-day bee-keepers. What I want to do just now is to make clear as I can the belief that every bee keeper who has three colonies of bees in movable comb hives, can do something toward improving his stock. I'm not sure that he might do so with only two colonies in box hives.

Indeed I don't believe it needs any great amount of skill to develop strains noted for excellence in some one given direction. To be sure, there is the difficulty that we cannot control the fecundation of our queens, and that's a bad drawback, but then we have as an offset that queens can be bred very rapidly, allowing us to reach many generations in a very few years. Besides, even if we can't control fecundation, and can't control the drones that are about us, we can gradually change the character of all. Everyone knows this who has perseveringly bred Italians with blacks all around him. At first most of his queens would meet black drones, but by and by his neighbors' bees would be so changed in character that blacks would no longer be in consideration.

Look at what has been done by constant selection of the yellowest bees to breed from. The three bands have been increased in numbers until a solid yellow has been obtained. Then there are Dr. Murdock's bees bred for size. I had some natural comb of their building, no foundation being used, and the worker cells instead of measuring five to the inch, were four and a half, and some of them nearly as large as ordinary drone cells. J. McArthur has secured a strain of bees that do not sting under ordinary, or even extraordinary, provocation, such a thing as kicking over their hives not serving to irritate them.

Now what are the things to observe in rearing bees? I don't think the matter is too complicated for the very inexperienced. Select your best queens to breed from. That's one thing, and that's about the only thing generally looked after. But you'll get on twice as fast if you'll pay attention to the males as well as to the females. In some cases a good deal more than twice as fast, for only through the drones can you make any impression on the bees surrounding you, unless indeed you can get your neighbors to introduce the right kind of queens.

I suppose any man would be called foolish who should pay no attention to what colonies he raised queens from, but should be careful to suppress all drones except those from the best working colonies. But he might get on full better than he who takes the greatest pains as to his queens without looking after the drones.

In selecting colonies to breed from, it isn't best to depend entirely on those which produce the most bees. A queen may be very prolific, but if her bees do so little at gathering that the immense amount of brood prevents accumulation of surplus, what good is she?

But it's pretty safe to go by the actual work accomplished by a colony. If queens are raised from colonies that have given best results in the matter of surplus, and if the queens thus raised meet drones from other colonies equally good, there is likely to be improvement, at the same time not forgetting an occasional infusion of new blood.

Two or three writers have lately urged the importance of attention to the matter of longevity in bees. It is claimed that some strains of bees live longer than others. If this be true, it is quite important. A colony of bees whose workers should live a week longer than the average ought to do a fourth more work. For if the life of a worker be 42 days, and if it commences gathering when 16 days old, that leaves 26 days for field work, and a week would be more than a fourth of that. But I confess it may not be the easiest thing in the world to find what your longest lived bees are.

Much easier will it be to determine another thing that in some localities at least might be of very great importance. I refer to the length of bees' tongues. Glossometers have been invented by which the length of bees' tongues can be accurately measured. A Frenchman, M. Legros, has invented perhaps the best, and he finds the average length of a bees' tongue is a shade more than a fourth of an inch, and by careful selection he has succeeded in having a strain with tongues about a sixth longer. At first thought it may appear a difficult thing to measure a bees' tongue, but the matter is very simple. The arrangement is such that you can easily see how far down the honey is emptied in a dish covered with gratings through which the bees reach their tongues.

I have nothing to say against yellow bees—there may be good ones among them, and there may be bad ones—but I believe that if as much attention had been given to some of the points I have mentioned, leaving color to take care of itseif, we might have more valuable bees today. And I believe that any bee-keeper can do something to establish improvement.

Marengo, Ills.

(From American Bee Journal).

THE PAST AND PRESENT OF BEE-KEEPING.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

Having occasion, lately, to look over an old diary to find something that was called in question, I ran across an item which was written by a friend to prove that bee-keeping was always to be a lucrative business, which item read as follows:

> "Notwithstanding the great demand for bees, and the immense quantities of honey that are produced from year to year, the amount largely increasing each year, I do not see any reason to think that overstocking or overproduction is a factor that need trouble us in this generation. At any rate I don't see that the price of nice honey is any lower than years ago."

This was written in 1884, or about 12 years ago, and in reading there was a strange sound to it; strange, not only from the standpoint of 1896, but from the standpoint of 1869, as well, at which time I commenced to keep bees. I fell to wondering if "this generation" that existed 12 years ago had passed away, for surely, if I read our present bee literature aright, both "overstocking" and "overproduction" are causing a wail to come from nearly every hand. Hear Mr. Hutchinson tell in the Review how the forests have been cut off, the swamps been dried and the fence-corners cleaned out, till the flora which we had a few years ago—which invited the little busy bee to a sumptuous feast—was becoming nearly as scarce as the trails of the Indian. Then hear Dr. Miller, and others, asking if the good old times will ever come again? All of which point to the fact, that whether overstocked or not, from some reason the average bee keeper does not secure the average good crops of honey that they did years ago.

Then look at the talk of low prices, the planning to form a honey association, and the censure of our commission men, who realize only 10c a pound for nice white comb honey to their consignors, where they sell at 14c., and ask yourself if overproduction is not figuring in this matter of low prices. If it is not overproduction that makes the low prices for honey, what is it? Commission men were not formerly criticized for charging 10 per cent., for that was the usual charge during the early seventies. All must admit that the market price of honey is much lower than it formerly was, and when 10 per cent. is taken from a low price it hurts the honey producer much worse than it does to have the same per cent. taken from a high price. Some honey producers can sell their honey to advantage about home, in neighboring villages, but the large producer must always seek a market for his produce in the large cities, and the price obtained in these cities has very much to do with home prices; hence the "market price" is what we have to look to in determining whether overproduction has had anything to do with the matter of prices.

I commenced bee keeping 27 years ago the present spring, and at that time honey in six pound boxes, having glass on two sides, brought 25c per pound, delivered at the railroad, while in the fall of 1869 I was offered by a party from New York city, 50c per pound for the little I had. the advance of 100 per cent. being caused by a very poor season during 1869, so that the supply was very much less than the demand.

The season of 1870 being an extra good one, the price fell back to 25c again, at which price I sold my crop of that year, as well as that of 1871 and 1872. Owing to the loss of bees during the preceding winter, the supply was insufficient again, so that in the fall of 1873 I sold at 27c., taking my whole crop, light and dark, together, while in 1874 I received 28½c per pound for the whole of my crop. Those prices brought more persons into the business, which, with but little loss in wintering, caused honey to drop, so that 26c was the price I obtained in 1875, while in 1876 the supply was again adequate to the demand, and 25c was the selling price.

That the readers of the American Bee Journal may know something of the past, without going over the matter for themselves, I have carefully looked up the market reports as given in our bee papers, and here give an average of quotations as I found them. For 1874, 28 to 30c.; 1875, 27 to 30; 1876, 23 to 25; 1877, 20 to 22; 1878, 12 to 16; 1879, 20 to 22; 1880, 18 to 20; 1881, 18 to 22; 1882, 22 to 25; 1883, 18 to 20; 1884, 17 to 19; 1885, 15 to 18; 1886, 14 to 16; and during the past 10 years the prices have ranged between those of 1886 and the 13 to 15c of the present. Previous to 1874 I fail to find any quotations in any of the bee papers which I have.

From the above it will be seen that honey quotations at present, and for the past 10 years, are fully 100 per cent. lower than they were in the early seventies. Another thing, which is, that honey in such shape as was sold from 1868 to 1873 at 25c or above per pound, would not net today over 6 to 8c in any market. To bring from 13 to 15c now, honey must be very fancy, in one pound sections, without glass, which means nearly if not quite six times the labor and expense to the bee keeper that six pounds of honey, in one box, meant 25 to 30 years ago, so that honey really does not bring, taking all these items into consideration, much more than one-third what it did "years ago." Wherein lies the trouble? Is it not overproduction, which my old friend of years ago said would be no factor "in this generation?" If not in overproduction, wherein does it lie? Will not some one tell us, for when we know the cause we may be able to apply a remedy?

Borodino, N. Y.

(From the Southland Queen).

CARNIOLAN BEES.

BY C. B. BANKSTON.

I am frequently asked to give my experience with Carniolan bees, and will do so.

There are some things about this race of bees that are a little strange.

We queen breeders very often allow our colonies to go queenless for quite a while. With Italians this does not matter so much, but with the Carniolans it has a bad effect, for those that I have left queenless have always turned out a regular mess of laying workers. Last spring I purchased a fine breeder. She raised a large swarm of workers and died out. They raised a young queen and she was lost on her mating trip, and in a few days apparently the whole swarm began laying, and I never saw just such a mess. I introduced a queen but she never done any good. She was very prolific, but the workers continued to fill the combs with their eggs in such numbers that no brood could be raised, and they finally dwindled down to a handfull and starved out. During a honey flow I slipped a queen in at last and left another hive queenless for about two weeks. This being so late in the season, I did not think the workers would lay, but they did. I introduced a queen, and the workers continued to lay and they are still at it. They have consumed twice as much honey as any other hive in the yard. I do not know that this condition of affairs is characteristic of the Carniolan bees or not, as I have had only one year's experience in rearing them. But there is one thing I do know, that in all my experience with other races I have never had as bad cases of laying workers as I have described above. The bees are good workers and fine breeders, most excellent cell builders, and very gentle when pure, but when cross-mated with other bees, will sting you all over in a minute. If I was running my bees for increase I would prefer the Carniolans, as they seem to increase faster than the Italians. They are better comb honey producers than the pure Italians, but for extracted honey I am like Judge Terrell; give me the pure Italians—they swarm less and get the most honey. If I was a honey producer and knew what I do about the two races of bees, I don't know that I would spend much money in exchanging one for the other, as they are both good enough. In queen rearing I believe the Carniolans are the best, especially where cells are built above a queen excluder.

Chriesman, Texas.

(From the American Bee Journal.)

POISONOUS HONEY.—DO BEES GATHER IT?

BY ED. JOLLEY.

"APIS VIRUM" IN ALL HONEY.

Novice desires the readers of the Bee Journal, who keep bees where mountain laurels grow, to speak as to the wholesomeness of honey gathered from it. He gives a very good description of mountain laurel as it grows hereabouts. It grows in great abundance on the mountains of Pennsylvania; and the bees work some on it, but not enough to get much surplus from it. I believe the honey has never been known to injure any one here, nor does it seem to have any deleterious effect on the bees. The leaves of the shrub are generally conceded to be poisonous. I never knew cows to eat it here, but sheep, left to their own resources too early in the spring, have been known to eat it, and it generally resulted in giving the owner a job of picking the wool off their dead carcasses, too. The blossoms are generally considered to be harmless. The boys living near enough, gather and sell great quantities to the city folks, and I have never heard of any one being poisoned by them.

Like Novice, I, too, am somewhat skeptical about poisonous honey. I would like to see some of the so-called poisonous honey sent to a chemist for a chemical analysis. I have known horses to be made very sick by being turned into a nice field of clover, and have heard of them even dying from the same cause, but that would not warrant any one in saying that green clover was poisonons. The danger was in the eating to excess of food to which they were not accustomed.

As a matter af fact, there is more or less poison in all honey, as in nearly everything else we eat. The mite of poison that the Author of Nature has compounded with the various things we eat, is as necessary and indispensible to our well being as any of their other properties. All honey contains more or less *Apis virum*, which, as a drug, is a powerful and deadly poison. If we consider the very small amount of this poison that is injected into the body by the sting of a bee, and note the effect on those that are not used to being stung, we may have an idea how powertul this poison really is.

When I first began keeping bees, a sting within two or three inches of the eye was sufficient to nearly close it, and the effect would last for a day or two, but now I am so inculcated with this poison that it has little or no effect. In those days, too, if I ate honey with any degree of excess, a violent pain in my stomach was sure to follow. This, too, passed gradually away on becoming used to honey. Now, if I had not been interested in bees, and had bought honey of uncertain source, and had been seized with violent cramps in the stomach shortly after eating it, I might well have been excused for saying and thinking that the honey was poisonous. It is owing to the presence of *Apis virum* in honey that so many people are benefited by its use.

The *Apis virum* makes honey really a medicine for several diseases. If more honey was used there would be less backache and kidney trouble ; so says Dr. J. M. Wallace, late of Cleveland, Ohio, but now of this city, for whom I have extracted considerable *Apis virum*. He says it is one of the most potent of drugs in the treatment of kidney diseases and Bright's disease, and many others. He says that the virtue of *Apis virum* is becoming better known and appreciated by the medical fraternity, day by day, and that it will be used in much larger quantities in the future than heretofore.

I collected and sold considerable *Apis virum* last season, and have two orders standing now to be filled as soon as possible. I intend to try to work up an extensive trade in *Apis virum*. I have invented a device for extracting it from the bees without injuring them, and by which I can extract as much in one hour as a small army can do with tweezers. If the readers of the Bee Journal are interested, and want to know more about this department of bee culture, I will describe it more fully some other time.

Franklin, Pa.

"How to Manage Bees," a 50c book, and the American Bee-Keeper a year for only 60c.

THE LAST DUELS IN AMERICA.

The last duel occured in Augusta county, early Saturday morning, June 30, 1883. The penultimate one came off near Richmond, at sunrise on Sunday, June 6, 1880. Nobody was killed in either, fortunately; but one who was a principal in each of them was dangerously wounded in both. The last fatal duel was that between Mordecai and McCarty, which was fought near Richmond in 1872, wherein Mordecai was killed and McCarty very badly wounded.—*W. C. Elam, in May* LIPPINCOTT'S.

SPRING FEVER IN THE FEET.

If that very painful and troublesome complaint, spring fever in the feet, is present, the hot foot-bath should be used every night, adding a spoonful of alum to the salt and mustard, and rubbing the feet afterwards with alcohol and lemon-juice in equal proportions, or with a weak solution of carbolic acid. This treatment will speedily reduce the swelling, and the tired feeling and soreness are at once relieved by either lotion. They are so valuable remedies that they ought to be on every toilet-table. —*From "Spring Ailments," in Demorest's Magazine for April.*

PRIZES FOR OUR READERS.

The publishers of the LADIES' EVERY SATURDAY will give $70.00 in Gold, besides Gold Watches, Silver Tea Sets, Fruit Services, Silver Water Pitchers, Silver Fern Dishes, Silver Coffee Cups and Saucers, Silver Knives and Forks, all of good plate, also Genuine Diamond Rings, Music Boxes, Boudoir Clocks, China Sets Sewing Machines, Chafiing Dishes, etc., in order of merit, to those sending the largest number of words made from the letters contained in the two words, "L-A-D-I-E-S' W-E-E-K-L-Y."

LADIES' EVERY SATURDAY is an up to date, illustrated weekly for women and girls with over 40,000 circulation. The publishers are actually giving away thousands of dollars to introduce their charming sixteen page journal into new homes, and will offer one of the above rewards to any person sending a list of not less than fifty words. Three two-cent stamps must be enclosed with name and address, for sample number, containing full particulars and names and addresses of hundreds who have already received valuable rewards. Stamps refunded to any one having cause for complaint. Write at once and address, LADIES' EVERY SATURDAY, "D," 920 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Philadelphia Daily Call says, "Ladies' Every Saturday is vivacious and captivating." Philadelphia Evening Star says, "The prosperity of the Ladies' Every Saturday is not to be wondered at." The Philadelphia Daily News says, "Ladies' Every Saturday is firmly entrenched in the favor of the fair sex, especially in Philadelphia." The Philadelphia Public Ledger says, "The Editor of Ladies' Every Saturday gives full measure for the cost." Philadelphia Record says, "Ladies' Every Saturday bids fair to become a most welcome weekly visitor."

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N H. will keep a complete supply of our goods during the coming season and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

We will send the Farm Journal, (Phila.) and the Bee-Keeper one year for 50c, or will send the Farm Journal one year to everyone who owe a year or more subscription and will pay up. (Mention this offer).

We have a quantity of Alley Drone and Queen Trap patterns of 1894 which will be sold at 25c each, regular price 50c. These Traps are just as good for practical purposes as those of more recent pattern.

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EDITORIAL.

In another column will be found some very sound suggestions in regard to the organization of a representative National Bee Keepers' Association. Such an organization is much needed. There are numerous local societies of more or less prominence throughout the country whose combined efforts in any one direction would almost invariably be rewarded by success. These societies represent thousands of bee keepers. If a National organization could be formed on a plan of one representative for each certain number of local members, such representatives being sent by each society and his expenses paid by the society represented, an organization would exist which would be representative and whose deliberations and actions would be of unquestioned weight. The present so-called organization which meets annually under the name of the North-American Bee Keepers' Association is of the utmost uselessness to anyone outside of those who attend. A few who can afford to stand the expense for the sake of the "good time" they have, and the direct and indirect pecuniary benefits derived, attend these meetings, read and hear read a few old ideas in new guises, "hobnob" with each other for a day or two, then go home and dream over the "nice time" all winter. But as we have said before, no benefit is derived by the bee keepers generally who do not attend. This is all right as far as it goes. The members "pay their money and take their choice," and those who do not go or belong have no reason to grumble, for it costs them nothing, but what we want is something representative, an organization of such a size and make up that it will count among its members many men of brains, who will act for the general good and have the authority and backing to enforce their acts. Let us organize a National Bee Keepers Association that *is* National. Further suggestions are in order. Let us hear them.

Elsewhere we reprint an article by G. M. Doolittle, (from the Am. Bee Journal), on "The Past and Present of Bee Keeping," wherein he brings up the question of the prevailing low prices of honey during the past few years. Up to 1875 the market price of comb honey seldom fell below 22c a pound. Since then the price has gradually declined until 15c has been the highest limit in most markets for the past four or five years. Mr. Doolittle thinks overproduction is the cause, but this can hardly be the case. We believe today there are fewer bees kept throughout the country than at any previous time for ten years. In Western New York a few years ago one could pass along the country roads and see apiaries on every hand. Today they are a rarity. In some Western States they have undoubtedly very much increased in numbers, but the decrease in the East has more than counterbalanced such increase. There are, undoubtedly, several causes for low prices. For the past few years sugar has been very low in price. Sugar syrup and glucose also is now extensively used in the manufacture of goods where formerly honey was used. Wages are much lower than they were a few years ago, thus restricting the ability of many former customers to buy honey, it being classed among luxuries, and above all the prices of almost everything have materially declined and why not honey ?

Reduction of Prices.

FOUNDATION has been reduced 3c a pound from prices in our 1896 catalog. This is owing to the lower price of wax.

OUR No. 1 FALCON POLISHED SECTIONS we now offer at $2.50 for 1000, $4.50 for 2000, $6.40 for 3000, $10 for 5000. Less than 1000 same prices as formerly.

BEESWAX is lower. We are now paying 25c cash or 28c in trade, per pound, delivered at our railroad station, (Falconer, N. Y). This price is not guaranteed. We will pay highest market price when wax is received. Prices are liable to be reduced again within a short time. If you have any wax to sell it is advisable to send it now.

We will duplicate the prices on hives and supplies offered by any first class manufacturers — and in many cases can do even better by you than anyone else.

Christmas Tips.

One of the objections to Christmas boxes, writes James Payn, is that one is seldom quite certain whether one is giving to the right people. Dumas tells us that he took some pains to discover one Christmas day what he was paying for. A second lamplighter excited his suspicions. "I have already made my little present," he said, "to the man that lights the street lamp." "Yes, sir," returned the other, "but I am the man who puts it out."

Spurgeon's Points For the Preachers.

"Mind you avoid inappropriate texts," said Mr. Spurgeon one day to his college students. "One brother preached on the loss of a ship with all hands on board from 'So he bringeth them to their desired haven,' and another returning from his marriage holiday: 'The troubles of my heart are enlarged. Oh, bring me out of my distress!' Mind your figures of speech are not cracked. Don't talk like the brother who said, 'I fly from star to star, from cherry beam to cherry beam.' Get among your people or somebody may be saying of you, as one old lady said of her minister, that he was invisible all the week and incomprehensible on Sundays. Shun all affectation in the pulpit, and mind you never get into the goody goody style. One of this sort said, 'I was reading this morning in dear Hebrews.' "—New York Observer.

SOLACE.

De summer's sumpin mighty gay,
  De winter's mighty sober,
But jes' betwix 'em an between
  Am gorgeous ole October.
So doan' git downcas' 'bout de fros'
  Dat mek yer bu'n de wood;
De 'simmon am a-ripenin an
  De 'possum's gittin good.

De watahmillion's done played out,
  But dah am joy in sight;
De punkin's mighty temptin ef
  Yoh only cooks it right.
So take yoh pardners an rejoice
  De way dat people should;
De 'simmon am a-ripenin an
  De 'possum's gittin good.

—Boston Globe.

FOR ANOTHER'S SIN.

Sir Mortimer Barbican was an old man, one of the old types of English aristocrats—fiery, imperious and inordinately proud of the integrity of his name and ancestry. At the time I went into his employ, years ago now, he was living alone with his only daughter at his family seat in Gloucestershire.

A strange looking, tall lady was Miss Linda Barbican, with large, black eyes and pale, hard set features, bearing the traces of some inward sorrow.

Sir Mortimer, I learned, had had a son, whom he had disinherited and disowned, owing to some act which had brought dishonor on the name of Barbican, and he forbade all mention of the scapegrace of the family.

A young man, shabbily dressed, with a reckless albeit a handsome face, stood on the doorstep and scanned me nervously as I looked questioningly at him.

"Is my—is Sir Mortimer Barbican disengaged?" he asked huskily.

"Yes, sir," I answered. "Will you please come in?"

"Is there any one in the library?"

"No, sir."

"Then show me in and tell your master I must see him."

"Very well, sir! What name shall I give?"

"Oh, never mind the name! He'll know me fast enough," he added bitterly.

Sir Mortimer looked up in a surprised way when I communicated to him that a visitor had arrived, and wished to see him. He opened the door and strode into the room.

"Father!"

That was all. One short, despairing cry, and father and son stood face to face once more.

A gray, drawn look stole over my master's face as for a brief moment he stood eying the prodigal who had so mysteriously reappeared. Then he found his tongue.

"So it is you, you hound!" he said, his features working strangely, while there was a tone of suppressed rage in his voice; "it is you, is it? Have you forgotten how we parted? Have you forgotten," his voice rising ominously, "how I cast you off and forbade you ever to step in my house again? Be off before I forget myself and whip you out, as you deserve."

"I will speak," cried the younger man. "As there is a God in heaven, I am innocent! But since you will not hear me, I will not try to save you. May it be on your own head, and may you reap as you have sown! But you will have the comforting assurance of knowing that you have sent me to the devil, and I curse you!" And, striding from the room, the younger man passed out into the hall.

I hastened to open the door for him. As he was passing out into the night he turned.

"You are a stranger to me," he said, after a brief space, "but your face looks like an honest one. If you can contrive it, meet me tomorrow, about this time, at the drive gate. It is a matter of life and death."

The next morning after breakfast Sir Mortimer turned to me and said:

"If you value your situation here, Parkin, you will bear this in mind: Not a word of what you saw and heard last night, and never mention my—my son's name to me again under pain of instant dismissal. That is all."

It was with some feeling of trepidation that I repaired to the trysting place that same evening to await the arrival of the disinherited son. Having inquired my name, he began:

"You must first know how I came to be in this plight. Some years ago a forged check in my father's name was discovered. Suspicion at once fell on me, and, though innocent, I was at once branded as guilty by my father. He did not wish to have the family name dragged into court, so he took the easier course of disinheriting me and casting me off entirely. My enemy, whoover he was—and heaven knows I thought I had none worth speaking of—had done his work well. I became a frequenter of the turf, a gambler, and nearly—but, thank heaven, not quite—a thief. I was tempted some few weeks ago to join a band of burglars who contemplated robbing my father's house. But though I had sunk low I was not quite bad enough for that, and, overcome with remorse, I determined to seek an audience with my father and warn him of his danger. The result of that interview you know, and"—

Here he broke off abruptly, a queer break in his voice.

I will pass over the rest of our conversation and merely state the plan which the remorse stricken man had formed to checkmate the robbers.

I must explain that at the back of the house was a courtyard, shut in on three sides by the kitchen premises of the house. It was a small window—that of the pantry—which was to be the mode of ingress. Young Mr. Geoffrey—that was the son's name—was to lead the burglars in their enterprise. He would conduct them through the window, and then, with the aid of myself and Sir Mortimer, whom I was to apprise of the robbers' advent, would help to overpower the others, two desperadoes, for they had not wished to have too many concerned in the job.

Friday came, and it was, I am bound to confess, with no slight feelings of apprehension that I looked forward to the work which was before me, for I was no fighting man. Of course I had not mentioned the meditated robbery to the baronet, for that would have spoiled everything.

At 12 o clock I stole noiselessly down to the kitchen and quietly waited till the burglars should arrive. I had not long to wait. I heard the muffled sound which warned me that they had commenced operations, and, slipping away as noiselessly as I had come, I departed to apprise my master of the outrage on his property.

I found him sitting in his bedroom on a chair, clad in his dressing gown and slippers. His face was buried in his hands, and he was evidently lost in thought. At my entrance he started violently up and gazed with wonderment, not unmixed with anger, at me, as I intruded myself on his solitude. I at once came to the point.

"Sir," I said, "there are burglars trying to force an entrance at the back."

Now, my master's bedroom was at the extreme wing of the building, so that had it not been for the fact that I already knew of the contemplated robbery he would probably have heard nothing of the burglars, taking for granted that they succeeded in reahing the dining room, where the family plate—their object—was secured.

He gazed at me curiously for a few seconds and then calmly walked across the room to his chest of drawers, which he opened, taking therefrom a small revolver, which he slipped into his pocket, handing another to me at the same time.

Sir Mortimer took the lead, and, following close behind him, I noiselessly stole along at his heels. Arrived at the kitchen door, the sounds inside told us we had come at the right moment. The baronet threw open the door. The gas had been lighted, and standing in the middle of the room were the three men, young Mr. Geoffrey, apart from the other two, pallid and haggard looking.

And then I do not rightly know what happened, it was all done so quickly.

Sir Mortimer, stepping calmly into the room, raised his revolver and fired at his son, who was waiting for me, who had lost all presence of mind, to act on the initiative. With a groan he threw up his arms and fell forward with a dull thud on the stone floor. The other two did not wait for more, but with incredible swiftness darted through the pantry, and, locking the door behind them, made good their escape.

Just then a white robed figure appeared at the open kitchen door and gazed wildly about her. As her eyes fell on the body of the man lying prone and lifeless on the floor Miss Linda Barbican, for it was she, rushed forward and with a moan threw herself down beside her brother, apparently dead, killed by his father!

"My sin has found me out!" she moaned. "My sin has found me out!" And then, her eyes wandering to the little pool of blood which was crimsoning the cold flags, she cried out: "I can bear it no longer! Father, father, the forgery was my work!"

Casting one look of concentrated hate and anguish on the wretched girl at his feet, he brushed her tremblingly aside and knelt down, moaning softly to himself, beside the body of his apparently lifeless son.

Mr. Geoffrey did not die. His father had shot somewhat high, and the ball had glanced along the collar bone, making a long, jagged wound. But still he was seriously ill, brain fever setting in afterward, and for some time he lay hovering between life and death.

I explained fully to the baronet the scheme his son had formed for thwarting the burglars, who, by the way, were captured some weeks after the attempted burglary, and Sir Mortimer's feelings of remorse and sorrow at the way in which he had wronged Mr. Geoffrey were terribly poignant.

As for Miss Linda, her story can be briefly summed up in the following: Years ago she had a worthless lover, with whom she was completely infatuated. Gambling and other forms of excess had left him in low water, and his sweetheart had forged the check to give him the money he had needed so sorely, laying the blame on and weaving her subtle net of accusation around her innocent brother. What ultimately became of her I never knew.

If I had only kept my presence of mind and carried out my instructions, the baronet's hand might have been staid and Mr. Geoffrey would not have been shot. But then perhaps Miss Linda would not have confessed. Thank heaven, there are not many women like her in the world.—Chicago News.

Asked by an Insurance Company.

Here are some of the questions which a new insurance company requires to be answered satisfactorily, and the public will agree that there is more reason for them than many of the old queries:

"Do you ride a bicycle? Single or tandem?

"Do you eat (a) hot cakes, (b) tamales, (c) [illegible] pie, (d) Welsh rabbit, (e) raw onions?

"Do you swallow grape seeds?

"Do you drink any mixed drinks?

"Do you ever sleep in a folding bed?

"Do you smoke (a) cigarettes, (b) nickel cigars?

"Have you a mother-in-law?

"Did you ever attempt suicide?"—San Francisco Post.

Deaths Due to Chloroform.

It is stated that 61 deaths have occurred within the past year in the United Kingdom, of which 52 were from the administration of chloroform. This would be a fearful indictment against the use of that anæsthetic if we only knew what was the relative proportion of patients submitted to its influence and to the influence of other anæsthetics. In other words, if the number of chloroform cases were 52 times the number of nitrous oxide cases, chloroform would be no more dangerous, although it might have caused 52 deaths for one death caused by the latter anæsthetic.—Medical Press.

All the Comforts of a Home.

"By the way, your advertisement mentioned 'home comforts,'" said the young man in quest of lodgings to a Glasgow landlady.

"Yes," was the reply. "Ye see ye could get a seat wi's in the kirk. (My last lodger used to pay for the hale pew.) Then, t' keep ye frae wearyin in the evenin's ye cud gie the bairns a han wi' their lessons, for their ain faither's nae scholar.

"Aboot yer meals, ye cud just come down an get them in the kitchen—it wid be hamelike, ye ken. There's little Johnny, ye wid get him to sleep wi' ye. He's an awful kicker, but wid keep ye fine an hate thae winter evenin's."

Then, seeing her auditor making his way to the door, she hastened to add:

"I widna chairge ye onything extra for a' thae preevileges."—New York Herald.

Since the war of 1812 the United States army has by no means enjoyed the life of luxurious ease sometimes attributed to it, for, in the intervening years, it has fought 640 battles or actions with the Indians.

DO YOU EVER THINK?

Do you ever think as the hearse drives by
That it won't be long till you and I
Will both ride out in the big, plumed hack
And we'll never, never, never ride back?

Do you ever think as you strive for gold
That a dead man's hand can't a dollar hold?
We may tug and toil and pinch and save,
And we'll lose it all when we reach the grave.

Do you ever think as you closely clasp
Your bag of gold with a firmer grasp
If the hungry hearts of the world were fed
It might bring peace to your dying bed?

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Mr. Rogers, did you say?"

"Yes, sir; a tall, middle aged gentleman," replied my servant.

I could recollect no acquaintance of the name.

"Ask him to step in here," I said at length.

The man who entered my study was a complete stranger to me. He was tall, between 40 and 50 years of age, rather thin and very angular in his movements. He wore a short beard, was slightly bald and had decidedly pleasant features. When he smiled, his eyes seemed to sparkle and he exhibited two excellent rows of teeth.

"I am afraid I am quite unknown to you," he began.

I bowed my head and wondered what was coming next.

"But your name as a rising young novelist and writer of short stories is, of course, familiar to me."

Who could he be? I began to have visions of publishers and editors clamoring at my door for contributions from my pen. Was he about to give me a commission for a new serial? Perhaps he represented some leading magazine and was prepared to pay sums undreamed of for my tales of love and adventure. Or was he only some newspaper interviewer bent on satisfying the curiosity of his readers respecting my opinions and manner of life?

"Pray be seated," I said.

We sat facing one another on opposite sides of the hearth rug. It was a cold, dull November day, and the bright fire that burned in the grate was comforting. Mr. Rogers took from his pocket a copy of a popular magazine and held it on his knee.

"Capital story that of yours!"

"Which?" I asked.

"That last one in here," he said, tapping the covers of the book, "the story called 'The Mystery of Rowner's Mill.'"

"I am glad you like it, but really"—

"A splendid story! Rather daring though."

"Daring?"

"Yes—to publish a story of real life as mere fiction."

"I don't understand what"—

"But why did you make Maud a dark girl? Of course she was fair, as you know. Her real name was Mabel, but that doesn't matter."

"You are quite"—

"Still, you have hit off Maltby to a T."

"The story, I assure, you, was"—

"Written under pressure of time?' Yes, I have no doubt of it. But your description of the old mill is exact. Rowner's Mill is, of course, Radford's Mill, near B——."

"Allow me to explain"—

"Quite unnecessary, I assure you. You were perfectly justified in changing the name. But that passage in which you describe the act of vengeance on Maltby is remarkably powerful and accurate. Ah! here it is: 'Seeing his victim powerless, Jasper Gore, with the strength of a giant, seized him in his arms and for one moment held him above his head in front of the open window. Then he hurled the wretched man into space. Down, down he fell, until, with a splash that was inaudible amid the roar and rattle of the mill, Maltby disappeared in the deep water of the race, and was instantly battered to a shapeless mass by the huge revolving water wheel!'"

"But surely you know"—

"Oh, yes; I know every inch of the place. Of course you are a little bit rough on me."

"On you?"

"Yes; you see, Jasper Gore"—

I rose to my feet. So far I had hardly been able to get a word in edgeways. I had not the slightest idea what he was driving at. He was exhausting my patience.

"Look here, sir," I shouted warmly.

"I haven't yet the pleasure of knowing who you are. What the—will you kindly tell me what you are talking about?"

"Why, my dear sir, I am talking about this story of yours called 'The Mystery of Rowner's Mill.' I was just saying that you have made me—otherwise Jasper Gore"—

"Gore is one of my characters. I understand your name is Rogers!"

The man leaned back and roared with laughter. I sank into my chair in a state of exasperation.

"Excuse my laughing," he said, "but when you put on that innocent air it is irresistibly funny. What does it matter which name I use, Gore or Rogers—are they not one and the same? What was easier? You took my real name, Rogers, rejected the last two letters, transposed the others, and then you had it—Gore!"

I was now quite out of temper.

"I don't know what your object is," I said, "in coming here and talking this nonsense. The story is pure fiction—a simple creation of my own brain—from beginning to end. So far as I know, the characters never lived, the incidents never happened, the mill described never had any existence—except in my own imagination."

My visitor watched me as I spoke, and a grin slowly broadened on his face, until he again burst into loud laughter.

"I should never have believed it!" he said.

"Believed what?"

"You novelists, it would appear, are so steeped in fiction that you lose all regard for truth."

"What do you mean, sir?" I cried indignantly.

"Is it necessary to explain? Here, in this magazine, I have a story every essential detail of which is actual truth, and you coolly tell me that it was all evolved out of your own brain!"

"Certainly. So it was."

"Now, what is the use of talking like that to me—to me? I am Rogers—Rogers is Gore. I (call me by which name you like) am the man whose acts are described in this story."

"Do you mean to sit there and tell me that you actually committed a crime identical with that I have described?"

"Precisely. I say the story is true in every essential detail. Every action of the plot, every motive of the characters, all the descriptions of places, and even portions of the dialogue are absolutely true. I say again I am Jasper Gore!"

Imagine my feelings! Never before in the history of fiction writing had so remarkable a thing happened. Some occult power had clearly been at work on my brain and directed me to write a story founded on fact in a degree that was simply marvelous. The situation was so extraordinary that it staggered me. I was here face to face with the murderous ruffian of my own creation.

What was to be done? I glanced at the bell at his elbow.

"Never mind the bell," he said. "We shall not want to use that. Listen to me!"

He brought his chair toward me until our knees were nearly touching. With his hands on his thighs and his body bent forward he fixed his penetrating eyes on mine.

"I have told you that I am Jasper Gore. But that is only one of the names under which authors have used me in relating my exploits. You are not the only writer who has employed my deeds in fiction. You have read Blandford's novel, 'The Red Witness?' Well, I am Paul Varnham, the man who poisoned his brother and threw the body into the limekiln. You have seen the story in the last number of The Masterpiece Magazine called 'The Case of Roland Wier?' I am Roland, the man who stole the bonds and stabbed to the heart the only witness to the deed. Why, the stains of the crime are still on my hands."

I shuddered visibly, and cold sweat was on my forehead.

"Metaphorically speaking," he added with a smile, "I suppose you have read"—

"Stop!" I cried. "What is it you want of me? Why do you come to tell me all this?"

"I came to make a proposal. I am a man of many deeds—crimes, you would call them. The world is getting too hot for me. I am in danger from the sleuth hounds of the law. Shelter me; hide me, and I will give you material for some of the most thrilling stories that ever were written. I can keep you going for the rest of your life—with facts, sir, facts!

"The Rowner's Mill affair I don't know how you got hold of, but it was not obtained fairly. But I will not say anything about that. Stand by me, and I will make your fortune and your everlasting fame. Is it a bargain?"

To accept such a proposal never entered my mind for one moment. My only thought was to get this dreadful creature out of my house, whether what he said was true or not. How was I to do it?

Just then my servant knocked at the door and entered.

"Here is a gentleman wishes to see you, sir."

"Say you are engaged," said Rogers, rising from his chair and grasping me by the arm.

But the new arrival had already entered the room.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "I have come for our good friend, Mr. Rogers. He lives with us at X——."

X—— I knew to be the place where a certain county lunatic asylum stands. I saw everything in a flash. He handed Rogers over to the care of another man in the hall, and the poor fellow went as meekly as a lamb. Then the attendant came back to me.

"I hope he has not alarmed you, sir. He escaped two days ago."

"Well, he gave me an unpleasant half hour. The man seems to be steeped in crime."

"He's all right except on that point. He fancies that he is every criminal that he reads about in the story books. We traced him to your house, and I expect he has been pitching a lively yarn about some of his doings. Ah! I thought so. But, bless your heart, sir, the poor fellow wouldn't hurt a fly."

Nevertheless, he had knocked me off my work for that day.—London Tit-Bits.

How James Otis Was Killed.

James Otis was killed by a stroke of lightning in Andover, Mass., at the old Isaac Osgood farm, May, 1783. Mr. Otis wanted a mug of cider. The hired man went into the cellar to draw the cider, leaving the cellar door open. Mr. Otis was standing in the doorway at the side of the house looking at the clouds, remarking that a heavy shower was coming up. Scarcely had the words been spoken when the bolt came down, struck Mr. Otis and killed him instantly, then passed into a large beam in the cellar-way, going the length of the beam to the cellar, where it went off into the ground. The hole in the beam was large enough to thrust one's arm down, as the writer has done when visiting the Osgood farm —Boston Transcript.

The Man and the Clothes.

There was a Methodist minister who dressed so well that a friend felt horrified and offered to give him a suit of clothes and pay for them provided he could have them made according to his ideas. The offer was accepted, and the tailor was ordered to make a suit in the plainest possible fashion. The order was filled, and the suit was tried on. The giver of it was amazed. So magnificent was the form with which nature had endowed the minister that that plain Methodist suit upon him looked as if it had just been received from Paris.—Christian Advocate.

Oysters.

"When I was a boy," said the middle aged man, "nobody ever used to think of stewing oysters in milk, though I believe that barbaric practice did begin just before the war, but now almost everybody eats them that way, and they cook them that way in restaurants. It seems a pity. The oyster is not the least of the blessings vouchsafed to us, and why anybody should want to disguise its gamy and at the same time delicious flavor with milk I do not see.

"To stew oysters in milk is even worse than to dip them in batter before broiling or frying them, when but a thin coat of cracker dust is all that is required, and even this is likely to be dispensed with on broiled oysters by one who has eaten oysters broiled just as they come from the shell.

"But it should not be understood from this that batter can reasonably bear no relation whatever to the oyster; far from it. There is, for instance, the oyster fritter, certainly a very pleasant subject to dwell upon. But in this case the blessing has been added to the commonplace, not the commonplace to the blessing."—New York Sun.

A Gentleman of the Old School.

President Kruger lives up to his Puritan principles. When in Paris, he refused all invitations to go out on a Sunday, and he thought the costumes worn by ladies at the opera or parties very immodest. He said he could not think how any lady who respected herself could look at a ballet. The only books he had ever read besides the Bible were the "History of the Princes of Orange," "History of the Thirty Years' War," Motley's "History of the Dutch Republic," Macaulay's writings on William of Orange and "The Pilgrim's Progress." He said that in the Transvaal when a boy was sent to school he was provided with a gun and a pound of ammunition. He could thus bring home a bag of game and defend himself against the Kaffirs, but the parents tried, nevertheless, to make these self reliant boys understand that the meek shall inherit the earth.

Another story told of President Kruger is that when he got home from his visit to Europe he said England was well enough, but the land seemed to be all owned by somebody. One could not even go out into the country and sit down under a tree to smoke his pipe but somebody would come along and say that he owned the land and ask what the smoker was doing there.—Buffalo Courier.

Ducking Stools.

Ducking stools are noticed as existing formerly at Chester, Cambridge, Rugby, Southam, Coventry, Nottingham, Southwell (Notts), Retford, Grimsby, Scarborough, Hull, Beverley, Morley (near Leeds), Ilkley, East Ardsley, Craven, Manchester, Liverpool, Preston, Kirkham, Burnley, Derby, Chesterfield, Kingston-on-Thames and Leicester. Examples of the actual instrument seem still to be preserved at Leominster, Ipswich, Scarborough and Leicester. The latest recorded use of the ducking stool (the designations cucking and ducking were, of course, synonymous in the days of Queen Elizabeth) was in 1809. It was at Leominster, when a woman named Jenny Pipes, alias Jane Corran, was paraded through the town on the ducking stool and ducked in the water near Kenwater bridge by order of the magistrates. In 1817 another woman, called Sarah Leeke, was wheeled round the place in the same chair, but not ducked, as, fortunately for her, the water was too low. The instrument of punishment in question has not been used since then.—Notes and Queries.

A Soothing Car Ride.

The latest cure for insomnia is cheap. The remedy was suggested by an old doctor to whom a despairing young man had gone for advice. "Of course," said the doctor, "I could give you drugs that would put you to sleep, but in the case of a young man that is to be avoided. The reason you cannot sleep is your nerves are unstrung. That does not necessarily mean that you must put your nervous system to sleep by the use of drugs. What you want is a mild excitement, that will lift your nervous system out of the rut it has fallen into. The best thing in the world to do that is a trolley ride. Don't try to settle upon a particular route. Just jump on any car that comes along. Don't even ask the conductor where the car is going, but just go along with the car. It will surely come back some time to the point where you took it. If the route is eight or ten miles long, so much the better. One thing is certain—you will either sleep during the ride or as soon as it is over."—Philadelphia Record.

Most Popular Novels.

The novel or story which has probably enjoyed the largest term of popularity is "Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel Defoe, published in 1719. This novel attained great popularity from its first appearance and is one of the very few that have continued to be popular down to the present day, or for more than 175 years. Defoe died April 24, 1731. The next most popular works of fiction were the Waverley novels of Sir Walter Scott, published in 1814-1831. So successful have these novels been from then till now that no fewer than 30 men have been uninterruptedly engaged by one Edinburgh firm for the last quarter of a century in producing them. Of Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," published in 1851, more than a million copies in English have been sold.—Philadelphia Times.

Mistaken Idea of Teasers.

It has been asserted by some one that every human being has a right to happiness. If that be the case, most of us miss it mightily—that's all we have to say. A good deal of our failure to be happy is our own fault, but much of it is undeserved and purely the fault of others. If we chose to stop and think, we would soon see also how we in turn inflict unhappiness upon others in a most uncalled for way.

When we find one of our friends in an irritable mood, do we try to soothe him or go away and let him alone? Not by any means. We cast about in our minds to see what suggestions we can make that will irritate him a trifle more. This we do as a wholesome lesson, we profess. We want to teach him that there's no use in getting so cross about trifles. And what are we that we should set ourselves up as mentors to teach anybody anything! Let them learn their own lessons from life. That is a better teacher than we could possibly be.

Half the unhappiness that comes into children's lives—nay, three-fourths, we may say—arises from the unkind teasing and irritation of those older—even their adult relatives. "Oh, Mary's so cross!" they say, and then they proceed to make her crosser if possible by every petty aggravation they can think of. This should be classed under the head of cruelty to children, we think.—Philadelphia Call.

Critics and Managers.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has explained that his contempt for the press is not, like Mr. Penley's, absolute, but refers only to Christmastide criticisms. He holds, in short, that the critics are "but mad nor'-nor'west. When the wind is southerly, they know a hawk from a heronshaw." The truth is that some actor managers are superstitious in their reverence for the press so long as it prophecies smooth things for them. A critic the other day got into correspondence with a manager who thought he had slighted one of his productions. By way of conclusive testimony to its merits the manager sent him a paragraph emanating from an obscure press agency, to the effect that "if there is one thing in the world the lessee of this theater understands it is the histrionic tastes of the English people." This was of course most gratifying, but the beauty of it was that the writer of the paragraph evidently had not and did not profess to have seen the play, and had sent the paragraph to the manager with a demand for a couple of seats "so as to give further particulars in our next." Such is the flattering unction which some managers lay to their souls.—London World.

Seven Miles of Clothesline.

One of the most extensive laundries in the world is situated in a southern suburb of London, and was recently visited by one of our own representatives.

The principal building, he writes, is upward of 400 feet long and four stories high. Over 250 hands are employed, and the machinery cost about £18,000. There are ten solid ironing machines 9 feet long, and each capable of finishing 1,500 serviettes per hour.

The vast extent of this business may be realized on learning that 15,670 articles a week are received from one great west end club, and 35,000 in the same period from each of several mammoth hotels. A hotel like the Metropole or the Grand, by the way, uses upward of 4,000 towels every day. Nearly 3,000,000 pieces of linen of all kinds pass through this laundry in the course of a week, and seven miles of drying lines can be run out at once.—Pearson's Weekly.

Literary Versatility.

An editor received the other day a curious application for help. The writer said: "I am sorry you do not like my romance, for I feel that I have the secret fire in my veins. If, however, you cannot accept my book or my poetry, will you give me a berth as a heavy goods porter?"—London Bookman.

The Perspective.

She waved her hand imperiously.

"Be very careful," she commanded her maid, "of the perspective. You made me look dreadfully shallow last evening."

After that the making of her toilet proceeded without further interruption.—Detroit Tribune.

THE LAST APPEARANCE OF MOLIERE.

[It is recorded of Moliere that on the night of his death he insisted on going to the theater, as usual, despite the entreaties of his friends, to play the "Malade Imaginarie" in order that the workmen might not lose their wages.]

Did you who sat that night to see
The wizard's hand complete its task
Guess at the face of Tragedy
Which lurked behind the comic mask?
Did you, whose plaudits wild and loud
Mixed fate and laughter in a breath,
Behold the actor as he bowed,
Crown'd with the cypress wreath of death?

Across the footlights of the years
That latest scene shines fresh and bright.
Only the lamps are blurred with tears,
Only the laughter fails tonight—
And, lo! before our startled eyes
Two centuries dwindle to a span,
And other silent plaudits rise
Not for the genius, but the man.

Actor, there gleams above thy tomb
No censer which the church can swing;
No incense, with its dim perfume,
Haunts thy dark rest with dreams of spring.
But surely blessings more divine
Upon that last appearance fell
And, with the latest bravos thine,
Mingled the angels' "It is well."

And, all unwitting, we today
Tread in thy footsteps, Moliere.
We laugh and wonder at the play
Or strut behind the footlights' glare.
The shouts of laughter grow more sparse,
The lamps burn dim, the players flee,
And Death takes up our petty farce
And sobers it to tragedy.

—Nellie K. Blissett in Temple Bar.

WANTED.

"An ugly case," remarked Jim to me confidentially; "a very ugly case indeed!"

The unconscious patient, borne into our surgery upon a stretcher, was frightfully injured. That was evident at a glance.

He was a passenger by a ship just arrived from the Cape, and while preparing to come ashore a heavy box, swung aloft by the vessel's crane, had slipped and fallen on him.

Jim Clifford and I were partners in an east end practice, close to the docks.

His blood soaked clothing bore no marks which could lead to his identification.

No limbs were broken, but the neck and shoulder were fearfully lacerated, and one side of the face was dreadfully mangled. It was not until late the following evening that he seemed to recover his senses, and then of course he was too weak to converse.

Jim was strongly in favor of his removal, as soon as practicable, to the nearest hospital. The sick man must have overheard our conversation, for he signed feebly to my colleague to stoop down.

"Not to the hospital, for heaven's sake!" whispered the poor fellow. "Anywhere but there. Stay here—no friends—soon be better!" he gasped painfully.

Neither of us had the heart to remove our patient against his will, though his stay involved one of us being constantly in the house and the services of a male attendant as well.

Days and weeks slipped by, and, though our patient hovered between life and death more than once, he continued to stay with us and to engross more or less of our attention.

The singular thing was that apparently the patient was without relatives or friends in this country—did not know a soul in London. So he told us, bit by bit, adding that his name was Octave Henry, and that he had been in South Africa for many years. A couple of rude sea chests, sent up from the ship, contained all his belongings.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Jim in his own emphatic way as we sat together in our snuggery one night, "I'll tell you what it is, Fraser, our friend up stairs will slip through our fingers after all if we don't look out. There's brain mischief setting in from some splintered bone, and unless we can do something to remove the brain pressure —well, goodby to his chance of life!"

Our patient willingly gave his consent to the operation, and the whole affair was arranged and carried out within a week.

Recovery from the operation of trepanning is always tardy. In the case of the man Henry, with his already shattered physique, it was more than usually protracted.

One morning I remember well. Clifford and I were by the bedside. The patient, for the time being, had revived sufficiently to show himself conscious of our presence and feebly to sign his wants.

But there was something about the appearance of his eyes that morning which struck me as being unusual, a curious, preoccupied look. When Jim and I had left him to the care of his attendant, I remarked upon this symptom.

"You noticed it, then?" answered Jim moodily. "I thought you would. Ah, but that is only one aspect of the case, not the most serious either!"

Here he broke off abruptly. I waited, without speaking, till he began once more:

"Did you ever study the subject of sense transference?"

I confessed that I had not done so to any great extent.

"It begins to occur to me," continued Jim, "that that is what we have to deal with in the case—nothing more or less. However it has happened, one thing is very plain to me—that the sense of hearing in this case is not absolutely destroyed, but, as I may put it, diverted into the optic region—grafted, as it were, into the sense of sight."

"But is such a thing possible?" I exclaimed anxiously.

"Yes, theoretically it is," returned my partner gravely, "but practically no example of it has yet occurred in the case—that is, of a human being. I can only guess that in the present instance purely accidental causes have led up to it. But the fact remains that, as I have just said, the man now sees—actually sees, remember—that which, in ordinary circumstances, he would have heard."

My colleague's diagnosis proved to be true, as we soon found. Little by little, as consciousness returned, it became painfully evident that the patient's senses had become what I may call, for want of a better word, entangled.

With what startling vividness, such sensations thus took bodily shape before him we could only surmise from his excited manner. Sensitive to an extraordinary degree to every breath, every whisper around him, his staring eyeballs too plainly showed how the faculty of vision was exalted, in his case, to a preternatural extent.

"Please, sir," said a maidservant at the door; "please, sir, Dr. Clifford wants you up stairs at once."

Clifford and the attendant were holding down the patient by main force upon the bed. He was struggling to rise, and the expression of his face was one of terror. His eyes seemed as if starting from their sockets.

"Something has induced a violent paroxysm," whispered Jim. "He can't last long if it continues."

The sick man sank back on his pillows. His lips moved. By stooping over him I could catch some of his words.

"They are coming—coming now," he gasped, "ever so far away, but I can see them! Something moves before them—something dark! I can't make it out! Something about to break! Will it save poor Octave? Will it"—

"Visibly worse," said Clifford aside to me, "and the pulse abnormally high. If this goes on, he will be in a high fever before long."

It was a breathless summer evening, but the sky was overcast with murky clouds, foreboding a tempest. The room already grew dark with the shadow of its coming.

Suddenly there was a loud knocking at the front door. Presently I heard voices in conversation, then heavy footsteps began to ascend the stairs.

At that instant a rose colored flash gleamed through the darkness of the room, a terrific peal of thunder followed, its echoes crashing and rolling as if the building were about to fall upon our heads. The sick man sprang convulsively to an almost upright position in his bed, then fell backward—dead!

The door opened. There was a pause, and two plainly dressed men slipped quietly into the room.

"Dr. Clifford, I presume?" inquired the foremost politely.

Jim nodded assent wonderingly.

"I have a very painful duty to perform in respect of your patient here," continued the speaker fumbling a paper as he spoke; "a very painful duty indeed. But the fact is, I hold a warrant for his apprehension under the name of Henry—Octave Henry — on a charge of"—

"My patient," interposed Jim very quietly, "has just obeyed another summons. The man died while you were coming up stairs."

From the explanations which ensued

it seemed that our late patient had long been "wanted" by the police on no less a charge than that of murder. Doubtless his unwillingness to be removed to a hospital arose from his persuasion that he was safer from detection in a private dwelling.

Guilty or not guilty of the crime he was accused of, it was long before Jim and I ceased to speak of him. Nor, in turn, had he forgotten us. We were handsomely remembered in the will he had executed before the operation. But we will never again undertake the care of a resident patient.—Answers.

Old English Inns.

A feature essentially English is the cheery inn that overlooks the common. From that upper latticed window the jolly innkeeper of yore would watch the solitary horseman of romance crossing the heath and perhaps hint his opinion of the traveler to the "gentlemen of the road"—the Claude Duvals—who found it convenient to keep on good terms with mine host. But those days are gone, and now we can take our ease at our inn, with its deep bay windows on either side of the entrance, its swinging signpost, its horse trough, pump and outdoor settle. Enter and you will find that the bay window forms a delightful sunny recess with a seat all round. In one instance a branch of a vine from the adjoining greenhouse had been trained into this recess, and round the window bunches of grapes were hanging, some beginning to purple in the warm August sun. The fireplace is often a great, old fashioned one, with seats on either side of the "ingleneuk," right under the chimney, while framed over one of these fireplaces I found the following verse from Sir Matthew Hale

> A Sabbath well spent
> Brings a week of content
> And health for the toils of the morrow,
> But a Sabbath profaned,
> Whate'er may be gained,
> Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

—Temple Bar.

Dr. Nansen's Pedigree.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's name being now mentioned all over the world, his pedigree has been the subject of recent research. The result is that the earliest of the forbears of the Norwegian navigator of whom there is authentic knowledge was Ewert Nansen, a merchant at Flensburg, in Sleswick-Holstein, who died in 1613. So it is stated in the "Genealogia Nanseniana," which is contained in an important collective work by Christopher Giessing (Copenhagen, 1781). Ewert Nansen's son Hans went with his uncle on a merchant ship to Russia, became afterward interpreter of the Russian language at the court of the king of Denmark and later on a special Danish envoy to the czar. Subsequently, as chairman of the Icelandic Trade society, he made many voyages to Iceland and Russia and wrote in Danish a "Compendium Cosmoraphicum Danicum," which had many editions (1633-46). All the other Nansens are traced from these ancestors, one of the first of whom thus showed already a bent for traveling and for writing on his travels. A clear case of hereditary character, going back to two centuries and a half! Only it is to be hoped that Ibsen will leave the subject alone and not write a drama called "The Man From the Sea."—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Tale Told of a Doctor.

Apropos of doctors' beards and microbes, a lady writes: "Several years ago I took the steam cars to and from school. For a week or more our family physician took the crowded noon train, always sitting very near me, and entering into conversation. On questioning his sister-in-law about his trips, she said: 'Oh, he has a smallpox patient at C., and is afraid to take his carriage for fear of communicating contagion. So he takes the train.' I always supposed his professional eye looked on me as a prospective smallpox patient."—Boston Transcript.

A Legitimate Plea.

Smythe—Do you think Scadds will be severely punished for deserting his family and running away with and marrying that young widow?

Tompkins—No. He's rich, and having one wife he certainly didn't need another, so his lawyer is quite sure he can clear him by pleading kleptomania. —Truth.

The ivy leaved lettuce opens its leaves and flowers at 8 o'clock in the morning and generally closes again by 4.

THE DEAREST ONE IN ALL THE EARTH.

Mother.
In line or language there is no other
Word that tells so clear a story
Of life and love and living glory
Like that sweet word,
So often heard
And yet so little known
Until into our soul life grown,
As that which names the precious one
Who only knows her duty done
When she has folded to her breast
Her offspring for a longed for rest;
She who has fought the prize to win
For a noble life and an entering in
Through the gates of heaven,
By promise given,
Of yielded life for life, of love for love,
For bringing blessings from above,
Lifting her offerings up on high,
Ready for them to do and die.
And this brief verse
Would fain rehearse
The virtues and the modest worth
Of the dearest one in all the earth,
Mother.

—Good Housekeeping.

HIS CHANCE IN LIFE.

Miss Vezzis came from across the border line to look after some children who belonged to a lady until a regularly ordained nurse could come out. The lady said Miss Vezzis was a bad, dirty nurse and inattentive. It never struck her that Miss Vezzis had her own life to lead and her own affairs to worry over, and that these affairs were the most important things in the world to Miss Vezzis. Very few mistresses admit this sort of reasoning. Miss Vezzis was as black as a boot, and to our standard of taste hideously ugly. She wore cotton print gowns and bulged shoes, and when she lost her temper with the children she abused them in the language of the border line—which is part English, part Portuguese and part native. She was not attractive, but she had her pride, and she preferred being called "Miss Vezzis."

Every Sunday she dressed herself wonderfully and went to see her mamma, who lived for the most part on an old cane chair in a greasy tussur silk dressing gown and a big rabbit warren of a house full of Vezzisses, Pereiras, Ribieras, Lisboas and Gonsalveses, and a floating population of loafers, besides fragments of the day's bazaar, garlic, stale incense, clothes thrown on the floor, petticoats hung on strings for screens, old bottles, pewter crucifixes, dried immortelles, pariah puppies, plaster images of the Virgin, and hats without crowns. Miss Vezzis drew 20 rupees a month for acting as nurse, and she squabbled weekly with her mamma as to the percentage to be given toward housekeeping.

When the quarrel was over, Michele d'Cruze used to shamble across the low mud wall of the compound and make love to Miss Vezzis after the fashion of the border line, which is hedged about with much ceremony. Michele was a poor, sickly weed and very black, but he had his pride. He would not be seen smoking a huqa for anything, and he looked down on natives as only a man with seven-eighths native blood in his veins can. The Vezzis family had their pride too. They traced their descent from a mythical plate layer who had worked on the Sone bridge when railways were new in India, and they valued their English origin. Michele was a telegraph signaler on 35 rupees a month. The fact that he was in government employ made Mrs. Vezzis lenient to the shortcomings of his ancestors.

There was a compromising legend—Dom Anna, the tailor, brought it from Poonani—that a black Jew of Cochin had once married into the D'Cruze family, while it was an open secret that an uncle of Mrs. d'Cruze was at that very time doing menial work connected with cooking for a club in southern India! He sent Mrs. d'Cruze 7 rupees 8 annas a month, but she felt the disgrace to the family very keenly all the same.

However, in the course of a few Sundays Mrs. Vezzis brought herself to overlook these blemishes and gave her consent to the marriage of her daughter with Michele, on condition that Michele should have at least 50 rupees a month to start married life upon. This wonderful prudence must have been a lingering touch of the mythical plate layer's Yorkshire blood, for across the border line people take a pride in marrying when they please—not when they can.

Having regard to his departmental prospects, Miss Vezzis might as well have asked Michele to go away and come back with the moon in his pocket. But Michele was deeply in love with Miss Vezzis, and that helped him to en dure. He accompanied Miss Vezzis to mass one Sunday, and after mass, walking home through the hot stale dust with her hand in his, he swore by several saints—whose names would not interest you—never to forget Miss Vezzis, and she swore by her honor and the saints—the oath runs rather curiously, "In nomine sanctissimæ"—(whatever the name of the she saint is) and so forth, ending with a kiss on the forehead, a kiss on the left cheek, and a kiss on the mouth—never to forget Michele.

Next week Michele was transferred, and Miss Vezzis dropped tears upon the window sash of the "intermediate" compartment as he left the station.

If you look at the telegraph map of India, you will see a long line skirting the coast from Backergunge to Madras. Michele was ordered to Tibasu, a little suboffice one-third down this line, to send messages on from Berhampur to Chicacola, and to think of Miss Vezzis and his chances of getting 50 rupees a month out of office hours. He had the noise of the bay of Bengal and a Bengali baboo for company—nothing more. He sent foolish letters, with crosses tucked inside the flaps of the envelopes, to Miss Vezzis.

When he had been at Tibasu for nearly three weeks, his chance came.

Never forget that unless the outward and visible signs of our authority are always before a native he is as incapable as a child of understanding what authority means or where is the danger of disobeying it. Tibasu was a forgotten little place with a few Orissa Mohammedans in it. These, hearing nothing of the collector sahib for some time and heartily despising the Hindoo subjudge, arranged to start a little Mohurrum riot of their own. But the Hindoos turned out and broke their heads. When, finding lawlessness pleasant, Hindoos and Mohammedans together raised an aimless sort of Donnybrook just to see how far they could go. They looted each other's shops, and paid off private grudges in the regular way. It was a nasty little riot, but not worth putting in the newspapers.

Michele was working in his office when he heard the sound that a man never forgets all his life—the "ah yah!" of an angry crowd. (When that sound drops about three tones and changes to a thick, droning ut, the man who hears it had better go away if he is alone.) The native police inspector ran in and told Michele that the town was in an uproar and coming to wreck the telegraph office. The baboo put on his cap and quietly dropped out of the window, while the police inspector, afraid, but obeying the old race instinct, which recognizes a drop of white blood as far as it can be diluted, said, "What orders does the sahib give?"

The sahib decided Michele. Though horribly frightened, he felt that for the hour he, the man with the Cochin Jew and the menial uncle in his pedigree, was the only representative of English authority in the place. Then he thought of Miss Vezzis and the 50 rupees, and took the situation on himself. There were seven native policemen in Tibasu, and four crazy smoothbore muskets among them. All the men were gray with fear, but not beyond leading. Michele dropped the key of the telegraph instrument and went out at the head of his army to meet the mob. As the shouting crew came round a corner of the road he dropped and fired, the men behind him loosing instinctively at the same time.

The whole crowd—curs to the backbone—yelled and ran, leaving one man dead and another dying in the road. Michele was sweating with fear, but he kept his weakness under, and went down into the town past the house where the subjudge had barricaded himself. The streets were empty. Tibasu was more frightened than Michele, for the mob had been taken at the right time.

Michele returned to the telegraph office and sent a message to Chicacola asking for help. Before an answer came he received a deputation of the elders of Tibasu, telling him that the subjudge said his actions generally were "unconstitutional" and trying to bully him. But the heart of Michele d'Cruze was big and white in his breast because of his love for Miss Vezzis, the nursegirl and because he had tasted for the first time responsibility and success. Those two make an intoxicating drink, and have ruined more men than ever has whisky. Michele answered that the subjudge might say what he pleased, but until the assistant collector came the telegraph signaler was the government of India in Tibasu, and the elders of the town would be held accountable for further rioting. Then they bowed their heads and said, "Show mercy!" or words to that effect, and went back in great fear. each accusing the other of having begun the rioting.

Early in the dawn, after a night's patrol with his seven policemen, Michele went down the road, musket in hand, to meet the assistant collector who had ridden in to quell Tibasu. But in the presence of this young Englishman Michele felt himself slipping back more and more into the native, and the tale of the Tibasu riots ended, with the strain on the teller, in a hysterical outburst of tears, bred by sorrow that he had killed a man, shame that he could not feel as uplifted as he had felt through the night, and childish anger that his tongue could not do justice to his great deeds. It was the white drop in Michele's veins dying out, though he did not know it.

But the Englishman understood, and after he had schooled those men of Tibasu and had conferred with the subjudge till that excellent official turned green, he found time to draft an official letter describing the conduct of Michele, which letter filtered through the proper channels, and ended in the transfer of Michele up country once more on the imperial salary of 66 rupees a month.

So he and Miss Vezzis were married with great state and ancientry, and now there are several little D'Cruzes sprawling about the verandas of the central telegraph office.

But if the whole revenue of the department he serves were to be his reward, Michele could never, never repeat what he did at Tibasu for the sake of Miss Vezzis the nursegirl. Which proves that, when a man does good work out of all proportion to his pay, in seven cases out of nine there is a woman at the back of the virtue.

The two exceptions must have suffered from sunstroke.—Rudyard Kipling.

Judges of the Olympic Games.

The hellanodcæ, or judges, were ten in number, selected by lot from the ten tribes of Elis. They entered upon their office ten months before the festival. They were first schooled in the traditions and regulations of the games, then studied the capacities of the athletes while they were still in training. They had to decide upon the qualifications of the contestants, make up the programme of the games, supervise the preparation of the scene of contest, act as judges in the games, and distribute the prizes. It was a position of honor and distinction. They came to the contest clad in purple robes, and sat in a tribune opposite the finish of the races in the stadium or hippodrome. They seem to have subdivided the function of judging, but at least three were present to judge in every contest. Their decisions were usually final, but an appeal might be carried to the Olympic senate. They were assisted in the execution of their commands by a large and well organized body of police.—Professor Allan Marquand in Century.

Independence of Janitors.

The young man in dinner jacket has forgotten his keys—left them in the pockets of his afternoon dress. He is pulling with all his might the bellknob in the midnight air, saturated by rain. In the basement drawing room the janitor is surrounded by blue spirals from his cigar, as blond as the hair of a fairy princess. The janitor's wife is reading The North American Review. Their daughter, Ada, whose neck is swanlike, is playing a "Reverie" by Chopin on the grand piano, painted in delicate representations of roses on a light green background.

In time the young man will break the bellrope.—Exchange.

The Lone Juryman Not Unanimous.

In the trial of a case in Powell county not long ago the attorneys objected to all the jurors who had been summoned save one. As no others were at hand, it was agreed that the action should be tried by the one remaining juryman. After the evidence was heard the judge told the lone juror to retire and make up a verdict. He retired, and, after staying out for over an hour, came back and reported solemnly that the jury had failed to agree upon a verdict.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers :

CINCINNATI, O., Apr. 22, 1896.—The demand for honey is fair. Supply fair. Price of comb 12 to 14c for best white. Ext. 4 to 7c. Good demand for beeswax at 25 to 30c per lb. Supply fair.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON,
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

DETROIT, Mich., Apr. 20, 1896.—The demand for honey is slow. Supply not heavy. Price of comb 11 to 14c per lb. Extracted 5½ to 7c per lb. Fair demand for beeswax. Good supply. Prices 25 to 26c per lb. All the best comb honey is sold shortly after arrival but there is a considerable quantity of undesirable stock in the commission houses.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

ALBANY, N. Y., Apr. 20, 1896.—On account of the warm weather and an abundant supply of Maple Sugar the demand for honey is very small. Our stock is also quite limited. We have a few cases of buckwheat which we offer at 7½ to 8c per lb. Extracted 4 to 5c per lb.

CHAS. W. MCCULLOUGH & CO.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Apr. 20, 1896.—The demand for honey is light. Light supply. Price of fancy comb 14c per lb. Extracted 7c per lb. No beeswax on the market. Prices 22 to 25c per lb. We have cleaned up this season on all comb honey at good prices. HAMBLIN & BEARSS, 514 Walnut St.

BOSTON, MASS., Apr. 20, 1896.—The demand for honey is light. Light supply. Price of comb 14 to 15c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb. Fair demand for beeswax at 25c per lb.

E. E. BLAKE & CO., 75 Chatham St.

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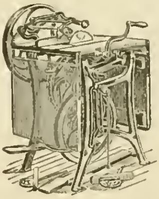

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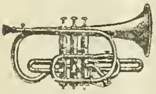

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

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Confining Bees.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

There is much said about confining bees, the length of time they will stand confinement without a cleansing flight, etc. During the past winter I had a little experience in the mattter without any effort on my part. In preparing my bees for winter in the fall of 1895 I doubled my nuclei, by which method some of them were formed to small colonies or swarms. In forming my nuclei I put a thin partition in a regular 8 frame hive body, which gives me two nuclei to each hive, the entrance being at opposite ends. In preparing my bees for winter I make one nuclei queenless and then pull out the thin partition board and the uniting is done. I next put a thin partition board on each side which makes a double walled hive on the sides. In putting in these boards I happened to entirely close the entrance, which remained closed all winter and until after the weather became very warm. So my bees were wintered on the summer stands and were confined six months without a flight. Of course we did not have very cold weather, but we had some very warm days. Upon examining these bees in the spring they appeared to have wintered very poorly; in fact upon opening the hive it took me a few minutes before I could tell what was really the matter with them. They acted much as though they were queenless, but upon examining them I soon found a queen, also a good lot of brood of all ages. When I made a closer examination I found the entrance entirely closed. Take this colony to-day and I am unable to see that they are any worse for their six months confinement. Had these six months been steady cold I would not have been so much surprised, but as we had changeable weather they surely became very uneasy, and no doubt if they had not had very good honey would have died. I do not know as this experience will be worth much to any one, yet I give it more as a curiosity than what it might be worth.

Steeleville, Ill.

Poisonous Honey.

BY N. HALLOCK.

I noticed in the last American Bee Keeper a letter from Mr. Jolley on the subject, "Poisonous Honey.—Do Bees Gather it?

It would be difficult to make a Long Islander living on the boarders of the Great Plains that abound with a shrub known by the natives as Kill calf or Staggar bush, believe that they do not gather poison from the flowers. Sheep or calves eating the tender leaves, reel as though drunk and are partially blind, but seldom die from the effects.

Honey gathered from it will on many, act in a very short time in a strange way. The person eating the honey will become dizzy and unconscious and face and throat will swell, and unless prompt emetic is given the result is very painful and dangerous.

The neighborhood where this is written was once so affiicted with poisonous honey that few kept bees; but taking up and cultivating the land has destroyed the bush, and there has not been a case of honey poison in forty years, while twelve miles east of here where the plant is still abundant it is of not uncommon occurrance. A party offered me his stock of bees at a nominal price recently as his nephew had nearly died last year within an hour after eating of the honey, and he had become afraid to eat it himself.

These facts lead me to believe that here at least bees *do* gather poisonous honey from the Andromida Mariana (staggar bush).

Queens, Long Island, N. Y.

Modern, vs. Antideluvian.—Progression or Retrogression, Which?

BY H. E. HILL.

To the interrogative preliminary to the Bee Keeper's April "leader," by Jno. F. Gates, I reply: Rows of painted hives out from under an old shed, on the green grass, in God's sunshine, neatly and conveniently arranged, with movable combs which reverses the order of the "tall breeders," and enables the beekeeper to become boss of the situation; rows of hives that admit of the application of apicultural skill, if such a thing exists, from which queen cells may be saved, stores equalized, treatment adminstered in case of disease and its detection made possible, loss of absecônding swarms prevented by clipping, such conditions as a failing or drone-laying queen, queenlessness or fertile worker, rectified. Hives that will take a super at the beginning of the season before their numbers are divided by swarming; when their united forces will expend their energies in filling the sections with honey instead of a part (the swarm) dividing their work between the supers and an empty brood chamber. The "beauty" of breeders loses its charm when the bees persist in covering the exterior of their primitave box for ten days, like a bearskin robe, before swarming, while other colonies, wintered in modern hives, are filling a second super.

To Mr. Gates those "tall breeders" are evidently "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever," and his way of putting his hobby may make interesting reading for admirers of "Blessed Bees," but it is hardly probable that the highest degree of knowledge and incidental success shall come to us through retorgressive measures.

My esteemed preceptor, Mr. J. B. Hall, of Woodstock, Ont., once remarked to me that bee-keeping would pay him even if he lost all of his bees every winter, but I have never known of him meeting with a winter loss worth mentioning. He is less fortunate than Mr. Gates, however, in that with his system of management the honey in the brood chambers and the sections are not always strictly white. The mystery, to me, is, with Mr. Gates' method, what becomes of all the off grades.

If the only advantage of keeping two colonies to do the work of one, is the probable lowering of the percentage of winter loss, this is indeed "much ado about nothing." The loss of merchantable honey by waiting for the bees to swarm and the uselessness of the parent colony thereafter, coupled with foregoing disadvantages, would be much greater than any winter loss that ever befel me during ten years experience in a county adjoinin Mr. Gates' home in Pennsylvania, and several years much farther north.

There are hundreds of apiarists whose winter losses are next to nothing, that control their bees in modern hives, and who would assist any readers of the Bee Keeper by advice, who have not already been wearied by the threadbare winter problem, that regard wintering as such a calamitous task that they contemplate adopting a system that necessitates keeping double the number of hives from which they expect returns, and those returns necessarily smaller in many instances than would be obtained from colonies that had not swarmed.

Spruce Bluffs, Fla.

Importation of Apis Dorsata—An Off-Hand Reply to C. C. Miller and Others.

BY W. F. MARKS.

GENTLEMEN:—The "reasons" for opposing the importation of *Apis Dorsata*, of yourself and others, published in a late American Bee Journal, though not unexpected, are certainly remarkable and will be receiveed as they deserve—with the contempt of intelligent bee keepers of the present and future generations. I can not believe that tne disgusting, uncalled for, and unchristian, personal attacks upon Mr. Benton, are the qualities of christianity or of progress. If to obstruct, discourage and oppose any and every effort for reform and progress are the requisites of a "well-informed bee keeper," then, I am thankful to say, we are not of that class. Perhaps we are not "well-informed," but we are certainly in good company and *intelligent enough* not to discourage *any* proposition intended for the advancement of apiculture. You practically admit that the subject is beyond your knowledge. Could there be a better argument in favor of the undertaking than that? Will you ever know more if no progress is made in this line? You pass lightly over Gravenhorst, entirely ignore Dathe and Benton, the only men competent to speak on the subject with authority, and quote at length the fallacious theories of Baldensperger and Cheshire. You must have been hard pressed for some excuse for your position. Are the spiteful thrusts at Mr. Benton good "reasons" or arguments? Must the importation of *Apis dorsata* be delayed to gratify the personal spite of a few individuals? I would say to all such, that at no very distant date *Apis dorsata* will be domesticated, and will remain to bless mankind long after they and their memories shall be dead and forgotten.

After all, I suppose you consider

yourselves "progressive bee keepers." Who would think it? The Standard defines Progressive as characterized by "making or tending to make progress; aiming at or encouraging progress; making effort for advancement." Your position does not verify your assumption. Imagine men who consider themselves "well-informed bee keepers" resorting to the English sparrow and similar bugbears to prejudice the undertaking. "Well-informed bee keepers," indeed! Why, this was the very argument of a mis-informed (I will not say ignorant) farmer I met, and furthermore he said: "That bees were a nuisance; they eat his peaches, apples and grapes, and if we had larger ones they would not only eat his peaches, etc., but the the pumpkins and everything eatable." Thus do the two extremes meet: the "well-informed bee keeper" and the mis-informed farmer. Are they so much alike? If so, then from the "well-informed bee keeper," Oh! Lord, deliver us. The "reasons" you advance are not in keeping with the intelligence of our times, and intended only to deceive, prejudice and delay. Past events have left a shadow, and although you are careful to conceal it, the real reason for your course is apparent. You may "fool some bee keepers all of the time and all bee keepers some of the time, but you can not fool all the bee keepers all the time." There is not one word in the petition we would change. We believe it has already been circulated and signed by enough of the best and really progressive bee keepers to justify us in every assertion. The government will get these bees if we ask it. Would those who are engaged in other pursuits, if offered such an opportunity, hesitate or try to delay it? Oh! shame. Here we are at the end of the nineteenth century and you think an undertaking "premature" that has already been neglected too long. We believe that God intended man should "subdue and have dominion over" these beautiful honey bees, and to neglect them, generation after generation, is a sin. Why not import these bees into our own country, where we can test them in our own way, and in our own time? Your "reasons" are too absurd for further consideration. The time has come for action. We will not delay.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, how'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!"

Chapinville, N. Y., May 18, 1896.

VASSAR GIRLS AND ATHLETICS.

All Vassar girls are fond of the well-equipped gymnasium, but for out-of door amusements perhaps their first choice is for a fine long tramp over the hills, rowing or skating on the neat little lake close by, or a game on the tennis court. "We like to be country girls and wear cotton dresses and go without our hats," said one fresh-faced, healthy student; and the statistics of the woman physician in the infirmary on the top floor, which is a complete little gem of an infirmary, bear witness to the Vassar girls' wise choice of recreative amusements. Increasing interest in athletics has been manifested the past year. Basket and bottle ball teams have been formed, and as the college is situated far away from the town, and the tennis and ball grounds are in the shelter of the Plaisance, the students are encouraged to this sort of exercise and allowed to count it as time spent in the gymnasium.—From "A Day at Vassar," in Demorest's Magazine for May.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From Progressive Bee-Keeper.)

MANAGING SWARMS HAVING QUEENS WITH CLIPPED WINGS.

G. M. DOOLITTLE.

Many seems to think that if they clip the wings of their queens they will have trouble with their bees in swarming time. This thought comes from a misunderstanding of the matter, I am sure, for with me it is a very simple thing to care for a swarm whose queen has a clipped wing, so, with the hopes that it may help some, I will give the four different ways I manage, either of which works well with me. The first way is to hive the bees on the returning plan, allowing the swarm to occupy the place of the old colony. This is done as follows: When the swarm is seen issuing, step in front of the hive far enough so that you will not be liable to step on the queen should she have gotten out before you reach the hive, and also so you can take in quite a bit of territory with the visions, for if too close, you will see but little of the ground, which causes a longer search with less prospects of finding the queen, than if farther off. As soon as the queen is found, let her run into a wire-cloth cage, she entering the same readily if it is held a little in front of her and in an upright position. When she is in the cage, put in the movable stopper so as to secure her, when she is to be placed in front of the old hive, or anywhere you please; only so you do not step on the cage and kill her, as I knew a certain person of about my size to do once. Next, move the old colony to a new stand and place the new hive where it stood, placing the caged queen at the entrance. In from five to thirty-five minutes the bees will miss their queen, (generally in from five to eight minutes,) and come back to where they started in search of their queen, running with fanning wings into the new hive, when the queen is to be set at liberty and allowed to go in with them. The second plan is the one which I use when I wish to leave the old colony on the old stand, and is as follows: Proceed to hunt up the queen, as before, and as soon as she is found, turn the old hive halfway around and off of the ground (to the rear) where it stood. Now place the new hive where the old one stood, placing the queen at the entrance of the new hive as before. As soon as they come back and all enter the new hive, take the new hive and carry it where you wish to stand it, bringing the old hive back to its former position. By these two ways, it will be seen that the bees hive themselves. No climbing of trees, cutting off limbs, or anything of that kind, which our fathers thought it necessary to do. My third is, when the bees begin to cluster on the branch of a tree, which I care nothing for, and where they can be easily gotten at, I attach a wire to the cage, and hang it with the clustering bees; and when I get ready to care for them I cut the branch from the tree, and carry them to the hive, which has been previously placed where I wish the colony to stand, and treat them the same as any swarm is treated. No danger of they going to the woods if you leave them hanging all day, for should they try it, as I had one do once, they will soon come back and cluster about the queen again, there to stay and try to make a home on this limb, unless cared for by the apiarist. If any of the readers of the PROGRESSIVE wish to have a swarm work in the open air, this gives them the clew to how it can be done. The fourth plan is to cage the queen as before, when a large corn popper is to be so held in front of the hive that the issuing bees will many of them run into it. If you do not see the queen, so as to cage her before the thickest of the bees have left the hive, catch the bees first and then look for the queen. Having the bees in the popper and the queen in the cage, attach the cage, by means of a wire hook, to the popper so it will hang snugly to the bottom of the same. Previous to this you should provide yourself with a light pole of sufficient length to reach the highest place where the bees are liable to cluster, into the small end of which there should be bored a hole of the right size so that the popper will screw into it firmly. Having all in readiness, screw the popper in the end of the pole, raising the same and carrying it into the midst of the swarm, where they are flying the thickest in the air. The bees in the popper will fan their wings on the side next to the queen, which tells to the those in the air that they have found the queen and are clustering about her, when as a rule the swarm will at once begin to cluster on the popper also. Some swarms however, are determined to cluster on a tree or nowhere, and in such a case, as soon as one-fourth of the bees have clustered on the limb, hold the popper immediately under and up against the limb, when the balance of the bees in the air will begin to cluster all over the popper. When about two-thirds of the bees have clustered, draw the popper away from the limb a little, so fixing it that you can leave it, when all of the bees will leave the limb and cluster on the popper as you wish. While you are waiting for them to go from the limb to the popper you can be getting the hive ready, or any other work you may have to do. As soon as all are clustered on the popper you can carry and hive them where you wish, the same as you would had you cut off a limb. Thus it will be seen that we have the bees perfectly in our power in swarming time if we clip the wings of our queens, and can go about the hiving of them with the same deliberation we would if setting down to write an article for the PROGRESSIVE, with no danger of any swarms getting beyond our control. Some fear losing the queen, should they not be on the ground at once as soon as she leaves the hive with the swarm, but should it so happen that a swarm issues when you are away, the queen will return with the swarm, as a rule, if the alighting board reaches the ground so she can do so, and if not she is readily found by looking for the little cluster of bees which will always find her and stay with her when the swarm returns.

Borodino, N. Y.

Clubbing List.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
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Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

From the Southland Queen.

MORE ABOUT VIRGINS.

BY L. L. SKAGGS.

Some bee-keepers tell us that queens will fill their hives all right if they are almost touching each other; that won't work for me. I once arranged my hives in rows that looked nice—they were about three feet apart—now the result; nearly all young queens got lost. I kept trying till I ruined several good colonies, trying to get the queens to laying. I noticed that the hives at the ends of the rows had laying queens in due time, so I thought they must be to close together along the row, then I commenced scattering the hives. All that I moved out of the rows had their queens mated in due time, so I learned by costly experience that I must keep my hives at least ten feet apart each way, and not have any regular way for the hives to face; just set them about our yard like we never had any taste for pretty things, for we can't keep bees for the looks; it is to much trouble and loss. Some say that if queens are kept caged while they are young it injure them. I can't agree; if they are hatched in large cages 3 or 4 in. square, right on the combs so the queen can help her self to the honey as she gets out of the cell. As soon as she hatches raise the cage and let 15 or 20 bees run under it with the queen; now place the cage back over them, press it well into the comb so they can't gnaw under and get out; be sure there is plenty of unsealed honey in the cage. Now you can take this comb containing the virgin queen, but brush off all the bees that are sticking to the comb, or they may cause trouble, or cause you to get stung; take her to any hive that you want to introduce her to. Catch the queen out of the hive, place this comb containing the virgin queen in the center of the brood nest, close the hive, mark the date on the hive so you will not forget it, in 8 days after that, look in the hive and destroy all queen cells, if they are all sealed take off your cage and watch the queen, if the bees take no notice of her she is all right, but if they make fight at her I just smoke lightly, take my corn-cob cage out of my pocket, take cob out of one end, place this over the queen, and as soon as she runs up the side of the cage, lift up the cage and put the cob back in place. One end should have ½ inch inch of soft candy, the other end nothing only a small stopper, through this end put 10 or 15 bees with the queen; now put the cage in the center of brood nest and let them alone for two days; by that time she will be out. As a rule, introducing virgin queens takes longer, is all the difference that I see from laying queens. You must be sure there is no way for the bees to raise a queen; if they have unsealed brood in the hive, you can't depend on them receiving her. Unless it is swarming time I have nearly as much trouble to get them to receive queen cells. The trouble is they let the queen hatch and then kill her. Some bee-keepers say that after the hive has been queenless 24 hour it is safe to give queen cells; not so with me, unless it is swarming time. If honey is scarce it is best to wait 5 days. Now you see how much time is lost, so I had rather let my queens hatch first, then introduce as I first described and save the five days, and some times something will happen to cells and your hives are queenless; that makes trouble. Queens hatched in small cages, to depend on candy for a living, or honey that you may fix in the cage for them always look sickly to me. They don't like the candy while they are young, and some of them will starve before they will eat it, but if they can get to the comb they will stick their heads in every cell till they find one that has honey in it, then they will stay there and eat till you would think it will surely make her sick, but don't be afraid, for that is what they want. They must be nearly starved when they are hatched, for if they can't get honey right at once they soon die, so be careful to have unsealed honey in cage. Don't throw away virgin queens that are under ten days old, but keep as near in line with nature as you can, both in raising queens and feeding them. Here is a quick way I have practiced some with good results, for introducing virgin queens. Take queen and all combs from them, but give them honey in some way, old combs from the honey house are good, but be sure they have been from the bees two or three weeks, so there is no chance for them to have eggs that will hatch, place wire cloth over the hive and tack it down so no bees can get out. When the bees all get in the hive close the entrance and put the hive in the shade, if the weather is warm; do this in the morning early, and that night just about dark, or a little before, take virgin queen in a cage by herself to the hive, have a cup of honey with you, thin it a little with water, drop the queen in honey and stir her around a little, be careful not to hurt her, have the hive back on its stand, with cover on over wire cloth, so not to disturb them, now open the entrance on inch, take the queen out of the honey on a fork, put her right in the entrance, the bees will clean her and then treat her as their own. Don't touch the hive after you put her with the bees for a day or two.

Click, Texas.

(From Progressive Bee-Keeper.)

SOME COMMON MISTAKES OF BEE-KEEPERS.

E. W. MOORE.

Beginners in bee-keeping are bound to make many mistakes in their management of bees. I have before me a letter from one of the beginners of 1895, stating that in May, last spring, he bought ten colonies of bees and that after they built up strong, he divided them, letting them rear new queens, and that this winter they have all but four gone to that sleep that knows no waking.

This is one mistake very often made by beginners, trying to increase their bees too fast, and thereby getting their bees so weak in numbers and so short of stores that they either freeze or starve out before spring. And here let me say to anyone buying bees this spring: Don't do as the one above did, and divide your bees, but let them build up and store you a surplus, and if the season and honey flow are right, your bees will give you natural swarms and stow away honey for winter use.

Another mistake often made by experienced bee-keepers as well as by beginners, it is to neglect feedin_ those colonies in the fall that havn't honey enough to run them for the winter, thereby losing many good strong colonies, and by neglecting to provide for our bees in the fall, I am confident is the cause of three-fourths of our winter losses, for I am confident that more bees *starve to death* in winter and early spring than are lost from all other causes combined.

Another very serious mistake often made by beginners and inexperienced bee-keepers is spreading the brood in early spring, and of putting on the supers too early, thereby weakening all colonies, and with a good chance of having a cold snap, chill all the young brood, and if supers are on the hives too early, you are depriving the bees of warmth that should have been kept in the brood chamber, for warmth and honey bees must have in early spring if they build up in time for basswood and clover harvest.

Another mistake often made by many is hiving a new swarm in a new place. Why not put the new swarm on the stand of the old swarm, and and take one frame of brood from the old swarm and give it to the new swarm, and move the old swarm to a new location, thereby throwing all of the field force of workers to the new colony and doing away with after-swarming?

How many bee-keepers are there who have gotten their hives, foundations, etc., made up and ready for the coming harvest? I am afraid there are a good many who havn't been putting things in shape for the coming busy season, and to those who havn't ordered and made up their supplies this winter, I would like to ask this question: When do you intend getting your supplies? Better do so before swarming time, as it isn't very profitable to wait until you are in need of hives and sections before ordering, for if you do, by the time you receive your goods, the honey flow is a thing of the past, and your swarms if you save any of them at all, you will have to put them in boxes, kegs, or anything you can get that will hold them. And then what a time you will have of transferring. If you want to be in the race this summer, better commence now, and get everything in place.

In conclusion let me say that if you wish to be successful with your bees, you must give them the proper attention, and do it at the proper time. Furnish them some kind of shade for summer, and keep the weeds down from around the hives. Procure some good text book on bee culture, read and *study the habits* of the bees, and if you are in love with your pets, you will soon learn enough to avoid a great many of the mistakes often made by beginners. Remember that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and that well begun is half done.

Griffin, Ind.

(From American Bee Journal, Oct. 17, 1895).

APIS DORSATA AND OTHER THINGS.

BY W. R. MORRISON.

Apis Dorsata has had a hard time of it lately, according to some authorities, but I take little stock in "sich." Prof. Cheshire's arguments have chiefly been relied on to give support to specious pleas. Now nothing can be more fallacious than Cheshire's reasoning on this subject. He must have hurried himself when writing on the races, otherwise I can't see how he came to write it. Here is the obnoxious paragraph:

"Flowers and bees have been constantly interacting. The build of every floret is adapted to its fertilizer, and, could we suddenly increase the dimensions of our hive bees we should throw them out of harmony with the floral world around them. decrease their utility by reducing the number of plants they could fertilize, and diminish equally their value as honey gatherers. Mechanics, physiology, economics, and botany, alike show any craving after mere size to be difficult to find an excuse."

As there are 212 species of bees inhabiting the British Isles, the readers of the Bee Journal can form their own opinion of how much violence the introduction of one new species would do, and I shudder to think of the terrible havoc that occurred in America when Apis Mellifica was set loose by foolish settlers! American historians have neglected this subject. As to the matter of size, even the British fauna is enriched by the presence of bees much larger (Bombus), and which are more industrious than our own little pet Apis. According to Cheshire, the British farmer ought to abandon his magnificent Shire and Clydesdale horses, and adopt the little donkey or Shetland pony. The work of Bakewell and McCombie is not so easily overturned.

"Bee-Master," too, has "put his foot in it," in making the astounding assertion that the earth has been ransacked, from pole to pole, in search of new bees. Will "Bee-Master" inform an anxious reader who did all the ransacking? If it's so, I have a bone to pick with the editor of this journal. I would like to know who made the experiments on Apis Dorsata, Nigripennis, Socalis, Dellessertii, Indica, Perrottetii, Lobata and Peronii—all near relatives of our own Mellifica, differing only in size and color. Being somewhat familiar with the Spanish main, I can affirm that his assertion is a misstatement, not warranted in any degree.

South America abounds in honey-gathering bees, some of which have been partially domesticated and more might be. Not since the days of Azara Hall, St. Hilliare, and Gardner, have we had any information of moment on the bees of Terra Firma. And can "Bee-Master" furnish us with knowledge of the bees of Africa, the southern portion of which is a veritable floral garden? I guess not. Dr. Jamieson, the explorer, and now Commissioner of Matabele Land, and Dr. Brotherston, head of the Niger Co., have, I know, a knowledge of bee-culture, and they would be the last to say that Africa has been ransacked for new races of bees. This fact remains, that in certain portions of the globe bees are kept by natives, that have never been brought under scientific culture, and many races yet remain to experiment on.

For my part, I should be glad to see a smaller bee than Mellifica introduced, such as Indica, or even Florea. The great flower, Melianthus Major, is neglected by European bees, but may we not secure the bees that do feed on it, in its native land?

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, who is a good bee-keeper, and the author of that entertaining book, "The Malay Archipelago," gives lucid accounts of Dorsata which should be read by all those interested.

Devonshire, Bermuda Isles, July 2.

(From American Bee Journal.)

SOME BEE-NOTES FROM CALIFORNIA.

BY PROF. A. J. COOK.

THE BEE-KEEPERS' EXCHANGE.—It is fortunate for the California Bee-Keepers' Exchange that the present season is so unpromising for a honey crop. As yet, we have received only about nine inches of rain, while, according to all reports, 15 inches is necessary for a good honey crop. True, we may get more, but bee-keepers or ranchmen do not expect much rain after this date. Thus, it looks very much at present as though the honey product of Southern California, the present season, would be like that of two years ago—nothing. Yet I do not believe the bee-keepers will be discouraged, or will give up the new organization. Those in the regions of orchards and alfalfa fields will doubtless get something of a crop; and others have already reaped advantage in the lower prices which they have had to pay for supplies. I very much mistake the temper and spirit of our bee-keepers if they let the discouraging prospect discourage them. We will hang to The Bee-Keepers' Exchange, and be ready with the next harvest to secure a price that shall pay us for our labor in securing the crop.

I quite agree with a recent writer in Gleanings, that every State in the country ought to follow the example of California, then we should have full control of the honey, and could demand remunerative prices. I believe this is a matter that should be taken up in all the associations, State and National, and we should not "cry quits" until the whole country was organized. This consummation will surely be realized in the not very distant future; whether we shall reap the advantages depends upon whether we are ready to act with energy and effect.

FOUL BROOD.—The subject of foul brood is a very practical one in many of our bee keeping regions. I know a bee keeper not very far from Claremont in whose apiary a year ago there were five or six colonies diseased with foul brood. At my suggestion, that those colonies should be treated, and certainly better be destroyed than to be left to spread the disease, he remarked that he thought his bees had had it before, and they got well. He now reports very sadly that every colony in his apiary has the disease. He feels very badly, and has double reason for his condition.

It seems to me that every bee keeper in the country should be thoroughly informed regarding this malady, and that we should have such laws and inspection as would protect bee keepers against this evil. Ontario, Canada, has given us a very wise example in this direction.

BUCKTHORN AS A HONEY PLANT.—One of the most common group of plants in California is the buckthorn. There are many species of these shrubs, and all are very prolific of flowers. One, the California lilac, resembles quite closely the lilac of the East, and is very beautiful. Most of them, however, are white, and as we go through the brush-wood, we are constantly running upon these plants. I am happy to say that they are very attractive to the bees. I find the shrubs alive with these little insects, bearing away their heavy load of pollen and honey. As they bleom in late March and early April, before the sage and buckwheat are in blossom, they are quite valuable as early bee-forage. This is especially true in out-apiaries away from the orchards. The genus of the buckthorn is Ceanothus, of which genus there are a large number of species. Like nearly all of the bee plants of California, these buckthorns are a long time in bloom, and are thus far more valuable as honey plants than they would otherwise be.

ORANGE BLOOM AND BEES.—During the last few days the hum of the bees has been very constant and very loud in all the region about Claremont. The orange orchards are in full bloom, and the odor is not only very preceptible in the streets near by the orchards, but is borne by the winds to regions far distant, even to apiaries miles away; thus swarms of bees are passing from the apiaries to the orange orchards in quest of the nectar.

Appropos to the above, I would say that I know of no honey more delicious than that from orange bloom. As we might expect the flavor reminds one decidedly of the odor. I have often secured enough fruit blossom honey in Michigan, so that I could test its quality. I always found it very delicious. There was a delicate reminder of fruit preserve which was altogether agreeable. Thus I was not surprised to learn how exquisite this orange blossom honey is.

BEE-MARTIN OR KINGBIRD.—It is a fact beyond question that the bee-bird, or bee-martin, or king bird, *Tyrannus tyrannus*, destroys bees, both drones and workers, in the Eastern States, often to quite an extent. We also have a bird said to destroy bees here in California. It belongs to the same genus as the one already mentioned. These birds sit on a perch, and as the bee comes towards the hive, darts after it, catches it in its bill and flies back to its perch. It is then seen to go through certain motions, after which the bee is swallowed, and it is ready to repeat the operation. I am very curious to know what becomes of the bee's stinger. From what we know, we should expect that the bird would certainly get stung in the throat as it swallowed the bee. I have seen toads swallow bees, and, upon dissection, I found just as many stings in the toad's throat as there had been bees swallowed. In this case, of course, the toad is either callous against the stings, or else not sensitive to the poison. Is it possible that in the case of the king-bird the sting is extracted before the bee is swallowed? True, this would require no little intelligence; but I think many of our lower animals are brighter than we give them credit for being. We should suppose that an animal as highly organized as a bird, and especially as these fly-catchers, would be injured if stung so much in the throat, mouth, œsophagus or stomach. I wish those who have opportunity to observe this matter would kill and dissect a bird and find what is the truth in the matter. If, as is probable, the bees are found without their stingers, then the latter should be looked for in the interior part of the alimentary canal of the bird. Years ago I dissected kingbirds and found worker-bees in their stomachs, but I regret to say that I never thought of the stingers, and so made no observations in reference to this point.

Claremont, Calif., April 21.

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER,
FALCONER, N. Y.

☞Subscribers finding this paragraph marked with a blue cross will know that their subscripiton expires with this number. We hope that you will not delay in sending a renewal.

☞A Red Cross on this paragraph indicates that you owe for your subscriprion. Please give the matter your attention.

EDITORIAL.

It looks now as if the honey crop of 1896 will be the largest for several years. The weather since spring opened has in this locality been all that the bee keeper could ask for.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER one year with the Cosmopolitan for $1.25. The Cosmopolitan is a monthly magazine containing an average of over 100 pages and 80 illustrations each month.

Evidently queen rearing is not so lucrative as in some former years. We notice there are very few advertisements of queen dealers seen in the bee papers.

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

At the present time there is no particular subject pertaining to bee keeping that is receiving any more attention than another. This is a very unusual state of affairs. Some one ought to start an argument of some kind.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

The bee industry in the Eastern States is pretty "dead" this season, as is shown by the letters and small number of orders received.

We will send the Farm Journal, (Phila). and the Bee-Keeper one year for 50c, or will send the Farm Journal one year to everyone who owe a year or more subscription and will pay up. (Mention this offer).

The World's Fair Commissioners have just distributed the diplomas and medals to exhibitors. It seems as if pretty nearly everyone got them. So many were distributed that they are too common to be very highly prized.

If you need any bee supplies send along your orders at once. We can fill orders very promptly now.

"HOW TO MANAGE BEES," a 50c book, and the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER a year for only 60c.

Reduction of Prices.

FOUNDATION has been reduced 3c a pound from prices in our 1896 catalog. This is owing to the lower price of wax.

OUR NO. 1 FALCON POLISHED SECTIONS we now offer at $2.50 for 1000, $4.50 for 2000, $6.40 for 3000, $10 for 5000. Less than 1000 same prices as formerly.

BEESWAX is lower. We are now paying 22c cash or 25c in trade, per pound, delivered at our railroad station, (Falconer, N. Y). This price is not guaranteed. We will pay highest market price when wax is received. Prices are liable to be reduced again within a short time If you have any wax to sell it is advisable to send it now.

We have a quantity of Alley Drone and Queen Trap patterns of 1894 which will be sold at 25c each, regular price 50c. These Traps are just as good for practical purposes as those of more recent pattern.

We will duplicate the prices on hives and supplies offered by any first class manufacturers — and in many cases can do even better by you than anyone else.

THE FEIGNING OF DEATH BY ANIMALS.

The habit of feigning death for the sake of protection can be observed among many of the lower animals,—animals which differ widely in family, genius, and species. Indeed this habit is to be observed in creatures microscopic in size and of exceedingly low organization, as well as those as high in the scale of animal life as man himself ; for even man does not hesitate, on occasions, to avail himself of this natural subterfuge when he thinks it will aid in the preservation of his life.

With the aid of the microscope one can observe and study the natural history of the minute animal world which otherwise would remain a closed and unread volume. This instrument has shown me, beyond cavil. that creatures as low in the scale as *actinophryans*, very minute, microscopic animalcules, practice death-feigning when surprised by an enemy from which they cannot otherwise escape. Thus, I have repeatedly seen actinophryans fold their delicate, hair-like legs or cilia and sink to the bottom of their miniature lake (a drop of water) when approached by a water-louse, which preys upon them. They remain to all appearances absolutely without life until the water-louse swims away, when they unfold their cilia and go back to their feeding-grounds,—a bit of water-weed, or moss, or decayed wood.—James Weir, in June Lippincott's.

A UNIQUE REFERENCE BOOK.

To say it contains information of nearly universal interest, and that is, practically, obtainable by most readers nowhere else, is but the simple truth concerning "Alden's Living Topic Cyclopedia." The second volume, extending from Boy. to Con., contains the latest facts concerning the nations, Brazil, British Empire, Bulgaria, Cape Colony, Chile, Chinese Empire and others, and concerning three states, California, Colorado and Connecticut ; also concerning six large cities, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Charleston, Chicago, Cincinnati and Cleveland. The facts are commonly from one year to five years later than can be found in any of the leading cyclopedias, and commonly a year later than the 1896 almanacs and annuals We name only leading titles ; besides there are hundreds of others, all of them "living" topics. One wonders how busy seekers after knowledge have got along without such an up-to-date cyclopedia. The whole series of six handy volumes is to be completed during the year, and at the surprisingly low cost of $1.50 to $3.00 for the set, with liberal discounts for advance orders. Specimen pages may be had free by addressing the publisher, John B. Alden, 10 and 12 Vandewater St., New York.

Vinegar by a Quick Process.

Vinegar may be made in a very short time by a sort of filtering process that can be handled by any person of ordinary ingenuity. A large barrel has a perforated shelf fitted in a few inches below the top. From the holes fall ends of pack thread, which are knotted at the upper end so that they may not be drawn entirely through. Glass tubes are fixed in the shelf as air vents. The lower edge of the barrel is filled with holes placed about six inches above the bottom, and a siphon carries off the liquid that accumulates below this point. Diluted alcoholic liquor, slightly sweetened with honey or with extract of malt, is slowly dripped through the holes in the shelf and runs through beechwood shavings that have previously been steeped in good vinegar. The liquor, which should be kept at a temperature of 75 to 85 degrees F., filters down through the threads and over the shavings to the bottom of the barrel, whence it runs over through the siphon. After awhile the temperature in the barrel rises to about 100 degrees F., the chemical action going on meanwhile. It is necessary to pour the liquor again and again through the generator before it is satisfactory. From three or four to half a dozen filterings are usually sufficient, though more are sometimes required, depending a good deal on the quality of the materials and the temperature at starting.—New York Ledger.

She Was Not Engaged.

Mrs. B. had changed girls, and was undergoing the usual catechism at the hands of her kitchen's future ruler. After a succession of damsels from "the ould dart" her husband had strenuously insisted that she try "an intelligent and cleanly American girl." He had found such a one and was sure she would prove a treasure. The lady of the house even thought he might not be mistaken, so trim and neat was the newcomer.

"Yes. I'm a splendid washer," that person said, "and I can iron shirts to beat a Chinaman—I always did up father's at home. I always had time, for, you see, I know how to manage. Flat things, sheets, tablecloths, napkins, I fold and lay around in the chairs; they come out beautifully smooth when you have sat on them a day or two. And that reminds me to ask, where had you rather I put them, here in your chair or your husband's?"

It took Mrs. B. sometime minutes to recover speech, but finally she managed to say that on the whole she feared she would not suit a domestic so progressive.—New York Journal.

How Crockett Lived.

S. R. Crockett, the Scotch writer, has been telling how he used to raise the heat when a hard up student in Edinburgh. He lodged with a friend over a great coal station, and he used to go out in the evening and pick up the coals which the carts had dropped in the streets. "Sometimes," he says, "I grew so bold as to chuck a lump of coal at a driver, who invariably looked for the biggest lump on his load to hit back with, which was what I wanted. Thus the exercise warmed me at the time and the coal warmed me afterward. And occasionally we got a large enough stock to sell to our companions, and buy a book or two. But I wish, here and now, solemnly to state that I never, never condescended to lift a lump off a cart, at least hardly—well, unless it was manifestly inconveniencing the safety of the load or overburdening the safety of the horse, you know!"

A Gibraltar Legend.

One of the stock of ancient legends relating to the Rock of Gibraltar, from which the passing griffs were formerly regaled, relates how a young Scotch subaltern was on guard duty with a brother officer, when the latter in visiting the sentries fell over a precipice and was killed. When the survivor was relieved from duty, he made the customary written report in the usual form, "Nothing extraordinary." And this brought the brigade major down upon him in a rage. "What! When your brother officer on duty with you has fallen down a precipice 400 feet high and been killed, you report nothing extraordinary!" "Weel, sir," replied the Scot calmly, "I dinna think there's onything extraornery in it, ava. If he had fa'en doon four hunder' feet and not been killed—weel, I should hae ca'd that extraornery."

England and Her Friends.

England as a nation has not and rarely has had a friend. She is isolated, and the world delights to impress her isolation upon her. Once, indeed, she drew very close to Holland, so close that, after fighting her battles for two generations, she offered to make one republic with her, but the only results were seven of the fiercest naval engagements ever known and the ousting of the Dutch from their dominion of the sea. The only European people who having passed from under our rule conspired to return to it were the Gascons at the close of the hundred years' war. There can be no more curious example of the caprices of national friendship than this. Normandy and Brittany, nearer to us in breed, climate and position, joyfully cast us out, and the hot blooded province of the south, for all that it had once rebelled against the Black Prince, entreated us to stay.

With Scotland the case was different. She had for many hundred years a friendship, hardly extinguished until the middle of the last century, which brought woes unnumbered both upon England and herself and many times threatened to overwhelm England altogether. So surely as an English expedition went to France down came the Scots across the border. The victory of Neville's Cross was won when Edward III lay before Calais; the victory of Flodden was won when Henry VIII lay before Tournay. The story was eternally the same.

It that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin.

Nothing could shake the friendship of France and Scotland, and it was when France was in her direst need that Scotland came forward to help her in her own territory and for reward received the high privilege of guarding the sacred person of the French king. —Macmillan's Magazine.

The Thief Discovered.

An employee in an up town resort has been held under suspicion for some time, and came near losing his position, on account of the antics of a big tomcat. For weeks the cash registers, when counted at the close of the day's business, showed a deficit of several dollars, and no clew could be had to explain the mysterious absence of the money. The proprietor, having great confidence in his employee, was mystified, and not until a few nights ago was the matter made clear. While alone in the place, after closing hours, the proprietor was startled to hear the click of the registers, followed by repeated clicks, like those of a novice upon the keys of a piano. Looking up, he found his pet cat playing upon the keys of the register and apparently enjoying the performance as much as if he were a feline Paderowski.—New York Journal.

Vindicated the Law.

A friend of Representative Culberson of Texas related the following incident:

"When Mr. Culberson was prosecuting attorney," he said, "there was a criminal statute universally disregarded. The indictment of a well known man for violation of this law was secured through the efforts of Mr. Culberson, who prosecuted the case with more vigor than almost any he had ever conducted, succeeding in securing a conviction and sentence to the penitentiary. Then he left town, and no one knew where he had gone until he and the prisoner, who had been taken to the penitentiary, returned together. Mr. Culberson had gone to the governor, obtained a pardon, and met the convict at the penitentiary with it. The law had been vindicated, and there were no more violations of that statute in Jefferson." —Washi-
[illegible]

A Model Citizen.

If anybody wants a model for a citizen of the highest class, he may find it in this eulogy of a Boston man, written by a friend who was worth having: "Martin Brimmer, freed from private care, dedicated himself to the commonweal; he took his part in legislation, in charities, in education, in cultivation of art. He mingled in all public affairs —not only mingled, but led. Nature had made him prepossessing. His dignity, his deliberation, his reserve were imposing, his gentle courtesy was winning, and when at last he uttered a few pregnant words in a judicial tone the majority of his hearers fancied that he was but expressing their sentiments, while the minority decided that opposition was vain. The fusion was complete."

WHAT IS MONEY?

Money, my boy, is silver and gold
  Or a piece of pictured paper,
And they who possess it manifold
  May cut any kind of a caper.

Money, my boy, is a worshiped god
  And a dearly treasured idol,
Used often as a divining rod
  At burial, birth and bridal.

Money, my boy, does a world of good
  And more than worlds of evil—
Good when poured from the hand of God,
  Bad if dealt out by the devil.

Money, my boy, does not grow on trees,
  Is not always had for the asking,
Nor gathered in pocket from every breeze
  Without much deceit and masking.

Money, my boy, will buy place and power,
  Husbands and wives and divorces—
Truthful and false in selfsame hour,
  Marshaling all kinds of forces.

Money, my boy, it is sad to say,
  Buys "body, soul and breeches;"
Is a curse to those who day by day
  Live only to hoard up riches.

Money, my boy, both rich and poor
  Fall down on their knees before it.
No matter how it may come to their door,
  All are quick to receive and adore it.

Money, my boy, "What is it?" you ask,
  As if it were something funny.
A correct reply is no easy task,
  For money is nothing but money.

Money, my boy, alone by itself
  Is naught but a name for riches,
And whether well or ill gotten is pelf,
  That hinders and helps and bewitches.

But money, my boy, don't pass it by
  When skies grow bright and sunny,
For it's ten to one that before you die
  You'll find it handy to have some money.
—Good Housekeeping.

A MATRIMONIAL JAR.

It might have remained there a long time, Picket's new hat, if Mrs. Picket did not repeat every time her eyes fell upon it:

"What in the world possessed you to buy another new hat when you leave it there for weeks without ever opening the box it came in?"

"But," said Picket, "I have not worn it because you keep telling me that my old one looks all right."

"Yes, and you already have 27 hats that you have quit wearing, and you leave them in your closet covered with dust. What in the world do you keep them for? Why don't you throw them away?"

"Throw them away! And yet you know very well that you never throw anything away. You would not throw away a match that had been already lighted. You're so fond of saying, 'It might come in handy.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Picket, "it is true that I never throw away things that might come in handy, but how can old hats ever come in handy? What sense is there in piling up old hats which are of no use to any one when there are so many poor creatures who walk the streets barefooted?"

"But," said Picket, "they could not wear my hats on their bare feet."

"I don't see anything funny in that," said Mrs. Picket icily. "You know what I mean. You needn't pretend that you don't understand me. Why don't you send for an old clothes man and sell him your hats?"

"I never think of it."

"I'd like to know what you do think of. I don't think you think at all. But do as you please. Buy new hats; wear them; don't wear them. It's your own affair." Mrs. Picket concluded with saying, 'You make me tired," and she retired from the room, slamming the door with a violence which made the chandelier rattle.

"Such is married life," said the stupefied Picket, gazing after his wife. "Whether I do a thing or don't do it, I am certain not to please my wife. Take that new hat, for example! 'What did you buy it for,' said she, 'when you never wear it?' and the first day that I put it on to go out she will be sure to say, 'What are you wearing your new hat for when the other one is all right still?'"

Some days afterward Picket said to his wife, "I am going out."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Picket. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to see poor Marley, who is ill."

"And do you put on your new hat to see poor Marley?"

"Just what I expected you to say," remarked Picket. "Yes, that is what I am going to do. I am going to wear my new hat. See?"

"Well, why don't you throw your old

one in the closet with the others?"

With rising rage Picket took up his old hat, opened the closet door and hurled the hat into the closet.

"There," said he, "I hope you will give me a rest on this hat business!"

"That makes the twenty-eighth," replied Mrs. Picket, with a burst of sardonic laughter.

Picket went out. He started toward Marley's house, but he had scarcely gone more than a couple of blocks when it began to rain.

"There," said the unfortunate Picket. "Just my luck. Beginning to rain. Got a new hat on and no umbrella."

He started into a neighboring doorway to wait until the shower should cease, and as he did so a man carrying a long plank on his shoulder turned and swept the unfortunate Picket's hat from his head into the gutter.

Cursing like a pirate, the luckless Picket pursued his new hat and rescued it from the gutter, much damaged and covered with mud. A passing good Samaritan stopped and said to him:

"There's a hatter a couple of doors up the street there. He will brush it off and touch it up with the iron, and it will be all right."

"Thank you," said Picket, and he repaired to the hatter's. When he had his hat polished, he stood upon the doorstep for a moment, and, not wishing again to expose his hat to the fury of the elements, he determined to step into a friendly restaurant next door, where he would wait until the storm was over. He went in, seated himself at a table, hung up his hat on one of the hooks over his head, ordered a sandwich and began to look over the paper. But he could not take his mind away from the satirical welcome which he knew his wife would extend to him when he returned with his damaged hat. However, the Rubicon had to be crossed. The rain had ceased. He rose, and, still reflecting on his wife's reception, took a hat from the hook and was about to go when two waiters came up to him and grabbed him by the collar.

"Now we've got him," said one.

"Yes," said the other; "we've got him now. This is the fellow who has been stealing hats."

Picket, paralyzed with astonishment, protested. "What! I steal hats?" he said "What do you mean?"

"You will have an opportunity to explain this at the police station," was the reply, and the proprietor, who had whistled for a policeman at the door, turned him over to the hands of a blue coated guardian of the peace. The unfortunate Picket was yanked along the street, followed by a crowd of passers-by, who applauded his arrest, and a number of street boys, who signified their disapproval more forcibly by hurling mud at him. When the party reached the police station, the proprietor of the restaurant made his complaint to the sergeant there.

"That's the man," said he. "For the last two weeks some scoundrel has been coming to my restaurant, and whenever he goes out somebody misses a hat. We have been watching for him. Now we've got him. There he is. This is the thief. We caught him in the very act."

"But I was simply mistaken in the hat," cried Picket. "If I were stealing a hat, I would have two here, but I haven't This is not mine, but you will find mine hanging on the hook."

"Yes," said the restaurant man, "I know. Ordinarily you were in the habit of carrying a gripsack in which you put the other hat. This time you came without it."

"But I am an honest man," persisted the unfortunate Picket. "I am well known. Let the officer go to my house and he will see." He gave his name and his address, and the sergeant, wavering in the face of his protestations, sent an officer to accompany him to the address given. In about half an hour the officer returned, bearing an enormous pile of hats.

"Here sergeant," said the latter, "see what I found in the fellow's house. His wife had gone out, and it was the servant who let me in."

"Well," said the sergeant severely, looking at the accused person, "do you still deny that you are a hat thief?" gazing at the gigantic pile of hats.

"I deny it. I deny it in toto," said the unfortunate Picket. "I bought these hats. I don't wear them, but I bought them."

"You don't wear them. What in the world can you do with 28 hats?"

"Well, my wife has always told me to

sell them to an old clothes man. I never think of it, I am so forgetful. Why, today I even forgot my umbrella. I never had any head."

"You have no head? What do you want with 28 hats, then?"

But at this moment a weeping woman entered the police station. It was Mrs. Picket. She had heard from the servant of the plight in which her luckless husband was placed and came and told the police sergeant who he was and that the hats were really his. But was Picket grateful to her? Hardly. He wished a thousand times that she had not heard about his misadventure and that he had succeeded in going through all the pains and horrors of a police court far rather than that she should find him there with the 28 hats—28 mute witnesses of her superior judgment staring him in the face. He said to himself mentally, "Never shall I hear the last of these 28 hats." He never did. In fact, he got it morning, noon and night. He had it with breakfast, lunch and dinner. He had it with his soup. He had it with his nightcap. He had it with his morning slippers. And whenever the rain began falling and poor Picket would incautiously say, "What dreadful weather!" "Yes," Mrs. Picket would reply, "exactly the same kind of a day as when you got rid of your 28 hats."—San Francisco Argonaut.

TWO SNAKE STORIES.

TOLD BY A GENTLEMAN WHO IS AWAY UP IN SERPENTOLOGY.

Snakes That Should Not Be Killed—How the Black Snake Hunts and Captures Its Food—Rescuing a Ship From a Python Who Had Calmly Taken Possession.

"Sit down and sharpen your pencil, while I overhaul my mental shelves," remarked Mr. Thompson, curator of the zoological collection in the park, in answer to a request for some snake stories. "Before giving you some of my experiences I want to enter a protest against the indiscriminate slaughter of our common harmless snakes, such as the black snake, garter snake and the like. Every farmer should protect them, for they are beneficial, instead of being harmful, as is generally supposed by a large majority of humanity. Any naturalist will tell you that the food of the black snake consists largely of rats, mice, etc., while that of the garter snake is principally insects, such as grasshoppers, caterpillars, etc.

"Now for some of my experiences. In my younger days I was crossing Ashby's gap, over the Blue Ridge, Virginia, in company with an uncle of the famous Black Horse Cavalry Ashby. We were making a portion of the ascent through quite a deep cut, when our attention was attracted by a toad, which rolled instead of hopped down the side slope. Ashby pulled up the horse and said, 'There's a black snake after that fellow.' An instant after the snake thrust his head through the fence, and on observing us drew back. In the meanwhile the toad had gathered himself together, and was hopping at a lively gait up the road. Ashby remarked, 'Now I will show you something,' and sprang out of the buggy and caught the toad, which he carried a short distance and released. Returning, he turned the buggy and drove back down the road some 50 steps, when we alighted and tied the horse. Climbing over the fence on the opposite side of the road to that on which the snake had made his appearance we stealthily worked our way up until we came in sight of the point where he was first seen. Lying down in the long grass and peering through the rails, we did not have to wait long before the snake reappeared.

"He looked about for a few seconds, and then descended the slope down which the toad had rolled, and followed his trail up the road. On coming to the spot where it had been picked up, he began to circle, precisely as a dog would act on losing the scent. He gradually increased the size of his circles until he struck the spot where the toad had been put down, when he made a bee line after it. We leaped into the road and hurried after his snakeship, who as soon as he discovered that he was being followed turned up the slope and squirmed out of sight through the fence. Ashby said, 'I am sure you are satisfied now that a black snake hunts by scent.'

"Now I shall have to take you out to South Africa. I lived in Durban, Natal, which is about 1,000 miles around the Cape of Good Hope, up toward Madagascar. One morning I received a note from the port captain, asking me to come down to the harbor with all possible dispatch, as a python had taken possession of a German brig and I was wanted to capture it. Taking one of my keepers with me, I hurried down, and found quite a crowd on the jetty, among which was the crew of the brig. On inquiry I learned that there had been a shower during the night, and in the morning the mate had ordered one of the men to go aloft and shake out the sails, in order to dry them. He started up, and on reaching the maintop turned and came down on the clean run. The tar was instantly ordered to hades and numerous other places, while the valiant mate started aloft to attend to matters on his own hook. No sooner did his head get on a level with the top than he came down at a gait which far excelled that of the disobedient sailor. He instantly raised the alarm, and the entire crew lost no time in getting on shore and spreading the report that the rigging was full of the biggest kind of snakes.

"With the assistance of the port captain's binoculars I had no difficulty in making a critical examination of the entire upper works of the vessel, which was anchored about 100 yards from the shore. The result was one large python, coiled around the laps of the main and topmast. Borrowing a sack, I managed, after much persuasion, to get two of the crew to pull myself and keeper off to the brig, where they left us and turned back to the jetty. I unrove the flag halyards, made a noose in one end of them and hunted around until I found a stout piece of reed some six or eight feet in length. Climbing up the shrouds, I make my attack through the lubber's hole by punching his snakeship with the reed, to the end of which I had tied the noose. He put his head down through the hole for the purpose of fighting me, when he was instantly noosed around the neck and the halyards made fast to the ratlines. In his violent efforts to effect a release he drew back with such force as rapidly to choke himself into insensibility. Calling to the keeper to hold the mouth of the sack open, I watched until I thought he was nearly at his last gasp, when I squirmed up on the top, loosened his coils around the masts, lowered him into the sack, when the keeper immediately cut the noose. By the time that I reached the deck he had nearly recovered from his severe wind stoppage. I gently opened the mouth of the sack to have a good look at him and discovered from his bloated appearance that he had recently partaken of a hearty meal. On the arrival of the crew on board it was discovered that the captain's fox terrier was missing. I therefore concluded that the python, in swimming across the harbor, had struck the vessel's hawser, up which he had crawled on to the deck, swallowed the dog and gone aloft to digest his meal."—Buffalo Commercial.

Not Enough Muses.

The unmusical manager who protested when he found a performer in his orchestra holding his bow during a rest, saying to him, "I don't pay you to rest!" was the same one who, on another occasion, was superintending the arrangement of some performers who were representing allegorical characters.

"Here in front," said the author of the piece which was to be given, "we will put the nine muses."

"Nine muses!" exclaimed the great manager contemptuously. "Nine muses would look well in that great space, wouldn't they? We will have 36 muses!"—Youth's Companion.

"Have you any children?" asked the janitor.

"I have," replied the prospective tenant.

"Then you can't have the flat," said the janitor decisively.

"But you don't understand," protested the prospective tenant. "My youngest child is 20 years old, married and lives in New York, and the other two are in St. Louis."

"That makes no difference," returned the janitor. "Orders are orders, and I have orders not to rent this flat to any one with children."—Chicago Post.

It is the old lesson—a worthy purpose, patient energy for its accomplishment, a resoluteness undaunted by difficulties, and then success.—W. H. Punshon.

One Way of Catching Fiddler Crabs.

There are various ways of catching fiddler crabs. One way of catching the black or mud fiddler, the one that bores into meadow banks along salt creeks, is with two boards so placed as to form a deep sided letter V. The fisherman seeks a spot where there is a little strip of sand at low water, between the base of the mud bank and the water's edge. The crabs come out of their holes and go down to the edge of the water, often in great numbers. The fisherman comes over the meadow with his boards, which he sets up on edge as quietly as he can on the sand, with the opening of the V toward the water. Then he alarms the crabs, and they come scurrying up the little beach in multitudes, bound for their holes. As they come they carry their big claw aloft, somewhat as the soldier carries his gun. It is from this habit that the fiddler crab gets the name of soldier crab, by which it is also known. Those crabs that are opposite the opening in the V hustle with the rest of the line, but when they strike the board sides they are thrown more and more together, until they converge in a mass at the point. The fisherman, sitting outside, takes them out by the handful.—New York Sun.

Leonardo da Vinci.

Leonardo da Vinci, being a great architect and engineer, as well as painter and sculptor, left notebooks proving that he had studied the flight of birds and had planned flying machines to be driven by wings or by screw propellers. But as Leonardo was good at figures he seems to have abandoned his plans after finding out how much force would be needed.—Tudor Jenks in St. Nicholas.

The Weak Point.

The owner of a menagerie in Berlin, which included a "happy family," consisting of a lion, a tiger, a wolf and a sheep, was asked one day in confidence how long these animals had lived together. "About nine months," he replied, "excepting the sheep, which has to be renewed occasionally."—London Fun.

"Tell that to the marines" indicates the contempt which, even to the present day, professional sailors feel and express for the sldiers who form a portion of the complement on board a man-of-war.

Grace leads the right way. If you choose the wrong, take it and perish, but restrain your tongue. Charge not, with lights sufficient and left free, your willful suicide on God's decree.—Cowper.

MYSTERIES OF THE LOUVRE.

Walls That Are Believed to Hide the Bones of Murdered Men.

Every one who has "done" the Louvre will remember the low pitched and somewhat gloomy halls in which are stored the treasures of Egypt. Beneath these lie yet more darkly mysterious vaults, inaccessible to the public, though approached by a wide and handsome staircase, such as would lead one to imagine that it communicated with apartments of some importance. Yet one finds at the bottom nothing but broad passages disposed in the form of a cross, and without any sign whatever of door or window.

A recent examination, however, of the solid stone walls gives experts reason to believe that the masonry is more recent than the rest of the structure in this, the oldest portion of the fortress palace. M. Vaugneux, a well known critic, believes that many of the bodies of victims killed in the revolution of 1830 were immured here, and that the government was afraid to reveal the fact when the remains of their comrades were collected beneath the Colonne de Juillet.

On the other hand, M. Blondel, the architect of the building, and M. Normand, the secretary of the Society For Protecting Parisian Monuments, hold the opinion that these subterranean passages led to the oubliettes, into which Catherine de' Medici cast those who were unfortunate enough to incur her hate or fear. A judicious exploration would clear up the matter and settle, too, several doubtful points as to the foundations of Lescot's original citadel. Unfortunately, the annual grant does not provide for any such archæological research, and it would be necessary to appeal for funds to the generosity of the chamber.—London Chronicle.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

As I remember the first fair touch
Of those beautiful hands that I love so much
I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled,
Kissing the glove that I found unfilled
When I met your gaze and the queenly bow
As you said to me laughingly, "Keep it now!"
And dazed and alone in a dream I stand
Kissing the ghost of your beautiful hand.

When first I loved in the long ago
And held your hand as I told you so,
Pressed and caressed it and gave it a kiss
And said, "I could die for a hand like this!"
Little I dreamed love's fullness yet
Had to ripen when eyes were wet,
And prayers were vain in their wild demands
For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

Beautiful hands! O beautiful hands!
Could you reach out of the alien lands
Where you are lingering and give me tonight
Only a touch—were it ever so light—
My heart were soothed and my weary brain
Would lull itself into rest again,
For there is no solace the world commands
Like the caress of your beautiful hands.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

DIANA'S SPIDER.

The Band, Gasset and Seam is a society recruited from an exclusive circle of Nob Hill's youthful matrons. It meets through the winter, with aggravated activity during Lent, at houses of the members; its motto, "First flannels to the indigent;" its symbol, a thimble crossed by a pair of scissors argent on a background of flannel gules surmounted by a spool of thread couchant.

The demure maid who serves bouillon, tea and chocolate to the society's fair Dorcases hears tales from every quarter of the globe—of life in the summer colonies along the New England coast, of yachting cruises through Norwegian fiords in the yellow wake of the midnight sun, of walking tours in the Landes and camping trips in the north woods. She knows her planet better than many whose orbits are less circumscribed and can safely be relied upon for information regarding elk in Oregon or salmon in the Columbia, the proper time to hunt the grizzly in Assiniboia and the relative merits of the Andalusian donkey and his twin brother, the Rocky mountain burro.

After serving the Bradamante of the society with a cup of tea and a caviare sandwich, she retires to a dusky corner of the room, refills the lamp under the brazen kettle and rearranges the Dresden cups and saucers and the jewel mounted spoons upon the teakwood table.

When the fluffy haired Mrs. Jack, the society's president and the hostess of the occasion, begins her story, there is a lull in the talk, which the wind fills in with a neatly executed arpeggio.

Mrs. Jack's mouth droops in wistful curves, and beside her eyes an infant's would seem sophisticated.

"Jack says I must go with him to Africa, but I shall never dare to look a tiger in the face after my experience on the Big Muddy."

Mrs. Jack's adventures have familiarized the society with Tin Cup, Big Bug, Bumble Bee and Medicine Hat. But the Big Muddy offers delightful fields for speculation, for it has not yet found a place on any map, and its only high roads are the half obliterated trails left by the Utes when they unwillingly departed for new hunting grounds.

"You remember the bighorn I shot after Jack and the guides had tracked him for ten days over the Rattlesnake range in Wyoming?" Mrs. Jack continues plaintively.

The society remembers the big-horn as well as the giant shark in the Mexican gulf, the mountain lion and the cinnamon bear with amber eyes picked off by Mrs Jack's rifle in the San Francisquito mountains. The idea of her not daring to look a tiger in the face under any circumstances taxes the credulity of the society. Has she ever known fear, ever quailed before beast, bird or fish—this modern Artemis?

When she accompanies her husband on his hunting expedition, she wears the woods' autumn livery—leaf brown and scarlet—an abbreviated skirt and leggings of brown corduroy, a scarlet leather shirt with elk's teeth for buttons, a hat festooned with trout and salmon flies and shining leaders. A cartridge belt girdles her slender waist, with its depending revolver and hunting knife.

It is remarkable that Mrs. Jack has escaped the cinnamon's embrace, and bruin might well be pardoned such an indiscretion.

"Jack has always said that my physical courage first attracted him. But I had never confessed to him that there was one test to which I should be unequal. It came on the Big Muddy. Listen:

"We were camped in the quaking aspen. Snow had fallen, and the elk were coming down. You could hear them bugling on every side just before dawn. It is easy to stop a band of elk as they pass near your camp by imitating their call upon an empty cartridge shell. I have learned the trick, and Jack had no hesitation in permitting me to choose my own trail one morning and following it alone afoot, he and the guides scattering in other directions. The taste of the camp coffee was still upon my lips, my cheeks tingled with the frosty breath of the morning air as I kept cautiously to the windward of the elk, whose trumpeting stirred me like martial music.

"A stray bear track showed here and there in the fresh snow. But I was after elk. A hundred miles lay between our camp and the nearest settlement. Ah, the solitude of those woods!"

Mrs. Jack leans back in her chair and sighs reminiscently as she gazes into the blazing hearth fire, a charming picture in her house gown of old blue, brightened with gleams of Persian embroidery, interwoven with uncut jewels.

"I had gone three miles, perhaps four, over fallen spruce up the steep side of a rugged mountain, when crash across my trail came a band of elk, headed by a magnificent bull.

"Crouching behind a bowlder, I waited. I have waited so often for big game, from Alaska to the gulf. Jack says I have seen more than he can ever hope to see if he lives to be 100. My hand was steady. Jack often gets buck fever. I never do. I took deliberate aim. The elk came toward the bullet and dropped dead without a struggle. Blazing the trail as I retraced it toward camp for the pack animals, I saw that there were new bear tracks. I was not out that day for bear, and I did not care to come upon one alone, although I had no thought of shirking the encounter were it forced upon me.

"A bear in a bear pit is a clumsy creature. In the woods he challenges your admiration by his clever fashion of covering the ground without apparent effort. The one I soon descried ahead of me was lumbering along like a bunch of tumbleweed, lengthening the distance between us at a rapid rate.

"Foolishly I indulged myself in a shot at him, striking his shoulder. He turned upon me with a roar of pain. At that instant I needed all my nerve. This time I chose a tree for cover and awaited. He came on without a halt, straight toward me. I fired again, missing him. I was just about to try a third shot when the test came, of which I have spoken."

"The test?" murmurs the society breathlessly

"The test of my courage to which I had always felt I should be unequal—the thing I had dreaded in my forest wanderings with Jack."

"What?" the society demands, with one voice.

"I had raised my rifle, when I felt something fluttering in my hair. I fancied a leader had slipped from my hat rim. Oh, horror! It was a spider! And as I shook my head violently to dislodge it, it struggled into my ear.

"I have never been conscious of having fired that third shot. Somehow the rifle was discharged, and by the same chance the bullet laid the bear low.

"I fainted, and when I came to myself I was lying across the bear's body, with six strange men standing around me.

"Ten thousand boiler factories were at work in my brain. 'Hear the noises!' I cried. 'Will no one stop them?'

"And now comes the strangest part of my story.

"The engineer of Jack's yacht once got a mosquito in his ear. It drove him quite mad before we could find a doctor. He hung over the yacht's side, held by six of the crew, begging for death. When the doctor arrived upon the scene, he applied a handkerchief wet with ether to the man's ear, quieting the mosquito's struggles and restoring the man to sanity

"I believed myself in the man's plight—stark, staring mad—when, upon this peak of Darien, 500 miles from an ambulance and a surgeon, I heard one of the men to whom I had so wildly appealed reply quietly, 'Have no fear, madam. You are in safe hands, for we are all doctors.'

"They deluged my ear with water from a nearby stream, which they brought in a tin cup. Finding the spider still unsubdued, one of the doctors asked for a hypodermic syringe. Five were instantly proffered. An icy arrow penetrated seemingly to the seat of the gray matter—still, without effect upon the spider, whose pernicious activity caused me indescribable agony.

" 'Ether?' cheerfully returned the doctor who was attending to me. 'Why, of course. Brown, fetch out your ether bottle.' And if Brown did not produce from the depths of his waistcoat pocket a small bottle of ether may I be instantly retired from the presidency of our society. It transpired later that Brown was a physician with an alien hobby—entomology—and carried ether with him everywhere to anæsthetize his specimens.

"In an instant relief came—such blessed relief as only one who has passed through an experience like mine can appreciate.

"The rest of the story is soon told. When I had gathered myself together, the six doctors presented themselves to me with due formality. They dined that night at our camp on my elk.

"Jack was thoroughly ashamed of me. What did the elk and the bear matter with the memory of the spider fresh in our minds?

"No, decidedly," Mrs. Jack repeats as the maid fetches her a second cup of tea, "I shall never dare to look a tiger in the face after my Waterloo on the Big Muddy. It would have been a pleasing legend for my tombstone, this:

"One
To whom the forests were an open book,
Who joined to Diana's daring the skill of her spear,
Lies here,
Slain by a bug in her ear."

—Mary Wakeman Botsford in San Francisco Argonaut.

Dore as a Beggar.

Gustave Dore could show invention not only in his wonderful illustrations, but also in matters of everyday life.

One day a friend at Verona was taking a photographic view of a picturesque old street, and Dore tried to assist by keeping off the crowd of idle lookers on. It was a difficult task, and the more he gesticulated and threatened the greater became the throng. Suddenly Dore had a splendid idea.

"Wait a minute," he called out to his friend, "and I'll disperse them."

He then took off his coat, threw it on the ground, and, assuming a pitiful expression, he went round, cap in hand, to beg for a few soldi. As he advanced the crowd drew back and melted away, and his friend quickly obtained the negative.—Philadelphia Press.

Castles In the Air.

Dr. John Wilkins wrote a work in the reign of Charles II to show the possibility of making a voyage to the moon. The Duchess of Newcastle, who was likewise notorious for her vagrant speculations, said to him, "Doctor, where am I to bait at in the upward journey?" "My lady," replied the doctor, "of all the people in the world I have never expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air that you might lie every night at one of your own."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Human Broth.

A very singular superstition has just come to light. According to an authority in Shanghai, the heathen Chinee lives under the impression that the healing qualities of the human flesh are practically unlimited.

For this reason when a father or mother is taken ill the flesh of one of the children is frequently sacrificed in order that it may be made into what one might describe as beef tea for the stricken parent.

Not long ago a clerk in a government office deliberately cut off his finger in the belief that when made into soup it would improve the health of his mother, who lay ill.

Atmosphere.

There is a wide difference of opinion among the learned men of the world as to what would be the effect of wholly removing the atmosphere. Some think that if it were possible to live afterward all the stars, planets, etc., would be visible in broad daylight. Others declare that there would be no day, and that the sun itself could not be seen under such conditions.—St. Louis Republic.

YET LOVE CAN LAST.

Yet love can last, yet love can last,
The future be as was the past,
And faith and fondness never know
The chill of dwindling afterglow,
If to familiar hearth there cling
The virgin freshness of the spring
And April's music still be heard
In wooing voice and winning word.

If when autumnal shadows streak
The furrowed brow, the wrinkled cheek,
Devotion, deepening to the close,
Like fruit that ripens tenderer grows;
If, though the leaves of youth and hope,
Lie thick on life's declining slope,
The fond heart, faithful to the last,
Lingers in love drifts to the past;
If, with the gravely shortening days,
Faith trims the lamp, faith feeds the blaze,
And reverence, robed in wintry white,
Sheds fragrance like a summer night—
Then love can last!

—Alfred Austin.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"Gossip—it's a confounded nuisance! That's what I call it! Why can't they let us alone? I am accustomed to any amount of gossip. People must have something to talk about, and I'm sure I'm delighted to be able to afford them any amusement, but when it comes to being smacked on the back and congratulated six times in one afternoon it's coming it a bit too strong. I don't mind for my own sake—a man can look after himself—but I'm thinking of you. I was in hopes that you had not heard."

"Not heard indeed! I had two letters this morning and three this afternoon, four wanting to know when the wedding was to be and the fifth from a girl asking to be bridesmaid. I am afraid to go out. People fly at me at every corner, shake my hands off and say how delighted they are, and how charming it is, and how they always knew it would come to this, and that we are made for one another—they never did know two people so exactly suited."

"Extraordinary! That's what they say to me. I never was so taken aback in my life. Of course we've always been good friends, but"—

"Certainly not."

"And I don't think"—

"Neither do I. It's absurd! Utter nonsense!"

"No, but really—let us have it out while we are about it. What can have given rise to such a ridiculous report? We have been a good deal together, of course, because we are in the same set and always seem to hit it off, and you are such a jolly good dancer and all that kind of thing—but I can't see what we have done to set people talking at this rate. Honestly, now—I am anxious to know—did you ever imagine—that is to say, did you think—I mean, have I ever"—

"You never have. No, Captain May, and I have never imagined! On the contrary, I don't mind admitting, now that we are upon the subject, that I have cherished a secret grudge against you because you have never given me an opportunity of refusing you. That sort of neglect rankles in a woman's mind, and now you see for yourself the awkward position in which it has placed me. When people ask if I am engaged to you, I am obliged to confess that I have never been asked. You ought to have thought of this and provided against it. It would have been so easy some night at a ball or in an interval at the theater—the whole thing might have been over in five minutes, and then I should have been able to say that I had refused you, and everything would have been happy and comfortable. I don't feel as if I could ever forgive you!"

"Sorry, indeed! You see I should have been most happy, only I could never feel quite sure that you really would re"—

"How odious you are! You need not have been afraid. There never was anything more certain since the beginning of the world. I wouldn't marry you to save my life. I would as soon think of falling in love with the man in the moon. We have always been friends, of course, but that counts for nothing. One may like a person very much and yet find it quite impossible to go any further. I could better love a worse man."

"Same with me. I think no end of you, but when Lewis came up and congratulated me the other day I was struck all of a heap. If he had said the same thing about a dozen other girls, I should have been less surprised, but it never occurred to me to look upon you in that light."

"Oh, indeed! I'm awfully obliged, I'm sure, but I don't think much of your taste. There are a dozen other men who wouldn't agree with you, that's one comfort. As I am so utterly repulsive in your eyes, I think I had better say 'Good afternoon' at once and relieve you of my presence."

"What nonsense you talk! I never said a word about your appearance that I know of. That's the worst of arguing with a woman—she flies off at a tangent, and there's no doing any good with her. I don't see why you should be offended. You seemed to think it just as impossible to fall in love with me."

"That's different—I mean I don't care what you think, but other people think—that's to say, I have always been told— some people think I am very nice, if you don't. I think it's perfectly hateful of you to say such things. I should like to know, just as a matter of curiosity, what it is in me you object to so much?

"You won't like it, you know, when you do hear. You'll be in a bigger rage than ever. Much better leave it alone. Well, if you will have it, I dislike the way you do your hair. Wait a moment; it means more than you think. It is not only ugly in itself, but it shows a fatal want of perception. Your beauty—if you will allow me to say so—is of a classic order, and if you adopted a more natural style of coiffure your appearance would really be—er—uncommonly fetching! 'Stead of that, you persist in following a hideous exaggeration of fashion, which destroys your individuality and is utterly unsuited to your style. It seems a small thing in itself but it has farreaching consequences. The moment we meet I notice it, don't you know, and feel annoyed. The whole time I am with you I am worrying about it. It sets up a chronic state of exasperation. Perhaps you don't understand the feeling"—

"Oh, yes, I do! Perfectly! I feel the same toward you because you will insist on wearing enormous stand up collars. I call that a want of perception, if you like. I wouldn't be personal for the world, but I have seen men with longer necks. When you want to speak to your neighbor, you have to twist your whole body. It makes me die with laughing to see you."

"Delighted to afford you so much amusement. Sorry I make myself so ridiculous! You are excessively polite, I'm sure."

"You were a great deal worse yourself. You said that I"—

"Nothing of the kind. You misunderstood me. I simply remarked"—

"Don't contradict! You said I was an ugly thing, and that it exasperated you only to see me. You did! It makes it worse to deny it. I can't think how you can look me in the face!"

"Why get excited? It's really not worth while, and you will make yourself so hot. It's not becoming to be hot. I was about to say when you so rudely interrupted me that you had misunderstood the meaning of my remarks. I simply observed"—

"I don't care a little bit what you observed. I am not going to talk to you any longer. I am going across the room to mamma. Good afternoon, Captain May. You needn't dance with me at Lady Bolton's this evening, as my hair annoys you so much."

"I shall ask Miss Cunliffe instead. She is a capital waltzer. Your mother is waiting for you at the door. Fourth and sixth, wasn't it, and the first extra? I must ask her at once, as she is so much engaged. Good afternoon, then, Miss Blanchard, if you will go, and, as the good little boys say, 'Thank you so much for a pleasant afternoon.'"

ON THE WAY HOME—HER SOLILOQUY.

"He never thought of such a thing. It never occurred to him to think of me in that light. Hateful creature! And why not, I should like to know? Doesn't he think I'm nice? * * * I never cared for him, but he has no business not to like me. What horrid taste! * * * And to talk of a dozen other girls! That means Lucie Charvie, I suppose, and Adeline Rowe. I have noticed that he dances with them. * * * I don't see why he should like them better than me. I'm the prettiest, and I can be awfully nice if I like. I have never been really nice to him—not my very nicest—or he wouldn't have talked as he did today. * * * I might try the effect this evening. I meant to be offended, but perhaps the other would have more effect. I believe I'll try it. No one can ever say that I am a flirt, but there are occasions when it is a girl's duty to teach a man a lesson, and he had no business to say that about my hair. * * * I wonder if he was right? He has awfully good taste, as a rule. I believe, after all, it would be rather becoming. * * * I'll get Elise to try tonight, and wear my new white dress, and the pearls, and I'll say to him the very first thing that I'm sorry and ask him to dance with me, all the same. Then, when he sees how nice I am, he will be vexed with himself for being so hasty. It will do him no end of good. I'd give worlds if he would only propose to me before the season is over. I'd refuse him, of course, but that wouldn't matter. It would be kind of me to take the trouble, because it is dreadful to see a man so conceited, and if it were not for that he would be quite charming. * * * I'll begin this evening. How exciting! Poor Captain May!"

HIS SOLILOQUY.

"She looked disgracefully pretty. Nothing like putting a girl in a good, stand up rage to see what she's made of. I never knew she had so much in her before. And she would just as soon think of falling in love with the man in the moon, would she? That's pretty tall. Hang it all! Why do they put things in a fellow's head? I was happy enough before, and now this has unsettled me altogether. * * * A man may not want to marry a girl, but that's no reason why she should be so precious indifferent. I always fancied that she had a decided weakness. * * * So she wants to laugh at me, does she? Little wretch! She is always up to some mischief. I wouldn't object if it was at some other fellow, for those dimples are uncommonly fetching. I believe she is right about the collars, all the same—thought so myself more than once. If another shape would suit me better, it seems rather absurd to stick to these. 'Man in the moon,' eh? Humph! Well, it doesn't do to be too awfully sure—it's a bad thing to get into the way of boasting. How would it be if I took her in hand and tried to work a cure? Do her all the good in the world to be brought down a peg or two and find her own level, and the process would not be unpleasant. Hi, cabby! Stop at the first decent hosier's you come to. I want to get out."

Extract from The Times of four months later:

"On the 26th inst., at St. George's, Hanover square, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Oxbridge, assisted by the Rev. Noel Blanchard, the brother of the bride, Cyril Aubrey May, captain Royal Horse guards, second son of James Eaton May, Esq., of Brompton manor, Hants, to Phyllis Mary Olivia, only daughter of Major Blanchard of Barcombe, Co. Wicklow, and Floraire, Alpes-Maritimes."—Sketch.

Diamonds.

Henry Ward Beecher took pleasure in the wonderful colors of precious stones. He cared for them not as jewels, but as crystallized dewdrops and sparks of living fire. Ruskin, too, is said to carry diamonds loose in his pockets, just so that he may take them out and flash them in the sunlight for his own delectation. And now the learned men have discovered what women have known always—that diamonds came down from heaven, for no power on earth was great enough to produce them. This is how scientists claim to have found out the truth we knew from the beginning. It seems that in South Africa experts have been puzzled finding in blue earth, the natural bed of the rough diamond, stones which had been fractured, and it was evident that no upheaval of the soil could have effected such result. Then the wise heads bethought themselves to see whether there were any traces of diamonds in meteoric iron, and sure enough such traces are said to have been found. So now all the world is ready to believe that there are really diamonds in the sky. Speaking of word pictures, where is there one which could bring the diamond more plainly into view than this?

> Oh, the wonderful laughter of light!
> Oh, the genius of color at play!

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Great Aid to Conversation.

"You play beautifully," exclaimed the lovely vision.

The virtuoso rose from the piano with a bow.

"Thank you," he murmured.

"You made me think of such a number of things to say," the woman proceeded, with undisguised rapture.-

SWEET MYSTERIES.

Slowly the seeds in the garden are growing—
Glad homilies!
Tides, set in motion by winds briskly blowing,
Pause ere they rise.
The nestling shall rise and aspire to heaven's gate,
And the butterfly, though in a shroud, he must wait
In dim surmise,
For all things shall rise.

Gently kind spring has awakened the flowers—
Sweet mysteries!
Swiftly the grub on the wing, with new powers,
To happiness flies.
Ever with refluent wave and strong motion,
Landward now march the forces of ocean.
Grand auguries!
For all things do rise.

In the world visible lurks the invisible,
Making men wise,
Telling of blessed truths plainly perceptible
To lovelit eyes;
Telling of heaven and the happy tomorrow;
Telling of joy with no vestige of sorrow
And of bright skies,
Where love never dies.

—C. P. Wilson in New York Sun.

HALF A MILLION.

I had been in the dry goods business ten years or more and had drudged all that while, winter and summer, without a holiday, except Christmas and New Year's day and the Fourth of July, when one summer, calculating my profits, I made up my mind that I could afford to enjoy myself for once as other people did—cut the shop outright for a while and spend a week or so in the country. Trade was dull, and I was dull too. So as Dobbins' aunt—Dobbins is my head clerk—had a house at Shadyslope and took a boarder or two and was anxious to fill her unoccupied rooms that summer, I gave my name to Dobbins to fill up the list and ran down there with my trunk and bag about the 1st of July.

I felt that it was an honor to Dobbins' aunt as well as to Dobbins, but I made up my mind to be affable and not to make them more uncomfortable than I could. No matter what your position in life, it is very wrong to put on airs, and I never do it.

"Tell them not to put themselves out on my account," I said to Dobbins, "but to treat me just as they do the other boarders," and Dobbins said he would.

"Puff of Puff & Co.," I said when I met the aunt. "Don't disturb yourself on my account. I am quite simple in my habits."

She said she wouldn't, though I could see it was not every day that the head of a firm came to Shadyslope. They had three or four other people there, a few who taught music and composed some, you know, and an artist and a doctor and a few who wrote novels, but nobody of any importance.

When I sat down to the table that night, I put them all at ease at once.

"I distinctly desire it to be understood that I don't want to disturb any one," I said. "Go on just as you have been doing. I want relaxation, and it will amuse me. Simple pleasures are very charming when one is weary with application to more important matters."

Then I bowed. But you can't expect everything of people not up to the mark. Two or three laughed—why I don't know.

It was very pleasant there—particularly pleasant. My landlady had a daughter, quite a charming creature, with eyes like bluebells and a voice like a canary. She used to sing a good deal with the music man. The moment that girl looked at me she appreciated me.

Before the day was over she was desperately in love with me, and when a creature like that gives you her heart, how can you look coldly on her?

Far be it from me to win the affections of an innocent girl, knowing as I do that I have a position in the world and must marry with due consideration of the fact, but knowing what emotions I had awakened in her bosom I felt obliged to be kind to her. We walked together. We rode, we sung. I felt that it was wrong, but my feelings carried me away. I often thought to myself, "If that girl's father had been in the wholesale line and had left her well off, what a bliss would have been mine!" But he was nothing but a lawyer and had scarcely left a penny. Excelsior is my motto. Large retail should always aspire to a connection with wholesale. And Miss Briggs of Briggs & Bounce smiles very sweetly when she bows to your humble servant.

Alas, who shall control the heart's affections? Evelina's beauty and her devotion touched my soul too deeply. On the 1st of September, when trade was growing brisk, I began to feel that it was better for the peace of both our hearts that I should fly. I should forget the dream in a little while. But she, poor child, I feared that she would never forget me.

"Adieu," I said as I shook hands with her. "Perhaps we shall never meet again."

She turned her face away from me. Her emotions overcame her. And I took the next train for the city.

I entered again into the turmoil of trade. It was brisk. But nothing could make me happy. I accused myself of trifling with the affections of an angel. She loved me, I thought, and I have broken her heart—I who secretly adore her.

I lost my appetite. I grew thin. When I saw fair creatures of her age bending over the counter, my mind flew back to her, lovelier than all. When Mrs. Briggs' daughter smiled upon me, I thought how plain she was and how adorably beautiful was Evelina.

At last—it was in October—my head clerk claimed a holiday. "I shall spend it with my aunt and Evelina," he said. I sighed.

"A beautiful girl," said I.

"Yes," said he, blushing at the compliment to the family, I presume. "The loveliest girl I ever knew, and a lucky one too."

"Lucky?" said I.

"Yes," said he. "In a year from this time she will be a very rich woman. Old grandfather left her everything, come of age or marry, and he was worth $500,000."

"Half a million!" I cried.

My head clerk nodded.

"Visit your aunt and cousin when you will," I said, "and don't return until you feel quite rested. You never mentioned to me before, Dobbins, that your grandfather left $500,000."

"You see it wasn't left to me," he said and went off.

"Half a million! Miss Briggs was not worth that. A wholesale business was the thing to be connected with, of course, but when the heart is touched we are willing to sacrifice all else. I will fly to your side, Evelina," I soliloquized. "I will recompense you for your hours of grief by telling you how I adore you!"

I pictured the scene to myself. I saw her as she confessed her love and fainted in my arms, and that evening I ran down to Shadyslope to offer my heart and hand to Evelina.

I arrived after dark. The house was very quiet, and as I advanced I reflected that my sudden appearance might agitate Evelina too terribly. I must announce myself cautiously. I stole forward on tiptoe to reconnoiter.

Two forms were seated on the porch—a faint gleam of moonlight revealed them to me—a lady with her cheek reposing upon a gentleman's shoulder, his arm about her waist. They were my head clerk, Tom, and his Cousin Evelina. I stood as one petrified. They were talking of me.

"He really thought I was smitten, Tom," said Evelina. "He flirted with me terribly."

"Did he dare"— began Tom. "Didn't he know"—

"Of course I did not tell him I was engaged to you," said Evelina. "Why, Tom, you couldn't be jealous of such a fellow—a man with no idea beyond his counter."

Then Tom kissed her.

I waited for no more. Fortunately I caught the down train. At 12 o'clock I was in the city. At the depot I met Simpkins about to start for Albany.

"Simpkins," I said, "I've heard you speak of a troublesome nephew you desired to provide for."

"Confound him, yes," said Simpkins.

"My head clerk's place is vacant," I said. "Tell him to come to me."

"Thank you," said Simpkins.

I waited for no thanks. I strode away and wrote Dobbins that his services were no longer required.

* * * * * *

I have been married a year to Miss Briggs, and her father failed five months ago. Simpkins has just been arrested for embezzling sundry sums of money, and yesterday I passed Tom Dobbins and his wife in the street. She is excessively pretty—lovelier than ever—and I feel quite sure, despite all that I overheard, that her heart is still mine in secret. Of course she could not admit it, not knowing I returned the sentiment. But when I remember how much we were together I feel sure it must be so, and that two hearts were broken. Quite a romantic story mine. Don't you think so?—Exchange.

A Prison Designed by a Convict.

Perhaps the most interesting fact about the building of Wormwood Scrubs prison is that the plans for its construction were drawn out by a convict in his cell while undergoing the probationary nine months to a long term of imprisonment.

The man was originally an architect, and among the foremost of his profession. He was a gentleman by birth and education, but in early life began to abuse his natural gifts, and at the time was undergoing his second term of imprisonment for forgery. The completion of the work occupied him for nearly six months and was effected under great disadvantages. In place of a table, for instance, he had to pin his paper to the wall of his cell, moving it round with the sun in order to obtain the best light.

The prison authorities consider this marvelous specimen of architectural drawing the finest piece of work ever done by an English convict. It measures in size 5 feet 6 inches, being drawn to the scale of a hundredth part of an inch.

The convict displayed the greatest interest and pride in the erection and completion of the prison, which was built entirely by convict labor. It contains 1,381 separate cells for prisoners, which cost on an average £70 7s. each, besides hospital wards and a chapel.

The total number of bricks required was 35,000,000, each one being made by the convicts on the premises, or on some adjoining land leased for the purpose. The iron castings were obtained from Portland or Chatham prison, the granite from Dartmoor and the Portland stone from Portland. The total cost of the prison was more than £97,000.—London Letter.

Boys' Lies.

It has remained for an English judge to officially and legally establish the ruling that lying is not wrong, at least it is not sufficiently immoral to justify an employer in dismissing a servant. An east end shopkeeper discharged his errand boy, who sued him for a week's wages in lieu of notice. The man justified himself by saying that he found that the boy told lies.

"Nonsense!" remarked Judge Bacon, "All boys tell lies, more or less. It is a habit that is not confined to them."

"But it is wicked," pleaded the shopkeeper.

"Judgment for the plaintiff, with costs," replied the judge.—New York Sun's London Letter.

Invulnerable.

The girl confronted him without faltering. In her defiance she was magnificent.

"Do your worst," she cried. "I am not a new woman. I am neither married nor engaged. I do nothing to conceal my age. I never bathe in the surf. I do not shop. I haven't the remotest idea if I can cook or not."

With a snort of baffled rage the humorist fled.—Detroit Tribune.

How Fast Does Electricity Travel?

The above question is frequently asked in every day conversations, but is seldom answered to the satisfaction of the querist. Wheatstone says that the speed of electricity from point to point along a proper conductor is practically instantaneous. Various attempts have been made to ascertain the exact number of miles which the current will travel in a given length of time. According to the most reliable estimates which such experimenters have made its speed is not less than 114,000 miles per second. The writer adds: "Such speed is inconceivably great. The mind cannot contemplate it without staggering."—St. Louis Republic.

Did You Ever Make Money Easy?

MR. EDITOR.—I have read how Mr. C. E. B. made so much money in the Dish Washer business, and think I have beat him. I am very young yet and have had little experience in selling goods, but have made over eight hundred dollars in ten weeks selling Dish Washers. It is simply wonderful how easy it is to sell them. All you have to do is to show the ladies how they work and they cannot help but buy one. For the benefit of others I will state that I got my start from the Mound City Dish Washer Co., St. Louis, Mo. Write to them and they will send you full particulars.

I think I can clear over $3,000 the coming year, and I am not going to let the opportunity pass. Try it and publish your success for the benefit of others. J. F. C.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers :

CINCINNATI, O., May 26, 1896.—Slow demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 10 to 14 cents per lb. Extracted 4 to 7c per pound. Fair demand for beeswax. Good supply. Prices 22 to 25c per lb. for good to choice yellow.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON,
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

DETROIT, Mich., May 25, 1896.—Little demand for honey. The supply of good honey is light. Price of comb 13 to 14c per lb. Extracted 6 to 7c per lb. Fair demand for beeswax. Good supply. Prices 25 to 26c per lb.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 25, 1896.—Price of white comb honey 12 so 13c per lb. Dark 7 to 8c per lb Extracted 4 to 6c per lb. There is little demand for either comb or extracted honey. Stock of comb honey nearly closed out, but plenty of extracted on hand. H. R. WRIGHT.

ALBANY, N.Y., May 26, 1896.—Demand for honey very slow. Light supply. Price of comb 6 to 12c. Extracted 3 to 6c per lb. Good demand for beeswax at 28 to 32c per lb. Light supply. As it is between seasons now there is no demand for honey.

CHAS. W. MCCULLOUGH & CO.

BOSTON, MASS., May 25, 1896.—Light demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 14 to 15c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb. Fair demand for beeswax with a light supply. Price 25c per lb.

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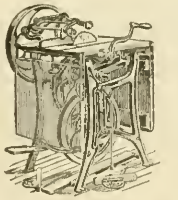

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Using Empty Combs.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

As I hear of quite a loss of bees in certain localities and, thinking that not all perhaps who read the pages of the American Bee-Keeper, realize the value of empty combs, I am led to give a few experiments with them, and offer a few suggestions which may be of benefit to some of those who are just starting in bee-keeping, and to those who have empty combs from colonies which have died the past winter, if not to those who have wintered their bees well and having much experience along apricultural lines. When I first began keeping bees I was short of combs, and as my bees would persist in building more or less drone comb, I was often obliged to work colonies for comb honey with as few as six Gallup frames in a hive. In those days it was thought that a hive should contain [illegible] 2,000 cubic inches in the brood de- p[illegible] wi[illegible] year [illegible] fast that I [illegible] Gallup frames [illegible] straight worker [illegible] as I [illegible] and I would use no other), which is only about one-half the number that it takes to fill a hive of 2,000 cubic inches. In this way I was compelled to lay the foundation of what is known as the contract system, and the success attained by the use of these few combs led me to give the matter in print, styling it as a successful plan. As I wished to make the most of my new swarms, they were allowed to build comb in the brood department to the hive till the yield of honey came on plentifully, at which time the sections were put on, after shutting the bees (by means of dummies) on to as many combs as they had complete up to this time. Thus in 1874-5 obtained an average of over 100 pounds of honey each year per colony. Full frames of drone comb were taken away as fast as built, before my bees had matured in them; and in this way I obtained starters for using in the sections, filling some entirely full, to be placed in the center of the surplus [illegible] sections, thus securing early work in the sections. To make good combs of those where frames were partly filled with worker and drone comb, I cut out the drone comb and fitted the worker from another frame in the vacant place left, till every frame was filled with worker comb. In these days of comb foundation, however, it is doubtful whether it pays to do much of this patching of combs, but I think to melt up full combs, as some recommend, and buy foundation to fit in frames, is very poor policy. I never could see why such advice was given by those who had the name of being practical, level headed, apiarists. When swarms came near or at the commencement of the main honey flow they were hived on only five frames and as soon as these were filled with worker comb, which would be as a rule, I spread them apart, putting in each alternate space an empty comb, which I had made by patching, or gotten by saving through some hook or crook, thus completing a hive full of comb just when I wished it the most. If the swarms were too large to work profitably building these few combs, as the most of them would be, sections were put on so that they could be at work in these, this taking the pressure of honey off the brood apartment, so that the bees were more likely to build all worker comb, as well as to make the best use of every single bee. In this experiment, I found that I could secure one-third more honey from a swarm treated in that way, than from one building the whole nine frames full of comb during the height of the honey harvest, and by filling the hive full of comb at the time of hiving, I obtained nearly double the amount that I did when using a full hive of frames having only starters it them. If these combs could be filled with honey, as I sometimes had them, I could secure far more honey in the sections than by any other plan. It the swarm contains a good prolific queen, and no other should be used in such cases, nearly all the honey there was in these combs would be in the sections in two weeks, as well as that gathered from the fields and the combs nicely filled with brood. There is nothing of more value in the apiary than good, straight, worker combs, except good prolific queens, for these two can be called the foundation stone of successful apiculture. Such combs should be looked after with care when away from the bees, and the larvæ of the wax moth should not be allowed to spoil them as very many so often allow. Some have the idea that foundation is preferable to frames full of comb. This I think a mistaken idea, for the bees must consume some time in getting the foundation worked out to full combs, saying nothing of the expense of buying it, or the work of putting it into the frames. Foundation is good in its place, and I use very much of it, but I have it all fitted in frames and drawn into combs by the bees, or have frames filled with nice worker combs by the bees building the same, I cannot see any sense in melting it up, or allowing the moth to consume it. I was pained not long ago, to see hundreds of moth eaten combs on the premises of a prominent bee-keeper, who had a few years before purchased a foundation machine. These combs had been looked after with care in years gone by, and were built in the frames as straight and true as a board; and to my mind, before the moths had damaged them, were worth double the same amount of comb foundation. In bee-keeping, as well as in any other business, prosperity comes only in husbanding what you already have, and being careful of the outgoes. Especially is this the case where the best of honey bring less than one-half the price it did a few years ago. One of the sheet anchors of bee keeping is all straight worker comb and if you have much, use it in place of having the bees build more, or of buying foundation,

Borodino. N. Y.

Improvement of the Italian Bee.

BY W. J. DAVIS.

Those who keep bees (with possibly a few exceptions) keep them for the profit they may yield, and it is safe to say, when they cease to yield a profit for their owner for several years in succession they would cease to have owners, and if they existed at all, it would be in a wild state.

That there is a vast difference in the profits of different colonies in the same apiary, I think no bee-keeper of experience and observation will deny. One colony on a majority of the colonies of an apiary may yield satisfactory returns while other just as favorably situated and in equally as good condition in the spring will give no profit. The only legitimate conclusion that I can arrive at is that there is a great difference in the bees even of the same variety. (Viz.: Italians, German, Carnolan etc.) Neither is it surprising that such should be the case. We find the same condition of things among other domestic animals. There are cows kept which are an absolute bill of expense to their owners.

Most dairymen realize that there are cows in their dairy that are *not* for sale, while others are.

We will not lengthen this article by particularizing, but simply say that the same degree of merit and demerit obtains among horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry, and an effort is being constantly made to propagate the good qualities and eliminate the bad.

That is just what we should do with the honey bee, but we should start with the *best*.

The three banded Italians I take as the best domesticated honey bee yet brought to public notice, and I understand such to be the verdict of the world's best apiarists today. By way of practical experience I will say that I kept black bees for about 20 years and would have given up bee keeping in disgust had not new hope dawned on the pursuit by the introduction of the Italian bee. When the seasons were *just right* results were satisfactory, but it took about three years of favorable conditions, (rainfall, etc)., to produce one good honey year, and the blacks couldn't stand grief. The wax moth was troublesome with the blacks. They were much disposed to rob. Like some people they must do a big business or nothing. And then in spring they were prone to desert their hives, leaving brood, honey, and all the conditions one would think favorable to contentment, viz : clean combs, clean hive, and sometimes 10 or 12 pounds of honey, and after flying like a natural swarm would try to force an entrance into some other hive already occupied, and if they succeeded in gaining an entrance they were sure to be killed to the last bee.

In July, 1866, I procured two Italian queens which were safely introduced, and the work of Italianizing an apiary of 60 colonies of blacks begun, which was accomplished in 1867 and the apiary increased to 120 colcolonies.

I found the Italians proof against the wax moth. They would *never* desert their hives in early spring, and whenever a small amount of honey was obtainable, they would secure that, and gain in stores, while the blacks would require feeding.

But when the blacks blood was all eliminated, I found that the Italians were not all alike profitable. I supposed that the queen that would lay the most eggs must be the best. That I *know* was a mistake. Some queens producing one-half the number of eggs that the other did, gave much better results in surplus honey. The Solons of bee culture told us to introduce new and fresh blood to avoid the evil effects of in and in breeding. For fifteen or twenty years I secured by purchase and exchange queens from the North, South, East and West, but cross as I might, the same fact presented itself, that some colonies were not worth keeping and some queens were worth their "weight in gold." I said why can not all be as good as the best. We can rear queens from only the best stocks, but we cannot be sure of the young queens being fertilized by drones from colonies we might [illegible]

When the Italian bees [illegible] fifteen dollars per colony [illegible] colony was [illegible] and the [illegible] commercial value [illegible] years past the bees the [illegible] value in the fall of the [illegible] fact that bees in the spring were worth no more per colony than the hives combs and honey in the fall.

So it has been my practice for a number of years to reduce my stock by killing the colonies that did not come up to my ideal of what a colony ought to be.

But some men will say "What is your standard of excellence?" First I would prune out every colony that shows any signs of black blood. 2nd I would kill all the vicious bees, I would no more keep a vicious colony of bees than I would a vicious cow or horse. Any of them would endanger a human life. 3rd another class of colonies are those that fail to give satisfactory results, though in appearance and temper they may be faultless. Such colonies also must vanish. This great difference in productiveness is probably more observable in large apiaries. I can account for the great differences in colonies only in this way. 1st the shorter proboscis of the workers of some colonies whereby they are unable to reach the nectar of certain flowers which are obtainable by others. 2nd shorter or weakness of wing, or 3rd greater vitality and longevity of queen and workers. I incline to the to the opinion that in this the secret lies.

We do *know* that it is not the most prolific queens that have the strongest colonies in the early spring or give the most substantial results for the season. The fact being known it reminds me for bee-keepers to solve the reason why. If we cannot account for the fact of [illegible] colonies [illegible] being [illegible] three [illegible] the same yard [illegible] the short cut and abolish [illegible] tive ones and thus secure the survival of the fittest.

This has been my practice for several years and results show the correctness of the theory. When the maximum number of colonies desired by and bee-keepers is not yet reached, the same results may be obtained by killing undesirable queens and supplying the colony with better ones. Abundant "new blood" is secured by bringing home stocks from two out apiaries. If this plan followed persistently for a term of years will not develope "Apis American" what will?

Youngsville, Pa

Building up Weak Colonies.

BY G M DOOLITTLE.

From the numerous reports coming in, I judge that there are many weak colonies of bees in the United States the present spring, and if so it will be but natural for all having such to wish to know how to best manage them. Therefore, I have concluded that I could do no better at the present time than give an article on how to build up weak colonies of bees in the American Bee Keeper, so that those having such can use the same if they so desire. The all important question which confronts at the start in this matter of building up weak colonies, and a question not fully understood by most novices, is the best means of securing and keeping the degree of heat required by the law of nature, with the fewest bees demanded for the successful rearing of young bees during the fickle weather of early spring. In order that brood rearing may go on successfully the temperature inside of the cluster of bees must be at least 92°, as I have proven by many experiments with a self registering thermometer. Now, suppose that we had a cluster of bees that on a moderately cool morning occupies three or four spaces between the combs in a full hive containing 2,000 cubic inches; we will usually find brood in but two combs and but small patches at that, with this brood increasing very slowly as the days go by on account of lack of sufficient heat to carry on brood rearing to the best advantage. Shall we leave this colony as it is or shall we try to help them, is the question? Many will tell us to leave them as they are, as to do differently will be only a waste of time. For the novelty of the thing let us experiment a little and see if the advice of the many is correct. We will set these two combs having some brood in them close to one side of the hive and by means of a nicely fitting division-board shut all of the bees on these two combs, allowing a little space under one corner of the division-board sufficient for the bees to run under to secure food whenever they wish, from a comb of honey placed just outside of this board, thus giving them the assurance that there is no danger of becoming short of stores, thus stimulating them to brood rearing. By looking a few days later we will find that the queen, under these conditions, can and has occupied from two to three times the space that has the one which was left with her bees and brood in the center of a full sized hive. As the above has been spoken lightly of by some, they calling it "spring fussing," I have made some experiments regarding it and for example I will give one of them. I selected two colonies as nearly alike as possible, both being clustered between five ranges of combs and shut the one on two combs while the other has the whole hive. Both were treated as near alike as possible, except this, and the result was that the one shut on the two frames had them filled with brood to the bottom bar and out at the corners by the tenth of May, while the other had brood in the center of three frames to the amount of less than one frame full or a little more than one-third what the other had. When we had gotten thus far, it will be seen that we could put a comb partly filled with honey, (the same having the capping broken, if it was sealed honey, so the bee. would become excited in manipulating this honey), in the brood nest of the first hive, and the queen under this stimulating process would fill it with eggs and brood in a very short time, and that to the bottom and side bars : while if we undertook to stimulate the others in the same way we should be likely to ruin more or less of the brood which they already had. As soon as the bees become crowded in this contracted hive we shove along the division-board and put in the center one comb having the desired amount of honey in, enough to cause great activity with the bees in removing it, yet not enough to be in the way of the queens' depositing eggs in the cells, and so we continue to do until the hive is full, doing this as often as the bees become populous enough to allow it. This hive will be filled with bees and brood long before the other thinks of being so, which will give us many more bees for the harvest, should such be from early flowers, such as clover and basswood. This is what is called a judicious spreading of the brood. No one, whether novice or expert, should think of spreading the brood when the bees are not crowded for room, or when they are covering and holding all of the brood that they can ; for when they have all of the brood they can cover it is only a waste of time, brood and heat to spread them further. To illustrate a little farther: Take one of these colonies which we have had shut on two or three combs for a week or ten days and watch and see how many bees are going to the fields. Now at night, take out the division-board and place the two or three combs of brood which they have, in the center of the hive the same as they would have been had not the apiarist interfered, and the next day very few bees will be seen leaving the hive for field work, while if at night they are fixed back as before, double the number of bees will go to the field the next day, this showing conclusively that we are working along the lines of natures wants in contracting the hive to suit her wants. Of course, this is only applicable to April and May weather, and not to weather when the mercury is 90° in the shade ; for then the heat outside is sufficient for brood rearing in any part of the hive, providing they are only nurse bees enough to feed the brood. Well does this pay? I say yes! not only in dollars and cents, but also in the fun there is in seeing the business prosper in your hands, by dint of a little extra effort put forth to accomplish an object we are desirous of accomplishing. It is worth something to us to be successful in our pursuits.

Borodino, N. Y.

* * *

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

Random Notes and Comments

BY W. M. EVANS.

My experience for 24 years is, that while my bees and chickens exercise their sweet will in my front yard of one acre, my loss of chickens from stings is next to nothing. I often enjoy seeing the chickens run for cover, which they soon learn to do. I had one cute old hen who would stand between two hives which were close together, and when she heard a drone come in she would dodge out and get him before he had a chance to get into the hive. Then she would dodge back to her safety place. I had two half grown chickens that would catch them on the wing quite often. Did not this old hen exercise reason?

My way of keeping the grass down is as follows: I keep several colonies of bees in my bee yard and also our riding horses. Animals soon learn to run under the cedar limbs to get away from the pursuing bees. More than this they learn to wait until the bees stop flying before grazing among the hives.

I put legs on my hives as I am opposed to all unnecessary back bending and knee scraping business.

Mr. Doolittle's point against painted hives is too fine for a 40-horse power meiroscope.

Ed. Jolly's new super without bottom supports for the sections would do very well for a "cussing" instigator. None in mine please. I have already a supply of instigators.

W. H. Morse don't quite get up to all the causes of the production and non-production of nectar in different seasons. All the visible material things of earth are held in an invisible condition in the three atmospheres, and when these atmospheric conditions are favorable the flowers attract the nectar and secrete it from the atmospheres and not from the ground. Sunshine alone will not do it nor the rain. Everything in and on the visible earth are only effects produced from the world of cause.

I am much interested in the India and Chinese large bees. I wrote Secretary Morton when he first took his office advising the stopping of the humbug seed distribution business and the using of the Agricultural department to introduce new things and ideas through the State Experiment Stations for the benefit of the people. If either of these bees can be introduced successfully in the United States the State Experiment Station should furnish queens direct to all the apiarists for their own use, thus killing the money grabbing game of the professionals.

My 70 colonies have come through the winter on their summer stands without loss.

As to the future supply of honey here, I expect we will get a return of the honey dew on the old field pines, which during the last 24 years have been our best source fully one half the time. Fruit planting will also help us in the future as the new fancy and taste of England and the North for our Virginia red apples has given new life to the planting here. The Chicago Fair has opened the way to salvation here for this tobacco cursed piedmont section. Our Wine Saps are $1 00 per barrel above the highest priced northern apples. Our two best, the Virginia and York Imperial, are 50c higher. Our justly celebrated Albemarle Pippins have all been taken in England at the top prices. This section of Virginia now produces three varieties of the best keeping and all around good winter apples, and is yet destined to supply even New York State with its best winter apples. Our Italian sunshine and mineral soil are especially adapted to produce not only the finest and richest apples, but also the most beautiful. Our black mountain cave lands are best for the Pippins, while our red lands are best for the Winesaps and other reds.

I don't agree with Brother Doolittle on transferring bees. For spring transfers I prefer to make the bees do the job themselves. I fix a frame hive and generally put one or more frames of comb in it, as I always keep a lot on hand, then I set the old gum on top of the frames, stop up tight around it so the bees have to go down through the frame hive. By the time the frames in hive are filled with brood the comb in gum will be filled with honey. I then take it off, knock it to pieces in front of the hive so the few bees in it will go into the hive.

For fall transferring I first fix a frame hive with enough honey in frames for winter; either by raising some of my extra frames of honey or by first taking enough from old gums too weak to keep and fixing the honey in frames. Then I set this fixed hive on gum stand.

"How to Manage Bees," a 50c book, and the American Bee-Keeper a year for only 60c.

Our Correspondents

Editor American Bee Keeper —Dear Sir: Six years ago I bought two swarms of bees and let them feed on white clover and basswood blossoms. I have increased my swarms to fifty. I think white clover makes the best honey, but basswood furnishes the greatest amount of honey for the bees to gather. I commenced with large hives, but am now making up my mind to trim them all down to eight inches. I put 27 boxes on each hive, and all above the brood nest goes to me. The occupation is not only healthful but profitable, and I intend to enlarge my work. The experiences given in your columns are very interesting and valuable to me. Yours truly,

Mayville, N. Y. Everett L. Pike.

The Falconer M'f'g Co.,—Gentlemen: I received the goods in good order and am well pleased with them. The sections are the best I ever saw. Thanking you for prompt attention, I remain, Yours truly,

Corduroy, June 1896. Edwin Bish.

The Falconer Man'f'g Co.,—Dear Sirs. The bee supplies were received all right and everything fits nicely. We have the most of them put together and find everything satisfactory. I am much pleased with the sections. They are the finest I ever got from any firm.

Thanking you for your promptness and for such nice goods, I remain,

Yours truly, O. O. Marioneaux.

East Liverpool O., June 15, 1896.

The Falconer M'f'g Co.,—Gentlemen: Please send the enclosed order as soon as possible. * * * * * *

By the way, the sections and foundation which you sent me last spring were splendid. I have had occasion to compare them with goods from other factories and the sections are far superior to any I have yet seen.

Yours truly,

Mansfield, June 1896. A. D. Watson.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

From Gleanings.

SOME HOME HINTS THAT ARE RIGHT TO THE POINT.

BY MRS. L. C. AXTELL.

Mothers, brush back your hair neatly before breakfast, and thus set an example for your daughters.

Fathers and brothers, please clean your feet before you come into the house, and help mother to teach the younger children to do the same, and thus save much labor for the overworked wife and mother.

Brothers and sisters, say "please" to each other when you ask a favor, and "thank you" for favors done, and thus scatter sunbeams of love and cheerfulness in the family circle.

Let no member of the family excuse himself for being cross and wearing frowns. It makes everybody feel uncomfortable who comes in contact with you, and life is too short to plant thorns where flowers and fruit ought to grow.

As often as the children have dirty faces, send them to wash them, even if it is a dozen times a day, and they will soon learn to keep them clean of themselves.

Give poor pussy a little new milk regularly, and she will thank you by catching more mice and milk will keep her well if she eats too many rats.

In teaching the little ones to wipe dishes dry, wet the dish-towel in clean hot water and wring very dry. It takes up the moisture from the dish more readily, and the little one will not complain she can not get the dishes dry.

When potatoes are pared over night to cook for breakfast, do not let them stand on the stovehearth or reservoir where they will get warm, for that will make them soggy, and hard to cook.

Don't try to use dull scissors or shears. It dosen't pay. If husband or brother can't sharpen them, buy a scissors-sharpener and learn to do it yourself.

If you have found out something new, and you would like others to share it with you, drop your work immediately and note it down, or you probably will forget to do so in your leisure.

Rub up the lantern. I have often seen nicely dressed people carry around very dirty lanterns. They never think of cleaning. Clean not only the glass but the whole lantern.

In washing clothes when kerosene is used, always put in enough soap to make a good suds. One tablespoonful of kerosene to a patent pail of water is sufficient.

Save the apple-parings and throw them into a jar of soft water—boiled well water will do. When the jar is full, press out the parings and sweeten the cider a little, and throw in more parings from time to time, and you will soon have nice strong cider vinegar. It will come sooner, and be stronger, if you can give it a mother from other vinegar.

If it is winter, don't forget to have your little strawberry-patch covered lightly with straw or strawy manure. It doesn't pay to keep your strawberries cultivated properly during summer, and then neglect to cover them in winter.

Don't wait to do all your housecleaning at one time, every fall and every syring, as people usually do, and thus make the whole family uncomfortable for several days, but clean a room from time to time the whole year round, and thus keep the house clean and sweet.

Call upon your neighbors whether you think you have time or not, and thus promote a kindly feeling between them and yourself; but be careful of what you say of others; cultivate the habit of saying nothing you would not say to their face.

"Show me the books and papers the family read, and I will tell you what kind of people the family are," is a true saying; therefore provide good reading for both old and young. If you are tempted to feel you can't afford it, let the family live on two meals a day until you have saved enough, and see if you don't feel, before the year is out your third meal has been the best of all.

Each day after sweeping painted or hard wood floors, wipe them over with a mop wrung out in clean water, and thus keep your working rooms clean and healthy.

Do not let a tin boiler stand with water in it, as it rusts it very soon, and will rust the clothes and will soon leak; but as soon as the washing is done, wash out and dry, and rub the inside with a greased rag that is kept for that purpose, and put the boiler away in a dry room, not in a cellar, and it will last four times as long as if not properly dried and greased.

Old tin pans that are rusty are unfit for milk or food of any kind, as tin rust is poisonous, though it pays to take care of the old pans. They may be used in many ways that will save the new pans.

White specks in butter are often caused by the cream becoming dried before being churned, the milk being set where the wind blew upon it. When churned it could not be dissolved. Some would still be seen floating in the buttermilk.

Roseville, Ill.

(From American Bee Journal.)

THE CARNIOLAN BEES—THEIR COLOR, ETC.

BY EMERSON T. ABBOTT.

Just before he discontinued the publication of the American Apiculturist, Mr. Alley, in reply to an article of mine, made some statements about which I wish to offer a few suggestions. I do not do this for the sake of controversy, as life is too short to spend much of it in argument simply for argument's sake, but to see if we cannot get the facts a little more clearly before us. The matter seems important to me, as I am confident that the time will come when the Carniolan bees will be given more attention than they are now receiving in the United States. I might say, in passing, that so far as my information goes, they are likely to prove of much more value to the bee-keepers of this country than Apis Dorsota, about which a good deal is being said at the present time.

But to return to the article of Mr. Alley. He asks, addressing himself to me; "Do you know that the silvergray rings of the dark Carniolan bee are merely the result of the yellow blood in the Carniolan?" To which I reply that I do not know anything of the kind. The gray bees of the South and Southwest have the same rings, and these bees do not show even a trace of yellow blood when purely bred. More, they possess many of the desirable traits of the Carniolans, and I am inclined to think that they originally sprung from the same stock. I have seen colonies of these bees in Missouri which were as gentle as the Carniolans, and that stuck to their combs as closely as the Italians. The truth of the matter is, I think that any who has the gray bees without any admixture of Italian or the ordinary black bloods makes a mistake if he does not take pains to keep them pure.

Mr. Alley further says: "When we breed from imported mothers, the progeny, both queens and workers, runs back to solid block." This has been my experience. They do not do that way with me. In fact, the very opposite, is true. Every generation, if purely bred, becomes more yellow, so that it seems to me that the entire tendency of the progeny of imported Italians, if kept pure, is toward increased yellowness.

Again he says "There are no *old* steel-gray colonies of bees to be found in Carniola." While I cannot say from actual observation that this is a mistake, yet I *know* that I have had a queen in my apiary since I lived in St. Joseph, which came direct from Carniola, the progeny of which did not show even a trace of *yellow*. However, the fact that there is a tendency in nearly all bees which come from that country to show yellow, does not prove that the original color of these is yellow. Every breeder of Barred Plymouth Rock fowls know that they show a tendency to become black, but this does not prove that the natural color of these fowls is black. There is also at the same time a tendency to become white, and from this by the same process of reasoning one might prove their natural color to be white. Both are unwarranted conclusions, and prove nothing as to the original color, or rather, the true color of these fowls. They do prove, however, that the Barred Plymouth Rocks are what may be called a combination breed, that is, made up of mixed blood, and that the color tends to vary according to the pre-potency of the fowl furnishing the blood which produces the prevailing color. It is claimed I know, that there is a tendency in Nature to variation independent of blending blood, but I doubt this being true. There may be a mixture of blood in most bees found in Carniola at the present time. If so, we would expect all of the progeny of such mixture to show traces of it for a long time.

The longer fowls are carefully bred and selected as to a special marking or color, the more permanent that marking or color will become, and the less tendency there will be to variation, or to revert back. This is just as true of bees as it is of fowls, but we would expect any mixture of foreign blood th show through several generations. With proper care and carefull selection any color can be bred out or in. You can take a white hen and breed her to a black cock, and then by judicious selection breed out every tendency of either black or white in the progeny, no difference which color seems to predominate. The predominancy of color, as I said above, will depend entirely upon the pre-potency of the parent furnishing the blood, or, to speak more correctly, the germ which produces the tendency to the color predominating. This law of herdity, as previously suggested, is just as applicable to bees as to any other animal. I have no doubt but what we can take Carniolan bees showing a tendency to yellow and breed out every trace of gray: or, if he choose, he can breed out every trace of yellow, that is, if he can control the matings. This, of course, will take time, but it can be done. The doing of it, however, would not prove anything as to the original color of the Carniolans.

Which strain of these bees would prove to be the best I am not prepared to say. From what little experience I have had along this line at the present writing I would select the yellow. As to which strain would come the nearer being like the bee which was first given the name Carniolan, I do not know this, either. In fact, I doubt if anyone knows, or could demonstrate it beyond successful contradition. It would require a long and careful investigation in the native land of these bees to come any where near settling the matter, and even then the chances are the question might remain unsettled. It is my opinion that steel-gray is the original color, but I may not be correct. There is one point that is fully settled in my mind, and that is, that the Carniolans are much more valuable than the mass of bee-keepers at the present time seem to think. I am thoroughly convinced that all that is needed is to put them to the test in order to demonstrate their superior qualities. I think, too, that the mixture of yellow blood improves them. Here is a field for some of our workers at the experiment stations. Will not some one take it up who has no financial interests in the result, and see what can be developed out of it?

Let me say in conclusion that I do not have any of these bees for sale, and have no interest in the business of any who has.

St. Joseph, Mo.

(From American Bee Journal).

BEE-KEEPERS NOT SUFFERING FROM OVER-PRODUCTION OF THE HONEY PRODUCT.

BY H. F COLEMAN.

I have read with much interest the article of Mr. Doolittle on page 163, with reference to over-production, but I cannot say that I was greatly surprised at the range of prices of honey from the year 1874 to the present—a period of 22 years. It it true that the difference between 28 to 30 cents per pound obtained in 1874, and 13 to 15 cents per pound obtained at present, is very large, but in my opinion the trouble is not in the over-production of honey, but in the increased production of other luxuries and necessaries of life, combined with a contraction of the currency of the country. It is perhaps true that there is more honey produced now than in the year 1874, but not to a greater extent than the increase in the population of the country, and this being true, everything else being equal, there should be no very great difference in the prices or demand for honey. But everything else is not equal. There has been a great increase in the production of fruits and sugars, and these combined, at their present low prices, to a great extent, have supplanted honey, and form the principal table-luxuries of the people.

It is a rule, founded in economy, that the human family will use and subsist upon the cheapest commodities, if the cheaper commodities will meet the ends in view. And this rule applies with unusual force at a time like this, when there is a stringency in money matters.

If Mr. Doolittle will reflect for a moment, he will remember that there has been a gradual decline in prices, of nearly all kinds of products since 1874. Wheat, corn, pork, beef, potatoes and other farm products have declined to an extent that is almost alarming, and we should not be surprised to see honey in the wake.

And there is still another rule, founded in economy, that has its influence on the price of honey. Honey is a luxury, and when men are in the straits, financially, they curtail expense, and the luxuries are the first to be dispensed with.

It is not my purpose in this article to say anything with references to my views as to the cause of the present financial depression, but we can say that it is very desirable to beekeepers that we have an era of prosperity—an era that will place within the reach of all the real luxuries of life. When this time comes, honey will again be sought after as an article of consumption, and the good old day of long ago will in a measure be restored. I say in a measure, for I do not believe with the increased production of sugar and fruits, which are so easily turned into marmalades, jellies, and other luxuries, that honey will ever again be in as good demand for table use as in day gone by.

I usually sell my honey at home and in neighboring towns, and the demand is always graded by the supply of fruit, and the ability of my friends to buy. A few years ago (1885) my crop was the largest I ever had, but the fruit crop in my section was a failure, and the entire crop went off at fine prices before cold weather.

Last year my crop was medium, but the fruit crop was large, and the result is, I have several hundred pounds of nice white honey still on hand.

Notwithstanding the low prices and comparatively small demand for honey, I do not mean to give up bee-keeping! Neither do I believe that Mr. Doolittle will give it up. The value of a product is not measured alone by the dollars and cents it will bring, but by the buying capacity of what it does bring. Twenty years ago, when we were getting fancy prices for our honey, we were paying the same kind of prices for what we bought. At that time we paid at least one dollar per bushel for wheat, and other things in proportion, and now it will not take a greater number of pounds of honey to buy a bushel of wheat than then. Of course, I mean generally speaking.

From what has been seen (from the above), we as bee-keepers should not bemoan our fate alone, as to low prices, but should exercise that broad sympathy that will extend to all classes suffering from the same cause.

Sneedville, Tenn.

(From American Bee Journal.)

WAX EXPERIMENTS—METHODS OF RENDERING QUANTITY AND QUALITY.

BY R. C. AIKIN.

How shall we render wax? How much can I get from a given number of combs, and what will be the quality? We do stick to old methods with wonderful tenacity, even when there are ways that are better. I have rendered wax with water and with steam, using several different ways of applying the heat. I have also used the solar way for 10 or 15 years. I have made at least five solar extractors, ranging in size from 18x30 in. to 6x6 feet. I have made them movable and stationary; built two of brick, the last one of which is built against the south side of my shop, and is 6x6 feet, all openings into it being in the shop. A furnace is also beneath to apply fire when needed.

Last year I had occasion to melt a lot of extracting-combs. I thought this a good opportunity to test the yield of wax from a given number of combs. I remember reading years ago (I think in Kretchmer's "Bee-Keepers' Guide") that an ordinary brood-chamber required about two pounds of wax to build the comb to fill it. The combs I had to melt were in part almost new, both natural base and foundation combs. {Part had been used for brood, some quite black. I first put 100 bright combs into the solar, average Langstroth size combs, and got 20 pounds of wax. Two other lots of 100 each were melted separtely, the least yield being 17 pounds.

The 100 brighter combs yielded 20 pounds after having been extracted from a few times; I would expect almost as good a yield from strictly new combs—brobably a little less wax but a little whiter. The dark combs, I am sure, have as much wax in them, but the mass of cocoons carry with them probably about 1-10. The grade of wax from these three lots was almost the same, being a bright yellow. The wax left with the refuse is not entirely lost, for it makes fine fuel and kindling, thus making the dark combs almost if not quite as valuable as the brighter ones.

Some seem to think there is no better way to render wax than the submerged-sack method; but all things considered, the solar is far ahead of this method. The first saving is in time. I save all odds ends, burr-combs, hive-scrapings and bottom-board litter, and put all in the solar. The very blackest old comb you may have—though not yielding as much wax as the meltings before-mentioned—will give a bright wax from the solar; but if put through water it will be very dark.

Of the afore-mentioned meltings I took about a half bushel of the refuse and put it in a sack and submerged it in a can of water, boiled, stirred, punched and twisted the stuff, and yet I could not get enough wax to rise to make a scum on the water. I then took the bag out and put it under the pressure of my own weight, and squeezed out ½ pound of wax—wax that was blacker than any I ever saw in the darkest brood-foundation. A few years ago I tried a similar plan on a lot of refuse, and got about 10 per cent more wax that was quite dark but in this case the solar work was rushed through, and the stuff not left to drain as it should, for I knew I was going to treat it again, and I wanted to get the wax out as quickly as possible. I suppose in the last 15 years I have produced 3,000 or 4,000 pounds of wax, the most of it going through the solar.

Another important point is the honey saved. Here and there are bits of of candied honey, covered cells and bits that usually would be unnoticed, yet turn out quite a lot of honey that is saved for feeding. No care is needed in picking out patches of honey for it will not be lost in the solar, but would be by the water method. I always accumulate from the solar more honey than wax. I always put a little water into the pan, for the evaporation would make the honey into taffy—to thick to pour.

The first mistake with apiarists is to make their solar wax-extractor to small. The next mistake is to make the box and sash of wood. Wood will not stand the extremes of heat wet and dry. The putty will loosen and cracks open. I have a sash part wood and part iron. The iron stays all right, but the wood part is always more or less loose. The walls are of brick built upon the ground, and the inner parts of tin. It is 6 feet square and fronts south. Were I to build again, I would make it longer east and west, or, what I think still better, build with the corners pointing north, east, west and south, making a hip roof with a southeast and southwest slope, and so get the sun all day. Large glasss is not necessary. I have glass in mine that is not over 4 inches by 16. I use straight-edge glass and oil the joints, the glass butted—not lapped.

A large solar will also serve as a liquefying concern. Once in the month of march I liquefied a thousand pounds in two days. The honey was in three and two pound lard pails, and all put in at one time. Fire was used beneath in this case, but where the cans of honey are spread over the solar so that the sun shines on each pail or can direct, the sun alone will do the work any ordinary clear summer day.

Should I continue to produce extracted honey, and have to liquefy the same, I would not do it with water or steam. An appliance for the use of hot air—much on the plan of an oven—will do the work just as well, and much cheaper, and any kind of a vessel can be put in. I have been using lacquered and stenciled, and it is no little satisfaction to be able to melt honey right in the pails when it has become candied in them. To set these pails in water would spoil the paint and lettering, but the dry hot air does no damage whatever.

Loveland, Colo.

AMATEUR FARMING.

Altogether I find farming to be a more complicated business than I had anticipated. During the first two years of my ownership of " The Moorlands," a wily Long Islander came to me and pursuaded me to sell him the hay on my twelve acres for twenty two dollars, because, he assured me, " it wasn't fit for horses to eat." When my groom also coincided in this opinion, I let this accommodating farmer have the grass, and felt quite under obligations to him for relieving me of such a worthless product. The third year, however, when he renewed his offer (and I had spent several hundred dollars on hay at thirty dollars a ton), a suspicion awoke in me that he might not be acting in good faith. I observed that his horses ate the hay with relish. Why should my horses be so much more fastidious than his? I according kept the hay, and, *mirabile dictu*, my horses ate it and thrived. I scornfully rejected the the hint that my groom dropped (a successor to the afore-mentioned one), that it was the same hay ; that, in other words, I had in previous years sold my own hay at less than two dollars a ton and bought it back at thirty. When in a somewhat acrimonious dialogue I suggested this possibility to the Long Islander in question, he smiled in an uneasy, evasive kind of way, and remarked, " You are getting to be quite a farmer, ain't you ?"—*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, in July* LIPPINCOTT'S.

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EDITORIAL.

The agitation of the subject of the importation of the Apis Dorsata, the Giant Bees of India, still continues, and we hope it will be kept up until it is brought to the notice of the Government in such a way that steps will be taken to procure some of these bees. We have noted with regret that Gleanings is not in favor of the project and its views are of course closely seconded by the American Bee Journal. We have yet to hear any good reason why the importation of these bees should not be attempted.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N. H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

Last month we casually mentioned that some one ought to start an argument in the bee papers. Friend York, of the American Bee Journal, in a sarcastic mood, asks why we do not start one ourselves and rails at us for being extremely modest. Now the fact is, we have no time for arguments. Life is too short for us to waste our time endeavoring to convince some one that it is better to use ten frames in a hive than eight, when common sense should teach us that each is proper under certain circumstances. Perhaps if our sole occupation was to write up two or three small pages of items once a week we would dote on arguments, but fortunately or otherwise our time for editorial duties is limited to an hour or two only each month.

We will send the American Bee-Keeper one year with the Cosmopolitan for $1.25. The Cosmopolitan is a monthly magazine containing an average of over 100 pages and 80 illustrations each month.

June was a very busy month for us. Our customers did not seem to "wake up" much until then, but they made up for lost time and the month ended with a record of many more orders than June of last year.

We will duplicate the prices on hives and supplies offered by any first class manufacturers and in many cases can do even better by you than anyone else.

Clubbing List.

We will send the American Bee Keeper with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
American Apiculturist,	(75)	1 15
Bee Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

Reduction of Prices

FOUNDATION has been reduced 5c a pound from prices in our 1896 catalog. This is owing to the lower price of wax.

OUR NO. 1 FANCY POLISHED SECTIONS we now offer at $2.50 for 1000, $4.50 for 2000, $6.10 for 3000, $10 for 5000. Less than 1000 same prices as formerly.

BEESWAX is lower. We are now paying 22c cash or 25c in trade, per pound, delivered at our railroad station, (Falconer, N. Y.). This price is not guaranteed. We will pay highest market price when wax is received. Prices are liable to be reduced again within a short time. If you have any wax to sell it is advisable to send it now.

"AMERICAN POISONS."

The Frenchman, not without reason, calls our iced drinks "American poisons." As a matter of fact, cool spring water will allay thirst much better than iced water; but it is very difficult to convince those addicted to the iced-water habit of this fact. The grave harm caused by iced water is from swallowing it quickly and in large quantities. If sipped slowly and held in the mouth for a moment the temperature is raised appreciable before it reaches the stomach, and its cooling effects reach that part of the body where they are most needed,— the head, throat, and upper part of the chest. For this reason ice cream is much less dangerous than iced water; we eat it slowly, and it is not only entirely melted, but also perceptibly warm before it enters the stomach.

This well-known fact, which everyone can verify for himself, is entirely ignored by those alarmists who draw so harrowing pictures of the internal economy, representing the stomach and its contents as almost paralized by the suddenly congealing influence of the introduction of a mass of frozen cream. Of course, if it were so the danger would be immense, for when the stomach is attending to its appointed duties—actively engaged in the process of digestion—it is a little furnace, and any tampering with its fires results in the immediate discomfort of its owner and overseer. When you deluge it with iced drinks you put out the fires, and arrested digestion means restless sleep and much discomfort. You ask it to do much work when the thermometer goes above 90. So that the fires will not have to be re-lit, and you will not suffer from what you feel is a consuming thirst.—[illegible] *H[illegible], in Demorest's Magazine* [illegible]

Punishing a Bell.

The Kanasechie Kolokol, or bell, is one of the most curious sights in Tobolsk. This bell is called by the Russians "the bell with the ear torn off" and is kept in a kind of shed near the archbishop's palace, where its romantic history is always to be heard. In the sixteenth century Prince Dimitri, the rightful heir to the Russian throne, was deposed by a revolt headed by Boris Godunoff, who was then proclaimed czar. The seat of the Russian government was at Uglich, and there Dimitri was sent to be under the immediate control of the unlawful ruler.

The usurper, fearing that the populace might awake to the claims of the young prince, planned his assassination, and he was one day stabbed in the yard, none of the bystanders showing the slightest disposition to help him.

A priest, however, who saw the crime from the cathedral belfry, immediately commenced to toll the great bell, which was only rung on such occasions as the coronation of the czar.

The czar, furious at this expression of reproach, commanded that the priest should be tortured and executed, and that the bell should be pulled down and placed beside the body of its ringer. The order was fulfilled, and the bell was beaten by the whole populace headed by the czar himself.

In those days Russian exiles were tortured before setting out on their journey by having their nostrils torn off with red-hot pincers. It was decreed that the bell should be exiled to Tobolsk, but as it had no nostrils the ruler of all the Russias commanded, with grim humor, that one of its clappers should be removed in order to indicate its disgrace.—London Tit-Bits.

The first hint of paper making in Europe was in Constantinople. The process was brought from China by way of Samarkand in A. D. 651.

SONNET.

Ere baffled winter, at fair spring's first nod,
His weakened forces northward home hath led,
While remnant drifts about our path are spread,
The crocus bursts the bondage of the sod,
And, lo, where late among the snow we trod,
The blossom sunward lifts its dainty head,
White, purple, gold, along the garden bed,
To catch the first warm glances of its god.

Thus, in some gloomy season of the heart,
When sorrow all our joy hath overspread
And ev'ry voice seems but to make us sad,
New hopes arise ere pain can all depart;
We fling aside the discontent and dread
And go our way with faces bright and glad.
—Mortimer Mansell in Chambers' Journal.

"MY COUSIN AMY."

Here is a story that Mr. Van Rensselaer Crossgrain told to a few of his cronies at the club the other evening after the final brandy and soda. They never before suspected him of any sentimental weakness, but now they have their doubts about it. He did soften in the telling of it, even if when he had finished he resumed his natural manner and swore at the waiter for showing a natural desire to clean up for the evening and go, perhaps, to his sweetheart. Here's his story:

"I have known my cousin Amy since the days when she was 5 and I was 15, and that was many years ago. Still I never during all that time suspected the truth, and I never knew it till it was too late. Then I learned what might have been, and as I thought the simple story over, it occurred to me it might in its moral prove useful to other youngsters as blind as I was and have been. Fortune never knocks twice at a man's door. Few of us know our caller when she visits us and are generally disposed to ignore her summons, taking her for a creditor or a bore. The only way is to learn from the experience of our elders.

"Young folks think that old folks are fools, old folks know that young folks are. Thus goes the old proverb the sanity of which never impresses one till he has crossed 30. But let me tell you the story of my cousin Amy.

"To begin with, she was the sweetest girl that ever was or will be. And she is so now. But that is only the complement of this story. Well, Amy was, is and will be the sweetest girl in the world. Still I never loved her—except as a cousin and as a sweet girl, the sweetest I ever have seen or shall see. From now on—I don't know, I can't tell—but you are not interested in my future or Amy's, so let's get back to the story. Well, then, I have known my cousin Amy since she was 5 years old. Even then she had an infinite sweetness about her which was not overshadowed even by the fullness of life and spirits which was her second best charm.

"Even at the age when young maids of 5 do not live long in the thoughts of youths I was fond of Amy. She was companionable even then, and though at times noisy and persistent, she infused her grace even into those disagreeable qualities and made them half lovable. This was Amy at the age of 5. Well you know how a youth changes after 17. How he becomes then one thing or the other. Good or bad, studious or careless, serious or trifling. During the next ten years I saw Amy only now and then. She was changing and developing also, but I paid little attention to her growth. I was chasing after the false gods whose worship is so attractive to the young man. Amy was only a child to me at my advanced years, and while family connections kept me in frequent contact with her, I thought of my old young friend only as a rather awkward, shy girl of 15, while I was rejoicing in the full manhood and unlimited experience and wisdom of 25.

"When I saw her in those days I paid little attention to her. There was still the old sweetness there, the power of loving, the simple but strong attractiveness, but I was busy with my false gods and tinsel goddesses. You men of 30, you know where you worshiped then, and you know how devout you were in your worship and how the fallacy and hollowness of your creed never strike you till you have had five or ten years of it, and how then you learn your god is stuffed with the dirtiest kind of sawdust and the worship stinks in your nostrils. Well, I passed through that stage. I went the rounds and rejoiced in the designation of a rounder. No hog wallowed in his filth more luxuriously than I, and it took me ten long years to learn that there was not and never can be anything in dissipation, that alcoholically stimulated spirits and the purchased affections of women are the bitterest mockeries on God's earth. They are hell's best counterfeits, but rank counterfeits they are, and only the so called keen eyes of youth are deceived by them

"All this has a bearing on my story of Amy, because, thank God, after a while my eyes were opened and I saw the folly of my life. And, as when a man has thrown the bloom and flower of his youth in the gutters of dissipation he takes the faded remnants back to the highway, so I, seeing I had been giving much for nothing, bethought myself that perhaps the ways of decent people were wiser and I sought to tread them. Society does not condemn the male sinner. His social position is thrown like a cloak over his life and virtuous mothers who know from worldly husbands the story of his escapades are glad to show him their jewels in the way of marriageable daughters—that is, if he may be eligible.

"Well, I was rich and eligible. I easily worked my way back into the society I had quit for what is styled Bohemia. I saw young women far more sweet and attractive than those who shine at public balls, late suppers and fancy resorts. And among them shone conspicuous my cousin Amy. I had never entirely given up her society, but of late years I had seen less and less of her. It seemed to me her manner had changed. She was now a woman of the world, with her three crowded seasons behind her. New York, Newport, London and the Riviera had been her stamping grounds, and even her infinite sweetness—pardon the repetition of the word, but it fitted her—was partially covered though not effaced by the manner of the woman of 22 years. I had not noticed this, or at any rate dwelt upon it, in our few meetings in the meantime.

"Amy was still and had never ceased to be fond of me as an old friend and playmate, for in the far away old days we had even played together as children will. But I could never regain my exact old footing. After a while she did let me get a little closer, and then later I thought I noticed sometimes a return of something like the old camaradarie Was I falling in love with Amy? I did not say so. Then one day I heard something and the next day she told me something herself.

"I knew the fellow and liked him. He was all that a man should be, and if any man could claim such a standing he was worthy of Amy. Still, for a moment I hated him, and could I have heard of his disgrace I would have rejoiced; I hardly knew why, but I felt why. But Amy was very happy, so happy that I forgave him, and she softened more toward me.

"This is all of my story. It's enough for it's a story of what was missed and of fortune turned away from the door at the first and last call. How do I know? I will tell you. Amy was to be married after Easter. During Lent I passed a few days at her father's place on the Hudson. She was so happy and grateful to this old world for her happiness that she opened all her heart to me and told me her hopes and plans. So selfish is entire happiness. If she had confined herself to her future I might still have been fairly happy even in her and his happiness. But in the fullness of her spirits Amy lapsed into reminiscence.

"During one of our close and cordial conversations I noticed a look on her expressive face, a look half quizzical, half amused, and then she turned to me and smiled. Blushed? No. But when she told me this story I left her for a moment saying I thought I would smoke a cigar, though I forgot to light it when I got on the veranda.

"I had spoken of her happiness, and without thinking what I was saying I asked her familiarly:

"'Amy, is that lucky fellow the first or are you giving him only the remnants of affection a pretty girl has left after three years of society?' She laughed gayly and without embarrassment. 'Yes and no,' she answered. 'I have met no man in society I consider his equal in any way, and he has all the affection I possess, but I must make a confession to you, and I can do so safely now. I was in love once before, and oh, how in love I was. It was a foolish affair,' she said smiling, 'but at the time I was terribly in earnest. I have quite recovered, so I can tell you all about it. Do you remember some years ago when you were still quite respectable [illegible] with us [illegible]?'

"'Of course I do,' I answered rather testily.

"'Well, you never knew I was in love then, did you?'

"'Why no, certainly not, I never thought of it. You were a child,' I replied.

"'I was 15,' she said, 'and I was very much in love, and with you, you silly goose. You never knew it, you paid no attention to me, but would talk to father or some of the guests, and I would sit up and drink in your words and think them wisdom. Why, I remember one evening when I was sent up to bed at 9 o'clock I came back after the maid was gone and sat at the head of the stairs where I could hear you speaking. Then my feelings got the better of me and I began to cry. Mamma heard me, but you didn't, and she came after me and sent me back to bed, besides giving me a good lecturing.'

"And Amy laughed heartily and I thought with unnecessary gayety. And so I made a fool of myself. In a moment I felt that my cousin Amy was the one woman in the world for me and that she had really always been. (And she will always be.)

"And I said to her, 'Amy, you are telling me of years ago, may I tell you something of the present time?' But she understood me, and Amy was loyal. For a moment only she seemed startled and drew a long breath. Then she smiled again.

"'No, no!' she said with her old gayety, 'when your story is as old as mine, you may tell it to me if you like, but the exchange is not fair now.' Which I thought was a poor way out of it, and I told her so.

"Still, when I left her and went out upon the veranda to smoke, I forgot to light my cigar."—New York Sun.

Nerves and Skyscrapers.

A nervous condition bordering on prostration, to which the doctors have not as yet given a name, has lately been observed to affect persons who work many hours a day high up in the modern skyscrapers. The ailment resembles nervous prostration, except in the principal symptom, which is a condition of intense restlessness and, as one of the [illegible] point expressed it, [illegible] desire to scream or to get down to the earth quickly."

A sensation of relief is noticeable when the patient is taken to grass, so to speak, which leads some physicians to the belief that the change in the rarity of the air, slight as it is, has a peculiar effect upon certain very sensitive organizations. Others think that the constant trips in the elevators cause a slight disarrangement of the nerve centers, which brings on the condition referred to. In any case, there is no doubt that a new ailment has come among us with the advent of the skyscraper.—New York Journal.

FREAKISH STREAMS.

REMARKABLE CHARACTERISTICS OF SOME LARGE RIVERS.

The Mississippi No Longer Holds First Place In North America—A River of Writing Fluid—Wonderful Channel of "China's Sorrow."

It is a recognized fact in science that very few great rivers have been thoroughly explored by going up stream. For nearly 2,000 years travelers and explorers endeavored to discover the sources of the Nile by ascending that wonderful river. But by the time they had reached the difficult part of the stream their supplies and energy were exhausted, and they could go no farther. It is only by seeking the sources of rivers by overland routes that explorers meet with success. It was in this manner that Henry M. Stanley traced the route of the Kongo in Africa. In this way of procedure Frederick Schwatka was enabled to float down to Yukon and Speke found the secret of the river Nile.

One of the most curious rivers that has come to the knowledge of men is the Webbe Shebeyli, of eastern Africa, a deep and rapid stream, abounding in strange fish and ferocious crocodiles. Although it flows for hundreds of miles through fertile lands the immense volume of water never reaches the sea. A short distance north of the equator the river is lost in a desert region a few miles from the Indian ocean.

Some of the more recent explorers of Alaska and British America claim that the Mississippi can no longer be regarded as the largest river on the North American continent. This distinction is claimed for the great Yukon river. According to Ivan Petroff, who spent over two years in Alaska, collecting materials for the last census, the Yukon empties into Norton sound about one-third more water than the Mississippi pours into the gulf of Mexico. The Yukon basin comprises the larger part of northern Alaska, and 600 miles from its mouth the river is a mile in width. Many centuries before it was discovered by white men it very likely served as the water highway into the interior, for tribes that we believe to have crossed from Asia to the American continent. The Yukon river is over 2,000 miles in length.

Travelers report that in Algeria there exists a small stream which the chemistry of nature has turned into ink. It is formed by the union of two rivulets, one of which is very strongly impregnated with iron, while the other, meandering through a peat marsh, imbibes large quantities of gallic acid. Letters have been written with the natural compound of iron and gallic acid which forms this small, yet wonderful, stream.

The Rio de Vinagre, in Colombia, is a stream the waters of which, by admixture with sulphuric acid, become so sour that the river has been appropriately named the Rio de Vinagre, or Vinegar river.

The Orange or Garieh river, in southern Africa, rises in the mountains which separate Natal from the Orange River Free State. The length of this stream is 1,000 miles. Its banks abound in various valuable woods, and around it are found rich copper ores. In this stream are many varieties of fish, which are found until the river passes through a rocky region containing copper, below which the water is said to be poisonous, almost instantly killing the fish that venture near it.

"China's Sorrow," a curious name for a river, is the title bestowed upon the great Hoang Ho, which rises in the mountains of Tibet and follows a wonderfully circuitous channel for 2,500 miles to the Yellow sea. The waywardness of this mighty volume of water makes the river a constant source of anxiety and danger to the 170,000,000 of people inhabiting the central plain Asia. It is known to have suddenly changed its course nine times. It has moved its mouth four degrees of latitude each time, emptying its vast flood in different directions, and finding a new channel for itself where scores of towns and villages have stood. The river has greatly changed the physical character of a wide area, converting fertile regions into a sandy desert or making shallows of them. Whether it is within the power of modern science to save this great plain from disastrous overflow and changes of the river's bed is a question which during late years has been widely discussed, especially in the scientific circles of Paris and London.

Another remarkable river is the Indus, a great stream in Hindustan. It rises in Tibet, and its course is a wonderful one. On reaching Sussi, its most northern point, it turns southward, loses itself in the hills and reappears at [illegible] in Kohistan. The Indus is 1,700 miles in length. After receiving the waters of many tributaries its channel grows narrow, and here it is divided into many channels, some of which never return to the parent stream. It abounds in fish and crocodiles.

That classical river, the Ganges, is erratic in its course, like the Hoang Ho. It is prominent both in the religion and the geography of India. It varies greatly from season to season and from year to year, and frequently each season [illegible] passages for new [illegible]. It has been said that the Ganges delivers into the sea every year 355,000,000 tons of mud, sand and other solid matter.—Philadelphia Press.

The Burglar's Bugbears.

A reformed burglar, who has no further use for the knowledge himself, says there are three things a night thief dreads. One is a baby, the second is a little whiffet dog that can sleep with both eyes open and barks when a needle falls, and the third is a newspaper. Almost always the paper rattles or crackles when a foot touches it. Unless a burglar is so desperate that he will risk his own life, he will leave the moment he strikes a house strewn with newspapers.

SKY FLOWERS.

The sower is sowing the seed of the cloud,
Mantling the earth with its drifting shroud,
Enshrining the lowly and humbling the proud.

Gently and softly descend the sky flowers,
Sprinkling white petals in dazzling showers,
Garnered and wind borne from arctic bowers.

Lost seems the earth 'neath its raiment of
white,
Sprectral and ghostlike, seen in the light
Of the wide moon this midwinter night.
—James Sheridan Hall.

LOVE IS BLIND.

Feathery palm trees, banks of flowers, softly hued fairy lamps, and delicious strains of ever changing music, all these go to make up enchantment!

So, at least, thought Lord Ronald d'Esterre.

He had but just returned from a two years' sojourn in the heart of Africa, a sojourn filled with dangers and privations; his years numbered but five and twenty, he was possessed of a well knit, springy frame and a keen, clear eye, and he had come back from his travels with fame, courage and endurance, but without a penny that he could call his own.

What was next to be done? This was the problem that filled all his spare thoughts His elder brother had fitted him out for his expedition with the polite intimation that the act was a virtual washing of his hands of the superfluous cadet. His aunts had kissed him so warmly at parting that he was amazed to find them "not at home" when he returned to London; his godfather had given him a £50 note and such a hearty farewell that it was bewildering to be cut by him when they met once more in the club smoking room. "It really seems as if they wish I had never come back!" said the young man to himself, with a smile at the incredible idea, but as time passed on his smiles died away, and he ground his teeth savagely as he realized that his relations had thought it a good investment to lay out £500 and an infinitely tender farewell in the hope of getting quit of a troublesome incumbrance.

The thought was a bitter one and in his first fury he vowed to leave his native shores by the next ship, and never return to them again. But upon the heat of his passion there fell a cooling breath, as if from heaven itself, and the lion was straightway changed into a lamb. Lord Ronald d'Esterre had been accustomed so long to be looked upon as a "detrimental" that at first he scarcely dared to show the attraction that lay for him in Violet Harvey's appealing gray eyes and soft, shining hair. To his amazement, however, he found that obstacles melted away miraculously at his approach. Violet herself was shy and retiring, it is true, but her mother smiled sweetly upon him and her father shook him warmly by the hand.

Was ever man so blessed before?

"True love does run smooth sometimes, after all!" he said to himself on this bright June evening, as he walked homeward after a meeting with Mrs. Harvey in the park.

"Shall you be at Lady Chesterford's party tonight?" she had said. "Violet and I are going, and we shall be so disappointed if we do not see you."

His honest face had glowed with delight as she spoke, and he seemed to be treading on air as he walked away.

"Even Aunt Maria has taken me back into favor again," he thought. "She was horribly cross when I first came home, but now she is sugared satin whenever I come near her. I dare say it was all my fault, though. I know that I was an ill conditioned brute until Violet came to soften me!"

Lady Maria's flowered headdress was the first object that met Lord Ronald's eyes when he entered his hostess' crowded drawing rooms that evening, and somewhat to his surprise it was in close proximity to Mrs. Harvey's frizzled gray head.

"I should not have thought that Aunt Maria would have anything to do with her!" he reflected. "She always says that she can detect the faintest tincture of trade and she must know perfectly well that Mr. Harvey made his money in malt."

At this moment, however, he caught sight of Violet and forgetting all else, he elbowed his way eagerly through the crowd until he reached her side. It might have been only fancy, but at any rate it seemed to him that her welcome was a warmer one than she had ever given him before, and his heart beat faster as he bent over her.

"Will you not come into the conservatory?" he said pleadingly. "It is so hot here." She rose without a word, and they walked away together.

"Do you know that it is only six weeks since I first saw you?" he said. "I can hardly believe it myself, for it seems as if I had known you all my life."

He had an idea even as he spoke that he had seen the remark in almost every love story that he had ever read, but he could not refrain from uttering it, for it seemed so exact an expression of his feelings. Violet, too, had probably heard it before, but from Ronald's lips it sounded absolutely new, and her long eyelashes drooped lower upon her cheek as she listened.

They were walking between banks of flower and fern and the silence between them was too sweet to be broken at once, but Ronald knew that their solitude might be disturbed at any moment, and rousing himself from his dream he had just opened his lips to speak when a voice from some hidden speaker came plainly to their ears.

"It is almost certain to come off tonight, I think. I got him an invitation on purpose."

Ronald started. It was Lady Maria's voice, but he had not the remotest idea to what she was alluding. In another moment, however, she received her answer and it was Violet's turn to start, for it came in her mother's accents:

"We shall be only too grateful to you if it does come off, for her papa and I have always set our hearts on her marrying a title. The very minute that Violet tells me he has proposed the check shall be sent to you."

Ronald drew back a step, his cheek growing white beneath its bronze. His hands clenched involuntarily, and for a moment Violet expected to see him dash out upon the conspirators; but their voices were already receding in the distance, and as he looked round he saw the anguish in her face.

"Violet! Violet!" he cried, seizing her hands in his. "You knew nothing of this! I swear it with my dying breath!"

She drew her hands away and turned to escape, but he followed her.

"I have not much to offer," he said, "but all I have is at your feet."

She quickly looked up, and a light of gratitude came into her eyes.

"How good you are," she said.

Ronald looked at her in bewilderment. The words were not what he had expected.

"You do not understand," he said. "I want you to be my wife."

"I do understand," she answered gently, "and I honor you for asking me after what has happened, but I will not take advantage of your generosity."

"It is not generosity," cried Ronald. "It is sheer selfishness!"

But Violet showed no signs of yielding.

"I will not leave you unless you tell me one thing," said Ronald. "If your heart is free, I claim it; but if not, I will never trouble you again. Violet, tell me, do you love any one?"

She looked at him with a face that grew pale under his gaze.

"Yes," she said, "I do."

"That is enough," said Ronald hoarsely, and dropping her hand he turned and went.

"It is strange how ungrateful young people are!" remarked Lady Maria, a few days later, to the friends gathered around her tea table. "I had arranged a most suitable match for my nephew, really done everything in my power to promote it; and yet he actually came here the other day and used the most terrible language—said that I had spoiled his life, and all kinds of dreadful things, and now he has gone off abroad, nobody knows where. I am sure I only hope that I shall never see him again."

Lady Maria's wish seemed likely to be fulfilled, for five long years came and went, bringing no news of Ronald; and though five years could not take the bloom from her cheek, nor the gold from her hair, they could and did add very materially to the infirmities of her frame. But when at last he did reappear she was willing to overlook the past in spite of her resentment, for Ronald had found his way into a profitable foreign partnership, and instead of fame he brought back money.

"One of the best things I ever did for

you was getting you out of that entanglement!" she exclaimed fervently when they met, for Lady Maria came of military stock, and she knew that one of the most successful manœuvers is to carry the war into your enemy's quarters.

Ronald shot a glance at her from under his dark eyebrows, but said nothing, and she continued gayly:

"Mr Harvey went bankrupt a year or two after you went away, and they are quite in poor circumstances now. That upstart girl waits upon the lodgers, I believe."

"You don't say so!" remarked Ronald. "Where are they living?"

"In Worthing," said Lady Maria, deceived by his coolness. "Lady Hemmington was there last month, and she told me that she saw Mrs. Harvey on the Parade, and that the woman actually had the audacity to speak to her! Can you believe it?"

"I don't know," said Ronald; "but I am going to Worthing this afternoon, and I shall see whether she will speak to me!"

"Oh, my dear boy!" cried Lady Maria in genuine distress. "Pray, pray don't do anything so foolish! You have no idea how designing poor people are"—but she ceased, for the sound of the loudly closing door informed her that she was alone.

"But why did you send me away?" said Ronald a few hours later as he and Violet stood together under the stars and heard the waves beating upon the beach.

"Because I thought after what we overheard you felt yourself bound to say what you did out of consideration for me."

"So your pride came in the way, my little one! Don't you know that pride is one of the deadly sins? However, I can't preach to you now because I want to ask you another question. If you really have loved me all along, why did you tell such a dreadful lie?"

"A lie!" exclaimed Violet.

"Yes. A lie. A regular big, black one! When I asked you if you had loved any one, you said yes. Now then, confess at once, because I'm not going to let you off!"

He held her away from him so that he could look into her face and waited inexorably for her answer.

"I saw that you would not listen to any other objection," she said, "and I thought that you were sacrificing yourself, and so"—

"Yes, I know all that," he interrupted, "but you had no business to say what you did! Unless, of course, there really was some one. Come now, tell me."

A flush came over her face, and as she raised her eyes he could see her tears shining in the starlight. He grasped her hands more firmly in his now and looked down at her from the height of his 6 feet.

She tried to speak, but her quivering voice would not be controlled, and with a great wave of love surging up in his heart he drew her close to him.

"Who was it?" he whispered.

She turned to hide her face upon his shoulder and breathed her answer into his ear bent down to catch it.

"You dear, blind boy, it was you!"
—Household Words.

One Correct Answer.

An amusing little story was told a good many years ago in connection with Governor Mattox of Vermont. At one time he was chairman of the committee appointed to examine candidates for admission to the bar of Caledonia county. He reported that one of the candidates was, in his opinion, unqualified, having answered correctly but one of the questions put to him.

"Only one? Well, what was that?" asked the presiding judge.

"I asked him what a freehold estate is," replied Mattox.

"Important question," said the judge. "And what was his reply?"

"He made it without the least hesitation," said the chairman, with a twinkle in his eye. "Of course that fact is in his favor."

"Well, what did he say?" asked the judge, with some impatience.

"He said," returned the chairman, "that he didn't know."—Youth's Companion.

Changed.

"So Mr. Simpkins did not propose to you, Madge?"

"No. He found out that I wanted to marry him, and it seemed to put him out of the notion."—Chicago Record.

BOXING AT OLYMPIA.

Where the Fierce Combats Were Fought Almost to the Death.

They were cautious, these two, as if Xenokles fully realized the power and achievements of his opponent and Glaukus wished to test the guards and attacks of an unknown rival before proceeding to fight in earnest. The sun was already declining toward the western sea. An hour had passed. The spectators grew impatient. Were the boxers contending only to weary each other in holding up the weight of their armed hands? Such fights had been, but different tactics were looked for from Glaukus. They knew him for no cowardly trifler. Xenokles, too, must be of good heart to face so famous a fighter.

"See! Did I not say it?" cried a Krotonian.

Without warning from eye or muscle Glaukus had suddenly closed with his opponent; but, to his evident astonishment, the other, without trying to evade the rush, met it with a blow full on the chest which resounded through the stadion. Glaukus' career was checked, but Xenokles, not satisfied with this, now sprang forward and struck again and again with all his strength, until Glaukus rallied from his surprise and, taking advantage of an open guard, brought his rival to earth.

The Messenian was on his feet almost as soon as he touched the ground. The combat was no longer tame. Both men were wounded and bleeding, but they came together like raging bulls. Their great arms swung through the air, raining down blow after blow, while the clashing of brass upon brass, as they guarded the strokes, rang like the forge of Hephaestos.

"Will not your Athene interpose?" exclaimed the Mede.

"The rules forbid it," said Evander, "but whoever kills his antagonist loses his crown. Ha! That was too much for the Messenian. See [illegible] drops his hands!"

"Now, Glaukus, now!" [illegible] the crowd. "Strike [illegible]!"

But the wary Krotonian paused to watch the effect of his last blow. He knew that the limit of human endurance had been almost reached, and he wished to conquer with as little danger to his foe as possible.

"He has judged well," said Evander as the Messenian sank down. "Glaukus is too practiced a boxer to risk losing a won victory."—"A Day at Olympia," by Duffield Osborne, in Scribner's.

A WINDOW IN BERN.

How the Swiss Maidens Pass Many a Pleasant Afternoon.

The wide window sills on the third floor are laid out, not for flowers, but, in no less characteristic Bern fashion, for human occupation. A stout iron rail runs, at a comfortable height for resting shoulders, round the ledge, on which lie red cushions. Settled in a corner of this high perch sits a young woman, like hundreds of her fellow townsfolk, looking down upon the world, knitting, singing and gossiping by turns in the leisure hour of afternoon and through the long twilight of the summer evenings.

Somehow there is a fascination in this Bern habit of perching on the window sill. It grows on the sitter with use. That brown haired young woman, for instance, would be hard put to it to live at all without her window cushions. She is an inveterate chatterbox, but it is difficult to be hard on her when one overhears her rapid French, her laughter and her sallies on her neighbors below. She is a Neuchateloise or a Genevese, and the words run off her tongue right prettily, in contrast to the brusque sound of the quaint Bern-Deutsch. She is blessed with a rare [illegible], and carols French songs, partly to herself and partly, five out of six, at a young [illegible] engaged on a second floor balcony. [illegible] usually [illegible]. She has [illegible] from the [illegible] accidental [illegible] the [illegible] loud [illegible] the students [illegible] window [illegible]—[illegible]—but [illegible] familiar [illegible] every day. There is [illegible], even if [illegible]—[illegible] green with gardens [illegible] and [illegible] common forest ferns and some chrysanthemum cuttings.—Speaker.

TWO MEETINGS WITH MILES.

One In Pasadena, Cal., and the Other In Los Angeles.

"One night in the office of the Hotel Raymond in Pasadena, Cal.," said a traveler. "I met General Nelson A. Miles. I was introduced to him by Major Ben C. Truman. The office was a big attractive room with a great [illegible] one [illegible]. There were large rocking chairs scattered about for the comfort of guests who cared to sit there, and it was a room which ladies did not hesitate to occupy if they had occasion to use it.

"We three sat before the fire in the great hall, which was as much for the purpose of talk as anything else, and the big room was decidedly a pleasant place. General Miles, Major Truman and myself sat there until 11 o'clock. The general talked freely and most interestingly, and to me it was a most enjoyable evening. I had always had the heartiest admiration for General Miles—I had been a soldier myself—and I thought I should always remember that evening with gratification.

"The next morning, while going out of the Hotel Nadeau in Los Angeles, I met a gentleman who said 'Good morning.' I stopped and talked, but I could not possibly recall him. Presently he said:

" 'You don't remember me.'

"I said I did not.

" 'My name is Miles,' he said.

"Well, I wished that the Hotel Nadeau had been getting in coal and that there had been a convenient coal hole open for me to slide into, but there wasn't, and I did the best I could under the circumstances, which I guess was poor enough, but the general was perfectly good humored about it, for which I was profoundly thankful.

"Seeing the general in a different light, or amid totally different surroundings and when I had least expected to meet him, coupled perhaps with some degree of natural absentmindedness on my part, had brought this discomfiture upon me, and chagrin over this second encounter with General Miles has always materially lessened my enjoyment of the first."—New York Sun.

SUGAR MAKING IN CUBA.

The Crude Methods That Were In Use Twenty Years Ago.

Twenty years ago, in those times of slavery and high prices, but little attention was given to machinery or engineering. Planters were content to get what tonnage of cane they could from an acre of seed.

The cane was brought to the sugar house, where the laborers slowly put it on the carrier, passing it to the mill, where it was rolled or ground between the rollers of a three roller mill to extract the juice, getting an extraction of 55 per cent out of a possible 85 or 88 per cent of the whole weight in the cane.

The cane was brought to the sugar house "train," which was a set of four or five kettles set in brickwork, having a strong fire under the smallest or "strike" kettle. The flames passed under and around all the kettles, the unconsumed gases escaping through a chimney. The combustion was so imperfect that at night flames could be seen many feet high, coming from the top of the chimney.

The largest of these kettles received the raw juice, and there it was limed and skimmed as the impurities rose. It was then ladled to the next kettle in succession, each time being thickened in density and reduced in bulk by evaporation until it arrived at the "strike" kettle, where a skilled attendant knew the exact point at which to stop the fire and ladle out the mass into the crystallizing pans, in which it was allowed to cool.

In a few days it was firm enough to be taken out, placed in hogsheads and allowed to drain in the storehouses, losing at least one-sixth in dripping molasses. The hogsheads were then repacked and placed on carts and drawn many miles to the railroad for shipment to the merchants' stores at the seacoast, where they were again allowed to drain, were repacked, reweighed and sold, thus piling up an expense account that made the profits look slim; but, as sugar was selling at a high rate, these expenses could be borne.

Over one-third of the entire population of the globe, or about 400,000,000 people, speak nothing but the Chinese

MAKING A SONNET.

I've mapped me out a form that I would indite
  A sonnet to be regular as a bow
  Of promise in the heavens, that we do know
Shows always seven colors to the sight;
And twice seven lines are in a sonnet, quite.
  The octave now is making a good show,
And will be ended soon, to my delight.
  I've heard of some great writers that, in woe,
Sat up all hours so as to get it right.

The sestet's not so hard as the octave,
  But hard enough for me. Why should I sigh?
'Tis true the task is not comical, nor grave,
  Nor hopeless is it, or I should not try
To sing a [illegible] music stave.
  Which ought the Petrarch cult to satisfy.
    —Edward S. Creamer in New York Sun.

HIS IDEAL WOMAN.

The first thing I did on getting back from India was to spend a week with my people in the country. A good deal can happen in five years and we naturally had plenty to talk about. But I tore myself away at last with a promise to return for August and settled myself in town in my old lodgings off St. James street.

Apart from the various business matters requiring my attention—my investments had not improved during my absence, and it was necessary to cast my eye about for other securities—London, at the moment, appealed to me irresistibly.

There, within the four mile radius, was massed the whole of what I had missed during my five years in a remote station in Burma—the life, the motion, the perpetual sense of something going on, of being in close proximity, if not in absolute contact with, the source of current modes of thought, of hearing the ceaseless hum of the wheels of civlization, the throb of actuality, of which not even the echoes had penetrated to the squat white bungalow on the banks of the Irawadi, where the monotony had not been varied by even so much as a moment's fighting, and one made up for saving one's intellectual by overfeeding one's physical instincts.

Once in town, I found myself plunged into a vortex of amusement. There were old friends to be "looked up." When "looked up," they insisted on dinner, to be followed by a theater or music hall. Some of the men I had "done the town" with five years before had got married. I had to make the acquaintance of their wives. Others who had been married had been divorced. I had to forget that they had ever been married.

One way and another I was so busy that it was not till the end of a month that I remembered that I had not seen Wetherby. He had always been "one of us" in the old days at Oxford and elsewhere, prepared for anything and everything, and I could not make out how it was that I had not already come across him.

"Oh, Wetherby," said Benson, the stockbroker, when I asked him what had happened to our old friend, "we never see Wetherby now. He is supposed to be in love. For myself, I believe he was just going to marry a girl, and she died with the result that he has been brooding over her death ever since.

Anyway, no one ever seems to see him anywhere, though he's still got the same old rooms in the temple. Go and look him up by all means, but I don't suppose you'll be able to see him, or, if you do, to get anything out of him. As I say, he never seems to go out anywhere, though, as you know he used to be such a great ladies' man."

"With strong views as to the ideal woman," I put in, remembering various conversations we had had on the subject.

"Yes," assented Benson, "he was always great on the woman question, talking about 'the perfect type,' and all that sort of bosh. He always was a bit of a dreamer."

"Perhaps," I said maliciously, "that may account for his never being seen now. He may have found this type and be keeping her to himself."

"Perhaps," said Benson. "However, you go and see him. You and he used to be such terrific pals you may be able to get more out of him than we other fellows have been able to do."

"Well, I'll go anyway," I said.

I went down to the temple that very night. My loud knock on the outer door of his chambers brought Wetherby himself to open it. It struck me that he looked half confused, half annoyed, as if I had surprised him at a moment when he was occupied with other matters and resented intrusion. I wondered whether, after all, the "perfect type" theory was right.

I put my suspicion aside, however, when, recognizing me at last in the semi-obscurity of the staircase, he seized my hand and shook it warmly. "My dear fellow," he said, "I am delighted to see you. When did you get back?" He overwhelmed me with questions as I followed inside and pulled a chair up to the open window facing his own. For an hour we sat talking over old times and smoking. The conversation, reminiscent, as for the most part it was, enabled me to see that in some respects he was changed from the man I had seen five years before. He spoke more deliberately—slower. As Benson had remarked, he had always had a tendency to dream. The tendency seemed accentuated. At times he was silent for a minute together, puffing meditatively at his pipe. A last I could not help questioning him even at the risk of giving offense. "Benson says," I remarked, "that you are quite different from what you used to be. You never go out anywhere. What is it? You remember our talking about the 'perfect type.' You have not found her? You are not in love?"

He was silent a moment, puffing out huge clouds of smoke. Then "Look here, old fellow," he said. "I don't know why I should not tell you. These other fellows could not understand if I did tell them."

"I am afraid you are crediting me with more intelligence than I possess," I said. "If what you propose to tell me would pass Benson's understanding, I am afraid it would also pass mine."

"You underrate yourself Besides, after all, it is quite simple, only Benson is such a material person The Stock Exchange has made him worse. Anyway I am going to tell you."

"Yes?" I said invitingly

"You remember," he said, settling himself back in his chair, "I had always my own views about women."

"You expected a great deal," I said

"Well," he went on, not heeding the interruption, "you know I can well afford to marry. If I had found the woman I wanted, I should have married long ago I could not find her, much as I sought The clever woman had no beauty, the beautiful no brains, or, where the combination did exist, the woman was already married, or had some equally prohibitive defect."

"You sought for what did not exist," I said. "There is no ideal woman, as there is no ideal man."

"Not in your sense," he said. "Certainly not in the sense of a man like Benson, if he can conceive the possibility of an ideal woman at all, or an ideal anything."

"And in yours?" I said.

He rose from his chair and going to a long drawer in a cabinet took out from it an armful of photographs—there must, I should think, have been some 50 there in all "Just look through these," he said

I did so, wondering. Every type of female face and female beauty was there represented, from the English and American woman to the French and Austrian, from the creole to the Caucasian, from the daughter of the people to the daughter of the peer. Some of the faces might well have been those of saints; others were indubitably those of sinners. Barmaids jostled against Sisters of Mercy; actresses followed on the princesses of the blood royal. Some of the faces were too utilitarianly clever to approach physical beauty; others, again, proclaimed the triumph of body over soul.

"Well?" I said at length, still more astonished

He spread out the photos on the table before him, eying them lovingly, fondling them as a man fondles the woman who is to be his wife. "There," he said, pointing to the rows of faces before him, "you have a perfect type I tried to find it existing in one woman You were right. It was impossible, but I have got it there."

"Yes," I said, smiling at his intensity, "but these are only mere photographs. The essence of them constitutes the perfect type of womanhood, no doubt, but these things are not alive. They are mere counterfeit presentments. You are not a nineteenth century Pygmalion. You cannot make mere photographs live."

"Perhaps not," he said. "At least, who can tell? I know that when I gaze long on these faces I conjure up from their various characteristics the perfect type of woman and can never care for any one else—I mean any woman. This face I have erected represents to me the supreme essence of feminine loveliness, the one woman for whom a man should be glad to die, for whom I would die, did she require me, this very minute. People tell you I never go out anywhere. How can I when this splendid beauty smiles before me at home? I tell you I never lived till I knew her, and now I cannot live with her. To me she is the one woman in this world or the next. Indeed, not the one woman, but woman herself."

* * * * * *

I left Wetherby's chambers half an hour later wondering if my old friend was going mad. As I turned to close the door behind me I saw him suddenly bend down over the table and sweeping the photographs together into his arms cover them with a rain of passionate kisses.—Exchange.

Kindly John Oxenford's Cough.

Clement Scott recalls a pathetic story of the declining days of John Oxenford, for years the leading theatrical critic of London. Mr. Oxenford was troubled with a serious bronchial affection, which occasionally disturbed the audience, for he refused to give up his beloved theater, although desperately ill. A certain rising young actor, who shall be nameless, though he has recently been in England after a brilliant career, was very anxious to obtain Oxenford's valuable opinion on his work, and the tender hearted old gentleman literally left his bed and came down to the theater on a bitter cold night to do a good action to a clever youngster. In the middle of one of the actor's finest scenes on came the cough from the Oxenford box. It continued so long that it unnerved the actor, and he almost dried up. To the surprise of everyone he advanced to the front and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, [illegible] the old [illegible] [illegible] I [illegible] you, but [illegible] in the [illegible] and place [illegible]."

The [illegible] at once ceased, and the box was empty. When the curtain fell, a friend rushed round and breathless, said to the distressed actor: "Do you know what you have done? Do you know who it was that you turned out of the box?" "I neither know nor care," was the reply. "Why, it was John Oxenford!" The actor was paralyzed, but he got his good notice all the same. The veteran critic went home coughing to praise the young actor who had turned him out.

Shelley and Fire and Flame.

Unlike most poets, and in this resembling his contemporary Turner in painting, Shelley began with no special love of color, but developed it with his general development. The chief character of Shelley's color is that it is always mingled with light and movement. His is "a green and glowing light like that which drops from folded lilies in which glowworms dwell." It is translucent color, proceeding from some "inmost purple spirit of light," and he seems to be always looking through a rainbow hued cascade. A curious feature in his use of color is the evidently unconscious repetition of the same word within a few lines. The color seems to flash before him and disappear. His colors are fluid, opaline, iridescent. In this, again, as in the "Witch of Altas," strongly resembling Turner's later use of color, they make "a tapestry of fleecelike mist," or "woven exhalation underlaid with lambent lightning fire."

No poet has ever used fire so extensively. "Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is," he says. "Each flame of it is as a precious stone dissolved in ever moving light." He finds the semblance of flame in the unlikeliest places, even in water, for the dew in a flower is like fire, even in the solid marble, for the pyramid of Cestius is a flame. Every[illegible] with light and [illegible]. The whole [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] his [illegible] insight [illegible] texture of [illegible] whose fit [illegible] is [illegible] the funeral pyre?
—Contemporary Review.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers :

KANSAS CITY, MO., June 27, 1896.—The demand for honey is light. Supply light. Price of comb 10 to 14c per lb. Extracted 4 to 6½c per lb. Demand for beeswax light. Supply light. Prices 20 to 24c per lb. New comb honey will be on the market in ten days. Crop light in Western Missouri. HAMBLIN & BEARSS 514 Walnut St.

CINCINNATI, O., June 25, 1896.—Slow demand for honey. Good supply. Price of comb 8 to 14 cents per lb. Extracted 5½ to 7c per pound. Good demand for beeswax. Good supply. Prices 20 to 25c per lb. for good to choice yellow on arrival.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON.
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

DETROIT, MICH., June 24, 1896.—The demand for honey is dull. Have about cleared out the old stock. Price of new comb 12 to 13c per lb. Extracted 5 to 7c per lb. Fair demand for beeswax. Good supply. Prices 24 to 25c per lb. The new honey will find our market about bare of anything desirable. M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

BOSTON, MASS., June 24, 1896.—The demand for honey is. Supply fair. Price of comb 14 to 15c per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c per lb. Fair demand for beeswax. Light supply. Price 25c per lb. Fancy white comb honey 14 to 15c. No. 1 white comb honey 12 to 13c. No. 2 white comb honey 9 to 10c per lb. Extracted 6 to 7c per lb. for white. Extracted, amber 5 to 6c per lb. We look for a good fall trade in fancy 1 lb, comb honey.

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Chicago, Ills April [illegible], 1892.

Messrs. John F. Stratton
Dear sirs:—I am [illegible] to [illegible] able to state [illegible] highly [illegible] [illegible] for [illegible].

[illegible]

Yours [illegible], CARL [illegible].

[illegible]

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

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Introducing Queens.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

A reader of the Bee Keeper desires to know how to introduce a queen to a colony having a laying worker, or, in other words, how to dispose of laying workers. There are several methods that have been successsully tried, and where there is more than one method to accomplish a certain end, I usually choose the most simple, but this will not work every time, as different colonies are very different, also the season has something to do with this matter.

First I try to prevent having laying workers, therefore have not had much experience in this line for some time, however, when I commenced bee keeping, I had quite a lot of experience along this line, at least as much and more than I then desired. My first method now would be to give to such a colony a queen cell just ready to hatch, one in which you can see the queen moving. This cell I would protect with wire cloth, leaving only the very end of cell exposed. Usually I have no trouble in having the bees accept a queen of this sort, yet this will not always work. Some colonies seem determined not to accept a queen of any kind. Where the above method failed I would proceed to introduce a laying queen the same as I introduce a very valuable queen, which method I have described before, and in which I have never met with a failure.

I will again give it here: Take a piece of wire cloth 6 or 8 ins. square, or about that size, turn over the edges about ½ to ¾ inch, then go to some good populous colony and get a frame of brood which is just hatching in large patches, over this place your wire cage, put in your queen, *i. e.* put your queen under this cage, and hold the wire in place with a few wires wrapped clear around cage, frame and all. You should, however, brush off all bees from the frame before proceeding with the above work. This cage should be so placed that it will take in some honey as well as hatching brood, but should contain no unsealed larva or brood. Soon after a number of bees have hatched you will see eggs in some of the cells. Now you may make a small opening in one corner of this cage large enough so the queen may get out, put the frame back into the hive and leave alone for three or four days, and your queen will be out among the bees all safe. You should not at any time force the queen out of the cage, as she will know best when it is safe for her to go out. A queen is usually killed by the bees balling her, but if this cage is properly placed they cannot ball her even if some of the outside bees do get in at the opening made for her escape. I have never known them to harm her after she has commenced laying under this cage, but you should never attempt to allow her to escape until you see eggs laid by her. The above method I think you will find will succeed every time.

Steeleville, Ill.

How Swarming is Conducted.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent writes me thus: "A friend of mine and myself have just started in bee-keeping and we have been having a dispute over the matter of swarming, he claiming that it is the old bees that go out with the young queen to make the swarm, while I claim that the old queen goes out with the young bees when a colony swarms. Which is right? or is neither of us right? Please give us something on how swarming is conducted in the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER, as we read it."

It is not to be wondered at that beginners are puzzled about how swarming is conducted when we find such statements as these in different papers: "Only old bees go out with the swarm," and "the first young queen hatches in the old colony twenty-four hours after the swarm leaves,'' such statements often finding way into papers outside of the bee journals. If such things are allowed to go into our newspapers, it might be well to look into these matters a little, so I will say a few words to the readers of the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER regarding this matter of swarming.

I always used natural swarming as a means of increase, and experimented largely to know under what conditions swarms issued, as a rule, and have found (as regard to age of bees) that bees of all ages, in about equal proportion, leave the parent hive, from the old forager to the bee that has not been out of its cell but a few hours. Hundreds of times have I seen the ground in front of the hive nearly covered with bees so young as to be unable to fly, and as often have I seen the vetrans with their jagged wings hanging with the clustered swarm; as well as those having their pollen baskets filled with pollen. Thus we have the field bees, the wax workers, and the nurse bees in about equal proportions, ready to preform every kind of work necessary in any well regulated colony, this showing that the Allwise Creater knew how things should be when he pronounced all which he had made, good. If it were not for young bees going with the swarm the hive would be nearly depopulated by the bees dying of old age, before the brood could hatch to take their places; as it is about twenty-three days before any young bees hatch where a swarm has to build its own comb, and bees die of old age in the working season in less than thirty day after they become laborers in the fields. Again, if all were old bees, where would the comb come from to fill the hive, for when in a normal condition the bees between the ages of eight and twenty-four days old are the ones which do this work. Then the youngest are the bees which produce the chyme to feed the larvæ, and so we find that this division of bees in a swarm is just as it should be, and because it is thus, is the reason why I prefer natural swarming to any division of bees by mankind, or to what is known as artificial swarming. But let us look inside of the hive when preparations are for swarming are being made, and see if we cannot arrive at the truth in the matter, as regards the conditions under which the swarm issues, when the first queen hatches, etc. The first indication of swarming is the laying of eggs in the drone comb. While eggs in the drone cells are not a sure sign that the swarms will issue, yet, as far as I have observed, swarms never do issue without eggs laid therein. If the weather is propitious the next step is the building of queencells, soon after which the queen deposits eggs in them. In three days these eggs hatch into larvæ, and said larvæ is fed an abundance of food by the nurse bees for six days, when the cells containing the embryo queens are sealed over. If no bad weather has intervened, the swarm issues the next day, the old queen going with the swarm. Now, bear in mind that this it the rule with the black or German bee and generally with the Italians; still, the Italians often swarm when the eggs are first laid in the queen-cell and sometimes without the least preparations at all except drones. All good authority allows that the queen larvæ remains seven days in the cell after the cell is sealed over, as my experience also proves, and I cannot see how any one could make the mistake in thinking that it would be all right to go into print, saying the first young queen emerges from her cell in less than twenty-four hours after the swarm leaves the parent hive. When a week of bad weather occurs, should such a thing ever happen, the thing is possible for the swarm to be kept back so as to issue six days after the sealing of the first queen-cell, in which case the first young queen would hatch in twenty-four hours after the swarm left. But this is something I never knew to happen, for in cases where the weather is so bad that bees cannot swarm for six consecutive days, there is no honey coming in from the fields, and from the scarcity of honey the bees conclude they must retrench, so destroy the cells and postpone swarming for an indefinite period. A week of entire honey dearth during the swarming season is generally enough to upset all swarming calculations with the bees and very often results in the killing off of the drones and no swarms issuing that season, unless it is in time of a yield from buckwheat and of fall flowers. So I find, as a rule, that the first queen emerges from her cell about seven days after the first swarm leaves. If more swarms issue they usually come out two days after, or from the ninth to the tenth day after the first, and never later than the sixteenth day. The old queen goes with the first or prime swarm, and a young queen with all after-swarms, while bees of all ages accompany all swarms, whether having a young or an old queen.

Borodino, N. Y.

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

Bees Moving Eggs.

BY ED. JOLLEY.

It is often asserted that bees *do not* move the eggs, and is even claimed by some that they *cannot* do so. This, too, in the face of very convincing evidence to the contrary. If I remember correctly it was editor E. R. Root who said that he actually saw a bee carrying an egg, but not being particularly interested did not stay to see the final disposition of it. Now I have never seen a bee carry an egg, but I have had just as convincing evidence that they do. I will relate two instances that came under my observation, where bees did move eggs *beyond a doubt.* Last season I was in need of some young queens. I selected one of my best colonies, removed the queen, and in due time had a number of fine cells, which were removed and given to the colonies I wanted to requeen, all but one cell, and that was kept for the bees to rear a queen for themselves. I looked over this colony the day after I expected the cell to hatch, and found the young queen. Having satisfied myself as to her presence I closed the hive. I did not have time to look at it again for about two weeks. I then looked to see if the young queen was laying but I found neither eggs nor queen, the queen having apparently been lost when out to meet the drones. I looked over the frames several times and was fully satisfied that there were neither queen nor eggs—that the swarm was *hopelessly queenless.* I then went to a colony that I had given some full sheets of foundation a week or more before, and selected a frame that was partially drawn and pretty well filled with eggs and young brood. I drew the center frame from the queenless colony, and inserted the frame of foundation instead. I looked over the frames again in due time, and on the frame adjoining the foundation, on the side of the frame next to the foundation I found two queen cells and on the other side of the same frame one queen cell. On the other frame adjoining the foundation was one queen cell, while on the foundation itself was but two queen cells. The starting and completion of the cell and the coming of the queens all corresponded with the time the foundation was given.

I was very much interested in this case, therefore careful, and am very sure that there could be no mistake about those eggs being moved.

The other case was that of a strong colony that I divided. I took the queen and about half the bees and brood to a new stand, and filled their place with empty combs that I had saved from the year before. These empty combs were in frames having a thin top bar, while the frames belonging to the hive had thick ones. On one of these empty combs a queen cell was built, and a queen was reared therein. The frame was otherwise devoid of brood. There is no two ways about it. The bees had to carry the egg from another frame in order to raise a queen in this frame. It has been said that queenless bees will even steal and carry egg from another colony. As to this I cannot say, but I am very sure that they can and do move egg from one part of the hive to another.

Franklin, Pa.

Introducing Queens.

BY EMERSON T. ABBOTT.

I have been led to wonder many times why it is that most of the writers on apiculture continue to urge the importance of having a colony queenless for forty-eight hours before attempting to introduce a queen. During the honey flow when the queen is laying a large number of eggs every day, to make the colony queenless for forty-eight hours means the loss of a good many bees. Besides this method greatly increases the probabilities of loss, in my opinion. This is especially true when the operator is a novice, as a big strong colony is very apt to start queen-cells, and should any of these be overlooked, the chances are the queen would not be accepted when released.

For years I have paid no attention to the old queen when I wanted to introduce another, until I was ready to release the new queen, and I very seldom have a queen rejected. In my experience I have found it much easier to introduce a queen to a strong colony in which the old queen remained until I was ready to release the new one than to a colony which had been queenless for a day or two.

When I wish to introduce a new queen, I simply place her in an ordinary cage, on top of the frames, or down between them, so the bees can have access to her through the wire. If she has not come a long journey and been out of the hive for several days, I leave her here for three or four days. If she has been caged for sometime, I wait only two days. I then hunt out the old queen as quietly as possible. An experienced bee-keeper can generally find her by taking out two or three combs in the center of the brood nest. When I find her, I either kill or cage her and remove her from the hive. I then put back the frames as quickly and quietly as I can, and return the cage containing the new queen to its former position, but first I turn back the wire over the candy so the bees can have access to it ; or, if the cage has a plug in the end which contains the candy, I remove this and close up the hive at once, letting them alone for four or five hours. I then, contrary to the usual instructions, open the hive and examine the cage. If I find that the queen is out, I quietly lift out the frames and look for the queen. The moment I see her I shut up the hive and let them alone, and I seldom have any trouble. Surely not as much as I did when I followed the instructions found in the bee books, or on mailing cages, and made the colony queenless two or three days before placing the queen upon the hive.

I often have four or five queens on one hive in the summer, waiting to be mailed, and I could introduce any one of them by this method and have no trouble. *I never remove a queen from the hive until I have another ready to release*, and so loose no time.

The novice should understand that the best time to introduce queens is when the bees are busy carrying in honey and pollen. Never attempt to release a queen, if there has been any robbing in the apiary within two or three days. Those who have not followed this plan of keeping the old queen in the hive until ready to release the new one will be pleased with the results, I think, if they will try it.

St. Joseph, Mo.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Des Moines, Wash., July 13, 1896.
Editor American Bee Keeper—Will you please let me know through the "Bee Keeper" what I shall do about my bees. Last January I purchased a stand of Italians; The colony was a strong one and wintered well; In February they began gathering pollen; They have not swarmed yet this summer, and they seem much decreased in number an a bee will not be seen going in or out of the hive oftener than once in five minutes. In the afternoons of the bright sunny days, quite a number of bees fly out and play around the hive, those I am quite sure are young bees. They are not hatching any more now than they were a month ago and that was, just in one of the middle Brood Frames. It is at the height of the honey season here now and it is a good honey year. Beekeepers here report much surplus honey, and much swarming, while my bees haven't filled over a dozen cells with honey this year, and they had those filled a month ago. They have a queen so that is not the trouble.

Yours truly,
(Miss) Anita Byers.

[We think what is needed is a new queen. Either your queen is an old one or is not prolific, try requeening. Possibly, however, there is some other cause for non-swarming and perhaps some of our readers can name the cause and suggest a remedy, if so, let us hear from them. Ed.]

W. T. Falconer Man'f'g Co.,—Gentlemen: Inclosed find 50c for which date my subscription to the "American Bee Keeper" one year in advance. Although times are hard for farmers and beekeepers yet they cannot afford to be without good papers. Bees seem to be doing finely this year and have been working on basswood for the past two weeks considerably. As you have not heard from me lately do not think that the bee business is dead, for I never had more bees than I have to day. I got a supply of sections and hives last year and failed to get any honey, so this year we have them both.

Thanking you for past favors, I remain, Yours respectfully,
A. G. Amos.
Delhi, N. Y., July 25, 1896.

W. T. Falconer Man'f'g Co.,—Gentlemen: Yours of June 23rd at hand stating that goods had been shipped, and the goods came to hand last evening in good order, and everything satisfactory. Many thanks to you for the reduction in prices. The sections are all you claim for them in every respect and surpass anything of the kind we ever handled. The foundation is also very nice. * * *

Yours very sincerely,
H. & W. J. Adams.
Clarenceville, P. Q., July 3rd, '96.

We will send the American Bee-Keeper one year with the Cosmopolitan for $1.25. The Cosmopolitan is a monthly magazine containing an average of over 100 pages and 80 illustrations each month.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

From Progressive Bee-Keeper.

QUEENS.

BY J. W. ROUSE.

I wonder if even one-half of the bee keepers realize the importance of good queens? as upon the queen more than any one other thing depends for a successful crop of honey. I have never seen a season in my bee keeping experience but what some colonies could at least make a living, but have seen some colonies that made a poor living even in a fair season. As bees do not make honey, but gather it, of course they can do nothing when there is nothing to do on or with. If the queen is a good breeder that does her work at the right time, in the right way, her bees are most sure to get something.

It is hard to convince some that there is as much difference in queen bees as there is in milch cows, or any other kind of stock. While some cows are good milkers, others are not worth keeping. So it is with queen bees. Some colonies are kept from year to year, and nothing is ever obtained from them. When the old queen gives out, another is reared by the bees from her stock, and so this worthless breed is continued.

Remedy.—Replace these worthless queens with good ones that will produce bees in quantities sufficient and with energy enough to get a hustle on themselves.

If queens are to be bought, this is often neglected on account of the expense, but as has been said before, "if one does not wish to go to any expense they had better let bees alone." I do not know of any business that will bring in as good returns for the time and money expended as do bees if given the right attention. I have never failed to get some honey since keeping bees, except one season—that of 1894. That year, by drawing on my best colonies, I kept some others from starving, which proved to me that it does not pay to keep a poor queen. Better let them starve rather than to keep them on that way. But by weeding out poor queens the bee keeper can very materially help his honey crop.

Again, many let their bees rear a large lot of useless drones that consume the stores the workers do get. This can be avoided by taking out all drone comb from the brood nest and replacing it with foundation or other worker comb. This is another expense, but one that pays well for the investment.

By careful watching and proper manipulation one can have the bees build extra combs, by building a few at a time, but if one can stand the expense at the time, it is cheapest to have combs drawn from full sheets of foundation. This insures straight combs and all worker cells, besides saving much honey in building the combs.

Mexico, Mo.

From American Bee Journal.

HUNTING WILD BEES—AN EXPERIENCE.

BY C. F. ZIGLER.

I have been hunting wild bees since I was a boy 12 years old, and will tell somewhat of my experience last year.

Myself and a friend located and cut 16 wild bee-trees last fall. I use a box with a sliding lid to keep the bees in while carrying them from one point to another. I then find bees working on flowers, or bloom, of some kind (sumac and buckwheat being my favorites). I have a bottle of extracted honey, also another small bottle about one-half full of water, which I fill with honey, and shake well, with just a scent of oil of anise. I then take a mouthfull of this mixture and blow it over a few bunches of flowers, that I see the bees are working the most on, then I sit down and watch the bees working till I have a direct course, or line, which won't take long if done in the way above mentioned.

After watching them carefully, and having obtained a straight line, I cut off these few bunches of flowers and carry them to some point where I can hide, or destroy them from the notice of the bees; and in a few minutes I am ready to start after the line, for as soon as the bees can find no more of this mixture on the flowers, they will go into the box; so in this way you will have no trouble at all to get the bees to work in the box from the start, for all experienced bee-hunters know that it is a very hard matter at times to get bees off flowers and get them to work in a box on comb containing pure honey, or sugar syrup, as the strange smell of the combs, etc., make the bees very shy, but experience has taught me that to take pure honey and make it half water it comes nearer being the same as the bees are gathering from the flowers, and they will load up much quicker than from pure honey, and it is not nearly so sticky—they never get daubed as much as they do from pure honey or sugar syrup.

Now, all you have to do is to follow up this line until you find where the colony is; but some times this becomes a very trying piece of business, and gets very interesting before one gets through with it, as it did in one case with me last summer, which I wish to relate;

It was a beautiful morning June 24, that myself and friend started out to see if we could locate a colony of wild bees. We went out 3½ or 4 miles away to some old fields, and found bees working on sumac blossom; it didn't take long to start the bees, and get a straight line, which without a doubt, would prove to be a colony of wild bees. We had a mountain to cross, and therefore we tried to get as many bees as possible before starting, as it generally is a pretty hard matter to get bees to come down as you go up a mountain, but in this case it didn't prove very hard, and we followed them until sundown, taking them over two miles from where we started them the first day.

The next morning we started early, taking everything we needed to cut a bee-tree, and hive a colony of bees with, for we expected to find it in a short time, for we thought we were close to the colony when we left off the evening before.

But to our surprise we took it over two miles farther—in all over four miles from where we started it; but we failed to find it until 6 o'clock that evening, and after looking at all the trees for a circle of three-fourths of a mile around, and even looking in the rocks and at the old logs, I found the colony hanging on a limb in the top of a large tree, and if it had not been for the noise of the bees, we would not have found them that day.

We then came to the conclusion that some one had found the colony, and not caring for anything but the honey, they left the swarm in the woods, and it had settled on this tree; but after looking closely we were still more surprised to see the beautiful white comb they had built, shining through the bees. We then cut the tree down, and secured between 30 and 35 pounds of fine honey, being gathered chiefly from wild raspberry, and it having built comb 2 feet long and from 10 to 12 inches deep; I hived the swarm, brought it home and transferred it to a hive filled with comb, and so far have it living yet.

Hunting wild bees is a trade in itself, and it matters not how much knowledge one has of bees, if he never makes much headway at the business.

I find great sport and enjoyment in looking through the woods in the summer and fall, in hunting for wild bees, and I am never so happy as when working with these busy little creatures.

Waterside, Pa.

From Progressive Bee-Keeper.

BEES NOT WORKING IN SECTIONS.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent writes that he has kept bees for three years, but they have made no surplus honey. Says he "has put the sections on each year, and they would not work in them, but would lie about the hives in clusters," and as it will soon be time to put sections on again, he wishes to know how to make the bees work in the sections.

If I knew just what his seasons had been, I could answer him better, for, if little or no honey was secreted by the flowers during these three years, no amount of coaxing could make the bees do any work in the sections. Then, again, I mistrust from his saying, "that it will soon be time to put on sections again," that it may be possible that he has waited about putting on the sections till his honey harvest was mainly past, in which case his bees would not work in sections to any amount, no matter how good the honey harvest was during its season. It is the duty of everyone who has a single colony of bees to inform himself or herself just where the flowers are that yield honey, and then put sections on when that bloom arrives, or a few days before, and thus work the bees understandingly, the same as they would do other work. But bees will sometimes persist in not working in the surplus department, no matter how good the season is for honey, nor when the sections are put on, and as it is to be supposed that the reader will want to know what to do in a case where bees refuse to work in the sections during a good honey yield, I will answer from this latter standpoint.

One important part in the construction of a hive to be used for comb honey should not be overlooked, and that is, the brood chamber should not be too large. If our friend has a brood chamber of from 2500 to 3000 cubic inches, I should not wonder that his bees failed to do work in the sections, especially if his bees were of the Italian variety, as they are prone to store honey in the brood chamber in preference to the sections, if the queen does not have it occupied with brood when the honey season commences, and if ANY colony of bees has room to store from forty to sixty lbs. of honey in the brood chamber, they will very likely not go into the sections at all, but keep crowding the queen until the bees get few in numbers, and at the close of the honey season we shall find that there is little brood and but few bees with a hive full of honey, while if we had removed all the combs which the queen would not occupy with brood at the commencement of the honey season, putting sections in their places, we should have had a fair return in surplus. Large brood chambers have more to do with bees not working in sections than all other causes combined, except a poor honey flow, according to my experience along this line. If bees refuse to work in sections when the brood chamber is of the proper size, they can generally be coaxed into them by adopting one or more of the following plans:

Take a section, or wide frame full of sections, from a hive where the bees are nicely at work above, and set them on the hive (in the center of those already there) where the bees are loth to enter the sections, and it will usually incite the sluggish colony into active work in those sections which have hitherto been left unoccupied. In doing this, take all of the bees which adhere to the sections carried to the slothful colony along with them, for the mixing of bees often incites to activity, even where no newly worked out combs are used as an additional incentive.

If this does not work, fit a piece of drone comb, having brood in it, into one or two sections, and the bees will generally commence work in the rest right away. If this does not answer, drum or shake from the frames the larger part of the bees and the queen, and put them in a box or hive, and when they go to building comb finely, put them back again where they came from. Where this plan has been used I have never known them to fail to work, going right to the sections and building comb in short order. In drumming out the bees do not drive too close, as bees enough must be left to protect the brood. The nice white comb which the drummed out colony builds while in the box should be placed in the sections for starters, for there is no greater incentive to commence work than new white comb. Of course all of this is given on the supposition that the bees are strong enough as to numbers to work in the sections, and still refuse to do so. If the hive is not filled with bees to overflowing it is useless to attempt to make them work in sections, for it needs all the bees that are in the hive at the commencement of the season to care for the brood properly. Many are deceived in this way during the first part of the season, and quite probably the trouble with our correspondent lies in the fact that he has few bees in his hives when the honey harvest is at its height, and many after it is over, so that their lying "about the hive in clusters" comes at a time when there is no honey to be had, rather than at a time when there is plenty of honey producing flowers in bloom! To be successful the bees most be on the stage of action ready for the honey when it comes, just the same as we hire men to go into our harvest field to cut the grain when it is ripe. The hiring of men to go into the fields to reap the harvest after the grain had ripened, fallen to the ground, and rotted or grown, is often a fair sample of what our would-be apiarists are doing year after year. Secure the bees in time for the harvest, see that the hive or brood chamber is of the right size according to the capacity of the queen, put the sections on as soon as there is any honey coming in at the commencement of the harvest, and have a few sections of comb left over from the previous season for each hive, as "bait" sections, and I think no one will have any reason to complain because the bees will not give a good surplus to fully repay for all trouble, unless the flowers fail to secrete honey.

Borodino, N. Y.

From Gleanings.

HONEY AS FOOD AND MEDICINE.

A Remarkable Cure of Dyspepsia by the use of Honey.

BY ELIAS FOX.

At the age of 13, in 1867, I contracted that terrible disease known as dyspepsia, in apparently its worst form, and my appetite seemed to crave nothing but sweet. I often ate a pound of stick candy at a time, or more of maple sugar in the spring. Not being able to do very much heavy work it fell to my lot to boil the maple sap; and when "sugaring-off day" came I had a feast of which I repented later on. But that made no difference. My appetite craved it, and eat it I would, as I always felt temporary relief after satisfying my appetite with sugar, candy, sweetcake, or preserves; and thus it ran on for years, growing gradually worse all the time, notwithstanding I was taking medicine of some kind all the time.

After a few years my father bought a colony of bees in a box hive, and of course they swarmed as often as they liked. Sometimes he would have from ten to twenty hives, and on the strongest ones he would put a small box; and if the season was favorable he would get a few caps filled, and while this lasted I would eat as much as I could get, although it was only about half what I wanted; but no matter how much or how little I ate, it did not seem to have the bad effect that other sweets did. Then when fall came, all light swarms had to be set over the sulphur-pit and smothered, and this, being a sort of puttering job, also fell to the "dyspeptic." Well, I would kill from two to six or eight colonies, and, of course, after the sulphuring was done, it was necessary to remove the honey from the box hives, and I did not wait for this job to fall to me, but I fell to it; and then if any mortal ever feasted on honey it was I. I never weighed what I ate, but I would eat about all the time and know from the bulk that there were times when I ate three pounds. Many will ask, "Were you not ashamed?" so I will answer it now. I was not at that time, but have been since, and am actually ashamed now to submit it to print; but it is a fact just the same, and the beauty of it was that no matter how much or how often I ate of it, it never once in my life left a bad effect. I always felt well after eating it, and it seemed that the more and oftener I ate it the better I felt. But, of course, this was only once a year, and generally the supply was exhausted ere the winter was half gone. But I remember once my mother strained a six-gallon jar full, and secreted it for company. It was some months ere she thaught it necessary to resort to her sweet treasure, and when she did she found it "evaporated" to within an inch of the bottom, and the evaporation was a small wooden paddle.

The bees were left on the summer stands, and straw packed around them, and there would usually be from one to six to survive the winter, until finally the survivor perished with the rest; then, of course my feasts were at an end, and it is a fact that I grew steadily worse until the spring of 1882, when I was compelled to leave the farm, and when I settled in this village at that time I weighed 132 lbs., and hadn't closed my eyes for ten months without laudanum or morphine. I could eat nothing that did not hurt me. As for beans, onions, or pork, I might as well have eaten strychnine, and even food as light as corn starch, hulled barley, oat meal, or, in fact, anything, seemed only to aggravate the disease. Well, I traded an old harness for two colonies of black bees in box hives. I put some boxes on top, and the season was good. I got quite a little honey, and in the middle of the summer I commenced to gain in strength and flesh, and soon could sleep without narcotics. The next spring I transferred my bees and their increase to frame hives, and Italanized them, and since that time I have never been without honey on my table, (although I eat much less that three lbs. at a meal). I have never taken a drop of laudanum or morphine since, and can eat beans, pork, onions, or honey, with impunity. My average weight is now 175 pounds.

We have a young man here in this village who was troubled with dyspepsia, and the more medicine he took the worse he became. I advised him to try honey and graham gems for breakfast, telling him of my experience. He said, "Bring me up some and I will try it." I did so and he commenced to gain, and now enjoys as good health as the average man, and he does not take medicine either.

I attended the bee-keepers' convention at Madison, Wisconsin, several years ago, and Dr. Vance, of that city, read an essay on honey as food and medicine, and in his remarks he said that honey is the only food taken into the stomach that leaves no residue. He claimed that it requires no action of the stomach whatever to digest it, as it is merely absorbed and taken up into the system by the action of the blood. I sincerely believe that honey is the natural foe to dyspepsia and indigestion, as well as a food for the human system.

Hillsborough, Wis.

(From Bee-Keepers' Record.—British).

ABOUT BEES AND BEE-KEEPING. THE HONEY CROP—AND THEN?

BY HENRY W. BRICE.

With a season of such excellence as the present promises to be, it is a weakness inherent in our genus to be making approximate calculations of what our "take" is likely to be. Now, on this point I would say, don't be in to great a hurry about it. Here, in the South, another week or ten days will give us our sum total; but in the North there is the heather honey still to be gathered before we can finally "tot" up our figures as to the results of 1896. For those who have honey ready to take, my advice is, do not remove it from the hive till wanted. Honey keeps better on the hive than indoors. In fact, I think it improves by exposure to the warmth of the bees, and will ripen in such a position far better than it will off. In most districts there is something still to be had, and until honey begins to fail bees will not carry the contents of supers below. Be careful, too, that the bees have not too much room at this season. Excepting in late districts, all supers not yet taken off should be removed, allowing the bees only room enough to complete their unfinished work. If the honey flow holds out longer than expected, and more storage-room is really needed, drawn out combs should only be given at this season. The end may come any day, and half-finished combs are not desirable, in so far as it takes honey to build them, and so lessons our present harvest. The great aim now should be to get our supers, whether sections or small frames, as sealed over and as ripe as possible. When this condition is reached the combs may be removed in order to crowd the bees on the imperfectly finished ones, and so be induced to finish them. If, however, the bees are very strong, surplus chambers may be left until finished. Bear in mind that stocks will not now grow stronger, but rather in the other direction. Swarming is practically over with the end of June, and so the anxiety about loss of swarms has now passed away. The removal of honey in bulk is a much more pleasurable operation now than formerly. With a good "Porter" bee escape to slip on between the racks and body-box, and the thing is done.

I now come to the "Then" which appears at the head of this chapter, for it involves the question of the future of our stocks. Thus, no sooner has one season ended than another practically begins. We must be certain (1) that our bees shall have sufficient stores to last them well into the following year, or we must feed liberally. (2) As to the "mother-bee," the beee keeper must ask himself—Is she qualified to run the colony successfully another year? (3) Have our bees been entirely satisfactory, and given us the best results attainable? If not, "why not" must be disposed of; these and many other minor points should now have attention.

Increasing Stocks. — There are some who, having secured their honey crop, are still unsatisfied, and find themselves possessed of a great anxiety to increase their stocks, but we must be steady on this point. July is here, and operations on this line possible in May, would mean utter failure in the present month. If increase of stocks, then, is desired, it can only be done by division, and for this there is not a day to lose, especially if young queens are to be reared, mated, and laying, so as to produce a stock able to stand the coming winter, the following spring, and to give a profitable account of themselves next summer. Do not, under any circumstances, divide the strongest stocks into more than two colonies. Rather make two strong lots into three; it is far safer now.

Re-queening.—The re-queening of hives should also have attention where it is known that the queen is past her best. In raising queens to replace worn-out ones, or for the purpose of providing vigorous mothers for new colonies, the greatest care should be exercised to ensure they are good queens and not half-workers. Bees, when made queenless, will raise from five to twelve and even more queen-cells; but only about three of these cells produce queens of high quality. Therefore, no compunction should be shown in removing and destroying all undersized cells. The finest queens are invariably from cells which hatch out last; this delay is caused by the larvæ from which they are raised being younger and hence taking a longer time to arrive at maturity.

Where a number of queens have to be provided, time is saved by getting cells raised in a single stock eight or ten days before a general division of the remaining colonies takes place. So that in twenty-four hours after such division a ripe queen-cell may be given to each queenless part throughout the apiary. Another point also requiring consideration is the massacre of the innocents which will shortly take place in all normal colonies. I mean the turning out of the much-abused drones. Therefore, when possible, steps should be taken to preserve the life of some drones in a queenless stock, or in one having only a virgin queen. If this matter be not attended to, and the season takes an unfavorable turn, we may have the mortification of finding our young queens—which cost us so much trouble to get as nearly perfect as possible—become useless or worse, and, owing to an unforseen set of circumstances not expected or provided far, we shall discover too late that we have inadvertently made a retrograde movement past remedy, so far as achieving success next season,

BEE KEEPERS.

The natural home of the bee—and so of the bee keeper — is in a temperate climate, where the flowers bloom all the year. Thus we find that our greatest honey-production comes from that State whose synonym is "the land of flowers." In California bee-keeping is regarded as an industry worthy the fostering care of the State, and the yield of honey is no mean factor in contributing to the individual and general wealth. A single bee-keeper there has as many as six thousand colonies, which produce a total yield of two hundred thousand pounds of honey in a year. So far as statistics are available, this is the is the largest apiaries in the world. But even in California prejudice is still rife, and, because of the mistaken idea that the interests of the bee-keeper and those of the fruit-grower are inimical, the bee ranches are usually relegated to remote nooks among the foot-hills and in the mountain canons. The California bee-keeeper is a man who deserves more than passing notice. "Remote, unfriended, solitary," are the words that come to my mind instinctively as I think of the insolated huts upon the mountain side or in some narrow cleft between the hills, where I have so often found him. He is always peculiar, and a type that would do credit to Philiscus himself. But if you can once penetrate through the crust of the man, pity for his solitary condition will soon vanish. The bees are his friends, and with them he has little need of mortal companionship. Often he is a man who has known the world and who has tired of it, and now, like quaint old Zimmermann, who had known schools and courts, finds his most keen delight in the solitude that nature affords. He is no mercenary; yet the bees toil for him as they would not for any other, and his hives flow over with honey.—*James Knapp Reeve, in August* LIPPINCOTT'S.

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We have just received a copy of "McKinley's Grand March," composed by M. R. Rishell. This celebrated March is now being played by all prominent Bands in all parts of the country. The title page contains a correct picture of McKinley. Price forty cents per copy. All readers of our paper wlll receive a copy at half price by sending 20 cents in silver or postage stamps to The Union Mutual Music Co., 265 Sixth Avenue, New York.

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EDITORIAL.

We regret to find that Editor Hutchinson in July Review places himself squarely against the importation of *Apis Dorsata* by the government. We are surprised for we have always regarded him as one of the most progressive and unbiased bee men in the country and believed he would be heartily in favor of giving *Apis Dorsata* a trial. We do not mean to say that all who object to the agitation of the subject are not progressive, many are, but unfortunately for the bee keepers of the country, many of the best writers and the most influential publishers are, without doubt, biased by reason of their queen business, prejudices, etc.

We wish to call our readers attention to the fact that in petitioning the government to introduce *Apis Dorsata*, we are only doing what the Secretary of Agriculture has intimated we should do, and the undertaking is too expensive for any individuals and properly belongs to the government. Mr. Hutchinson states that in his locality there are no blossoms that cannot be visited by the common bee. This may be true, but almost everywhere is found red clover and other blossoms having deep nectaries which the common bees cannot reach. He also is skeptical about *Apis Dorsata* secreting more wax and honey than the common bee and their ability to contend with wasps, etc. He however offers no arguments or facts to prove the contrary and skepticism does not go for much, and we cannot know how they will act in this climate until we import some of them. Every bee keeper should send for copies of the petition that is now being circulated, and which is to be presented to the government with the object in view of inducing it to import some of these bees for experimental purposes. Petitions can be had of W. F. Marks, Secretary Ontario Co. Bee Keepers' Association. Chapinville, N. Y.

The annual meeting of the North American Bee Keepers' Association will be held at Lincoln, Neb., sometime in the near future, but as the date was left depending on arrangements of cheap railroad rates, etc., no one knows yet when it will occur. It makes it somewhat inconvenient for many not to know considerably in advance just when the convention will take place so that arrangements can be made for leaving home. The program as prepared will doubtless be very interesting, and includes articles by many of the best known bee keepers of the country. No doubt most of those who usually attend and many others will be present and enjoy the addresses and renewing of old acquaintances as well as making new ones. We wish all who attend a "good time" and a successful meeting.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

The weather around here has been unusually wet for the past two weeks so that bees could do but little work. But as it is between seasons not much honey could be gathered had the weather been favorable.

We will duplicate the prices on hives and supplies offered by any first class manufacturers — and in many cases can do even better by you than anyone else.

The supply trade still keeps up a considerable volume although it is getting well past the season when supplies are usually purchased.

"How to Manage Bees," a 50c book, and the American Bee-Keeper a year for only 60c.

We are just in receipt of advice from the Secretary of The N. A. Bee Keepers' Ass'n that satisfactory arrangements have been made by which tickets can be secured by those desiring to attend the convention at one fare for the round trip, plus $2.00. The convention will be held in Lincoln, Neb., October 7th and 8th.

Reduction of Prices.

Foundation has been reduced 3c a pound from prices in our 1896 catalog. This is owing to the lower price of wax.

Our No. 1 Falcon Polished Sections we now offer at $2.50 for 1000, $4.50 for 2000, $6.40 for 3000, $10 for 5000. Less than 1000 same prices as formerly.

Beeswax is lower. We are now paying 23c cash or 25c in trade, per pound, delivered at our railroad station, (Falconer, N. Y). This price is not guaranteed. We will pay highest market price when wax is received. Prices are liable to be reduced again within a short time. If you have any wax to sell it is advisable to send it now.

A WORKING-GIRL'S CLUB-HOME.

The Jane Club is one of the important branches of Hull House, though not specially connected with it except as it is fostered and advised by Miss Addams, whose name it bears. It is a co-operative boarding-club for young working-women, originally numbering seven girls accustomed to organized action, and it has been from the start self-governing, the officers being elected from their own ranks and serving six months gratuitously. The club has now about fifty members, and the weekly dues of three dollars each meet the expenses of rent, food, service, heat, and light in the substantial house whose delightful air of comradeship greets one at the very entrance. The pleasant parlors and dining-rooms have been furnished in a very home-like way by Hull House assistance, and the club his in itself resources of a social and intellectual character which go far to mitigate the usually desolate lot of the homeless working-girl. This club now occupies five flats, and the members share the housework as their occupations permits.—*From "Hull House," in Demorest's Magazine for August.*

THE HEART O' A MAN.

It's a' very guid to hae millions,
  An rank's no' a thing to dispise,
But siller's aye hard to tak' care o',
  An teetles ne'er mak' a man wise.
It is na what newspapers ca' ye,
  Or what is the badge o' yer clan,
But what hae ye dune for yer brithers,
  An hae ye the heart o' a man?

Aiblins ye'll marry wi' a duchess,
  An she may be guid as the lave—
There's naething in rank or in riches
  To mak' a true freeman a slave.
But, mind ye, there's muckle expected
  Frae one wha wad keep in the van;
Sae never let pride rin awa' wi'
  The leal honest heart o' a man.

Ye may gang to kirk, like yer neebors,
  An put a big dole in the plate,
Ye may write out a check for hundreds,
  When "charity" raps at yer gate,
But there's One wha looks at the inside—
  Wha kens a' the bents o' yer plan.
He cares no a boddle for riches—
  His gauge is the heart o' the man.

—Detroit Free Press.

HE FOUGHT INDIANS.

"Did I ever tell you the story of how Buffalo Bill saved my life and the lives of my companions back in 1869?" asked Sergeant Jim McDonnell in the central police station one day last week.

It was raining outside like a cloudburst, and consequently there was a goodly crowd of listeners when Sergeant Jim asked the opening query. Contrary to his usual custom Jim remained standing while telling the story, but he did not begin until every one present had several times expressed a desire to hear his experience. After puffing industriously on his cigar for a few moments, during which time his memory began to react, he began:

"It was back in the fall of 1869 when I was a corporal in the Fifth United States cavalry stationed out in Wyoming territory. The Indians were on the warpath and were giving the government no end of trouble, and it was safe only where large squads of armed men were at call. Skirmishes with the wandering bands of Sioux and Cheyennes were frequent, and we had smelt powder a dozen times at the period of which I am telling.

"One day Colonel Crittenton, our commander, received orders to make a foray down around the Republican river in Colorado, and I was picked out as one of the squad of 20 troopers who were to go as the advance guard with the sappers and miners. Attached to our command as scouts were Buffalo Bill, otherwise Colonel Cody, and Major Frank North, another famous Indian scout, who still sticks to the old calling and localities. Bill and North were sent out with our squad as scouts, and they did sterling service, too, and but for Buffalo Bill's thoughtfulness and knowledge of the red man's methods I might have been six feet under the sod instead of telling this story today.

"A lieutenant was in command of the squad, a young fellow, fresh from West Point, who knew less about Indian fighting than he did about bicycle riding, and there were no bicycles at that time. His name was Valkman, but for all his lack of experience he was a bright fellow, with plenty of grit and well liked. There was a sergeant, and I was the corporal.

"We started with the sun one morning, and everything went easy until we began to reach that part of the country where we knew the Sioux and Cheyennes were. Then we became cautious. Buffalo Bill and Major North rode away at daylight on the scout, and we saw them no more until the hour of danger had arrived. It was the next day about sundown. We were just approaching a stream and loafing along as only old cavalrymen can. The object was to go into camp at the stream where we could get fresh water for our horses and for cooking. Before we reached the water, which was a glad sight to the almost parched horses, some of the men spied some moving objects way off in the deep hollow of the wavy hills. It was first believed that the objects were buffalo running, but some one called attention to the fact that the objects were moving too fast for buffalo, and it was suggested that they were antelope.

"While we were looking and speculating, straining our eyes to discern the objects, a pair of rapidly riding horsemen, over a mile off, suddenly came into view from the mound of a gently sloping hill, and after getting fairly into view began riding in circles at a furious gallop. Then we knew that the moving objects that we had been studying we

Indians. The two horsemen were Buffalo Bill and Major North, and the signal directed by riding in a circle is only too well known to any one who has spent any part of his life on the plains. By this time we could make out the objects, as the sun beat down on them. They were redskins sure enough, and at least 50 of them, while our command numbered less than 25. They were coming at a furious gait, and each one was bending under his pony to keep out of sight as much as possible.

" 'Ready,' ordered the lieutenant. 'March, trot,' and then 'March, gallop,' and we were off in the direction of the two scouts, who had ridden to the top of the hill again and were watching the reds. When we arrived near enough, Cody told us that he and his partner had been watching the Indians all day and keeping them in sight, while they remained under cover. After consultation between the leaders, it was decided to let every man go it for himself and give the Indians all they bargained for. This meant that every man was to get his arms in shape and then go at them for all he was worth, and never stop fighting until the reds were licked or had run away. Arms rattled as the men adjusted them and knives were jerked to the front of the belts and with a determined look on every man's face the command to trot was received.

"The stream in front of us, that divided us from the redskins, was fordable at several points, wherever we could find a buffalo path. I struck out for myself at once and soon found myself separated from the others, who were scattering. In front of me was a beaten ford, and I made for it. I was the only one of the party to cross this particular ford, and I didn't wait to allow my thirsty animal to drink, but hurried him over and almost before I knew it was on the land again and going along at a gallop. Under ordinary circumstances, when my horse was not tired out, he was as sure footed as a cat, but just then he was very uncertain and I felt a little lump rise in my throat as I saw directly in front of me, less than a mile off, a little bunch of braves coming for me. I never halted, but pushed along until the reds began to circle about. By this time firing was going on about me, and in another second four of the Indians in front of me left the circle and without firing a shot came directly at me, their ponies on a dead run.

"I have never felt just that way before or since. I can't describe my feelings for a minute, but there was no time to hesitate, and I slowed up and finally dropped to the ground, with my carbine unslung. The Indians did not offer to open fire, so I dropped on one knee, and when they were near enough I opened fire and shot as careful as I might. My first shot took effect, and I knew I had made a hit when one of the braves let out a yelp. I had not fired more than the third shot, when the reds turned and made off again and joined a larger force which was coming up from the west.

"I reloaded, mounted and took after them again. They were running freely in front of us, and, as their ponies were fresh, they had little trouble in keeping out of the reach of our shots. Our men were pretty well scattered, but finally to the east I saw a little knot appear on the brow of a slope, and among them was Cody. They galloped down after the reds, and the direction taken by them soon brought me in their midst. Then it became a steady trot. The reds loafed and did not seem particularly anxious to get away or to stop and give battle. This seemed to bother Buffalo Bill considerably, and after we had been on the chase for over an hour he called a halt. He had tumbled to the little game planned by the Indians. He explained that by their manner he knew they were leading us into a trap, and that it was more than likely that some distance on, hidden from view, there was a big village encamped, and if we kept on we were liable to find ourselves in a trap, and no one in the party would live to tell the tale. I don't exactly know whether Bill was right or wrong. He was not riding his own horse at the time, and had tried to exchange the animal he had for one of ours, but no one would change, and I kind of thought he was fearful of risking a fight on the horse he rode, because he would stand no chance in getting away in case it was necessary to retreat. Subsequent developments demonstrated that he was right when he said we were being led into a trap, and it was lucky for us that we followed his advice.

"We abandoned the chase and rode back to the stream, which we reached by nightfall. Here we found the entire command encamped. Colonel Crittenton had come up with the main body of troopers, but instead of sending out a detachment to aid us he had quietly gone into camp and sat down and waited for us to return or to receive word that we had gone to that land from which there is no return.

"The next day we moved on to the point where we had turned back, and less than a mile farther found the remains of a big Indian camp containing no less than 500 braves. The camp was hidden in a canyon, and the fires were still warm, and it is certain that we would have met our fate the day before but for the timely advice of Buffalo Bill Cody."—Detroit News-Tribune.

A Picture of Naples.

Dr. W. O. Terry of Sacramento, who has visited Naples, says: "Naples is one of the toughest places in Christendom. It is a rare thing in that town to meet with any one who seems to recognize the bath as an institution of civilization. Men, women and children revel in dirt, particularly the latter. Boys and girls of ten years are often seen in public without a single garment to hide their nudity. The ordinary refreshments of life, as practiced in America, are unknown there. The public conveyances are crowded with passengers so redolent of garlic that it is often preferable to get out and walk. Doubtless everybody eats garlic in order to keep from being overcome with its odoriferous scent, as a matter of protection.

"But worst of all in Italy are the terrible drain of taxation and the corruption on the part of men in high official position. The railroads, for instance, which ought to bring in large revenues to the government, are a source of expense. The explanation is that everybody connected with their operation is engaged in stealing. The charge is made openly, and I never once heard it disputed."—Washington Post.

The Japanese "Tadaima."

My own experience of Japanese railways certainly did not give the idea that they were a businesslike people. A few regiments of guards, returning in triumph from Formosa last November, upset the whole service on the Tokaido, the main line in Japan, for a week, and the general management, even in normal times, would bring discredit on, say, the Southeastern at its worst.

In their general mode of life, too, I cannot say that I observed any qualities which I should describe as businesslike—if you want a thing done in a hurry, they answer "tadaima," "all in a good time," which means any time between now and the new year. When sightseeing—e. g., visiting a factory—after having seen one thing a pause invariably follows, during which one is entertained to a smoke and a cup of tea, which, though hospitable and pleasant, does not conduce to getting through the sightseeing that day.—National Review.

A Dog's Accomplishment.

There is a dog in Albany, this state, that can play the trumpet—that is to say, he can blow two or three harmonious notes from a small brass horn—and wonderfully funny he looks when he sits on his haunches blowing away for dear life. The dog's name is Mascot, and he is the queerest genius alive.—Watertown (N. Y.) Gazette.

Naturalization In Belgium.

In Belgium you can obtain civil rights by five years' residence, but you cannot become a Belgian, with full electoral powers, unless you have rendered distinguished services to the country. The naturalization accorded is personal, but your son, on attaining his majority, may claim to be a Belgian.

Artist French.

Daniel Chester French has attained the honor of being the first American artist to whom permission has been granted to erect an outdoor statue in Europe. The statue will be of George Washington and will cost $20,000. A group of American women in Paris formed themselves into a Washington memorial association, and, after raising the necessary funds, have secured the consent of the municipal authorities of Paris to erect the statue in the French capital on Rue Washington.

THROUGH THE WOOD.

Through the wood, the green wood, the wet wood, the light wood,
Love and I went Maying a thousand lives ago.
Shafts of golden sunlight had made a golden bright wood
In my heart reflected, because I loved you so.

Through the wood, the chill wood, the brown wood, the bare wood,
I alone went lonely no later than last year.
What had thinned the branches and wrecked my dear and fair wood,
Killed the pale wild roses and left the rose thorns sear?

Through the wood, the dead wood, the sad wood, the lone wood,
Winds of winter shiver lichens old and gray.
You ride past, forgetting the wood that was our own wood,
All our own, and withered as ever a flower of May.

—New York Tribune.

TRAIN CAN'T WAIT.

She is just 18, with golden hair and gray eyes—large gray eyes that laugh just as well as her red lips. Her figure, though a little frail, makes one think what a pretty woman she will be soon. Her hands and arms are those of a child. Is she not still a child? Clara left school but a fortnight ago. She is the beloved and only daughter of a rich miller in the neighborhood of Avesnes.

Nothing is more poetical than a mill in the country. It does not disturb the silence of the air with its monotonous tick tack. On the contrary, its noise, strong and regular, is like an accompaniment to the many other noises of the wind, and of the trees, and of the birds. Clara was charmed with it all.

During a few days after her arrival the whole house was upset, making and receiving calls, dinner parties, dancing parties, lawn tennis—the days were not long enough to hold their pleasures. Then all was quiet at the mill.

In the orchard, which was large, the walks were spread over with sand, and the trees, loaded with fruit, afforded a beautiful, shady grove. This was Clara's favorite nook. Here she would go and read poetry. She had been given the works of Lamartine, beautifully bound. Now, Lamartine is a very tender poet, and Clara was still in her teens, and this was summer, and the fragrance of the flowers and the murmur of the breeze acted on her young mind, and through this book she would dream of things that she had never dreamed of before.

One day her mother asked her if she remembered her cousin Albert.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said she. This answer came from her heart. She blushed, and from her neck to her brow she felt that sort of electricity that is produced by a little shame and a great pleasure.

"Well," said her mother, "you will see him very soon."

Clara was about to say, "Oh! how glad I am," but she thought it more proper to say nothing.

And why was she silent? I will tell you—it was because she had read Lamartine. Why does pretty poetry make one false? Well, I don't know, but it speaks of love—and what is love?

"Well," said Clara, "I have not seen him for two years. I suppose he is changed."

"Not more than you," said her mother, casting a loving glance of admiration at her daughter. "You were a little girl when you went away. You are a young lady now."

Clara ran off to her beloved grove to hide the blushes on her cheeks and the beatings of her heart. She sat down, drew from her pocket her volume of poetry, but read not a line.

* * * * * *

Albert arrived a few days before he was expected, but she was thinking of him. She always had roses on her cheeks, but these roses changed into peonies when she saw him, and her hands trembled. He took hold of those hands and kissed her on both cheeks.

He was a medical student who had not yet in his brain the least thought of anything serious. He had suddenly discovered in himself a vocation for the beautiful science of Æsculapius, that he might go to Paris to spend a few years of his life and waste a few thousands ot his father's francs.

"Ah, little cousin," said he, "you are pretty now. Why, I am afraid I shall fall in love with you."

She looked at him, not knowing what to say.

"Have you forgotten the good times we had in this garden and over there in the woods?''

"Oh, no,'' said she.

"And when we would go rowing and I would scare you by swinging to and fro in the boat to capsize you?''

"Oh, no. I remember it all.''

"Then why don't you put your arms around my neck and say pleasant things to me as you did then?''

"I don't know,'' she faltered.

Then he said to himself, "This cousin of mine must be a little simpleton.''

"Well,'' said he, aloud, "and what is this book?''

"Lamartine. It is beautiful.''

"I don't think so. I think it stupid.'' Then, seeing that she was somewhat abashed, he added, "Why does it displease you that I should not care for Lamartine?''

"Because I love his poems.''

"Well, if I read poetry I want Alfred de Musset. I shall send you his works when I get to Paris.''

At this moment they heard a quick and firm step on the sandy walk, and a young man came upon them.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle,'' said he. "I have just learned that Albert is here and I have come to shake hands.''

An old saying came to Clara's mind: "Two is company; three is a crowd.'' She was too well behaved to say it, so she left the two young men together. When alone, she reflected that Albert was a very nice cousin, and might make a very good husband. As for his friend—well, he was a very good looking man and might be a very nice fellow—but what a difference between the two!

* * * * * *

"Your cousin is a charming girl,'' said Jack.

"Oh, yes, but she is only a schoolgirl.''

"Well, what else can she be? She is just out of school and not a woman yet. Do you know what were my thoughts as I looked at you both?''

"How can I know?''

"I was thinking that you would make a pretty couple.''

"Now, Jack, what harm have I ever done you that you should want to chain me down?''

"Are you not 25?''

"Is that old age?''

"Would you give an old man to your cousin, who will be only 19 next year?''

"In two years she will be 20—that will be better still. Then I will be a serious man and an M. D.

"Clara is a good match; our fortunes are about equal. I think I might make a living in this country. Well, who knows what may happen one day? I have plenty of time to think of it.''

"I think your cousin deserves better than that, and you ought to be in love with her.''

"What! Love at first sight! I do think Clara is pretty, but—plenty of time—plenty of time!''

Everybody seemed happy at the mill—even Clara, who listened with pleasure to the compliments of her cousin whenever he chanced to be with her, and she thought him so witty that she quite forgot to show her own wit before him.

In the meantime she was hoping that he would propose before going back to Paris; but the last day dawned, and he had not said the least word about marriage. She hoped till the last hour; then, till the last minute.

Albert gave kisses all around and said to her: "I will come back next year. I will write to you and send De Musset's works, as I promised.''

She plucked up courage and said to him, "Is that all you want to promise, Albert?''

He understood what she meant, but would not promise more, and as his eyes rested on the clock he said: "Goodby, cousin; the train is here—it cannot wait.''

* * * * * *

The life of a student, especially that of a student who does not study, is just as tiresome as any other.

There comes a time when he gets tired of beer, wine and cigars.

Albert was in one of his dark days. Since morning he had felt cross, and would not even smoke; his pipe lay on his table with a pile of books and dusty papers. His tobacco pouch reminded him of Clara—she had embroidered it for him during the week he had spent with her. Then he was also reminded that he had promised to write and send De Musset's works. He felt unhappy at these thoughts. and remorse made him go out to repair his forgetfulness.

There is a knock at the door. The servant brings up a letter to him. It is from his mother.

His drowsiness gives way as he reads the lines; he gets up in a passion, upsetting the table and everything upon it.

Clara is to be married, and in a week too! And he is expected to attend the wedding!

"And whom does she marry, I wonder?" exclaims he; "some common country lad, I suppose. No, it cannot be! I must go there and stop it; she cannot be sacrificed in this way."

Two hours later he started with a valise in one hand and a bundle under one arm; it was Musset's works.

Clara met him at the garden gate; she was looking as fresh as the flowers, and he, being conceited, thought that the happiness expressed on her face was due to his presence. She was less timid than last year and a little stouter; one could read her heart through her gray eyes and her smiles.

"Is what I hear true, Clara?"

"Certainly; I was about to write to you. I want you here for the wedding."

"It is impossible!"

"Quite possible and true."

"With whom?"

"With Jack, of course."

"Ah, the scoundrel! There is nothing like a friend to betray one."

"Why, Albert, what a short memory you have! Poor Jack would not speak of love before he was quite sure of your feelings toward me. I am very thankful that you set him at liberty to speak. I am so proud and happy at being loved by such a noble heart."

Albert threw his bundle on the table. "What is that?" asked Clara.

"Musset's works. I had promised them to you."

"You are too late, cousin. Jack gave them to me long ago, as I was complaining of your forgetfulness."

"Tell me, Clara—this is all a dream, is it not? You are not going to marry Jack?"

She laughed. "And why not?" said she.

"Because I love you; because, if you mean to marry Jack, I start by the first train, and you shall never see me again.

She looked at the clock, as he had done the year before, and said archly, "Then hurry up, cousin, for the train is here, and it cannot wait."—From the French.

Mountain Railways.

The oldest mountain railway in Europe is the Rigi, opened in 1871, but the Mount Washington railway in America was established in 1868. This is also one of the steepest. And another is the Green mountain line, also in the United States. The Petersburg in Germany is very steep, but the steepest of all is the Mount Pilatus in Switzerland.

Potatoes.

Have you ever tried cooking potatoes in lard like doughnuts? Select the smaller potatoes and peel and drop them into boiling fat. They will come to the surface when they are cooked and should be drained on brown paper. The potatoes may be rolled in beaten eggs and bread crumbs before cooking them if desired.

Papa Haydn's London Debut.

On Haydn's arrival he first took up his abode at Bland's, the music publisher, at 45 Holborn, but soon afterward removed to rooms prepared for him at 18 Great Pulteney street, the residence of Salomon. Near here, at Messrs. Broadwood's, is shown a room in which Haydn used to retire to compose. At Salomon's he would appear to have appreciated the arrangements made for his comfort, especially with regard to the cuisine, which was under the direction of a foreign chef. We find him, however, complaining of the late hour at which Londoners dined, though to us 6 o'clock might seem uncomfortably early. In March, 1791, he conducted the first of Salomon's concerts at the rooms in Hanover square, and in this and the following year he brought out the first six of his grand symphonies. For many years Salomon was among the foremost musicians in the metropolis. During Mara's first season in London he conducted and played solos at all her concerts. The Morning Chronicle called him a genius and asked whose violin playing approached nearer the human voice. When an old man, he was still full of enterprise, and took great interest in the foundation of the Philharmonic society.

Great enthusiasm prevailed on the

occasion of the first of the Salomon-Haydn series of concerts. Mme. Storace sang, while Salomon led the orchestra as first violin, and Haydn presided at the pianoforte.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Story of Hirsch.

One of the late Baron Hirsch's idiosyncrasies, says the London Daily Courier, was somewhat of an embarrassment to the ladies with whom he was acquainted, though some people might not have objected to it.

The baron had a fondness for playing cards with the ladies he met at country houses and losing money to them. Not a few sixpences either, but £10, £20, £50 at a sitting.

At first sight there may not seem anything very embarrassing in this. But the fact is that the baron would take pains to lose, and it was a common thing for onlookers to say that such and such a lady with whom he was playing bezique, or whatever the game might be, would be richer that evening by £50 or so.

Fairly won, no lady would object perhaps.

But the baron would carefully stop, or play badly, just so as to leave his opponent the victor, and then what he really enjoyed was pulling out a few bank notes and passing them over.

Not a very vicious taste in a multimillionaire. Still, it is not every lady in society who can take what is practically a present of money without feeling uncomfortable.

The worst of it was that the baron was such a bad hand at deception. Everybody knew his little game.

A Curiosity of Central Africa.

Professor Garner, during his travels in central Africa, has discovered many queer things, not in the least remarkable of which is a curious little animal belonging to the simian family.

This queer little beast, measuring about a foot in length, precisely resembles a bear in miniature. It seems to confine itself almost entirely to a narrow tract of country running along by the equator. The natives, who have given it the name of "ikanda," relate many remarkable stories about it.

Its hands and feet are its greatest peculiarities. The former precisely resemble those of a human being, with the exception that they lack an index finger. The stump of this forefinger looks exactly as though it had been amputated. The feet are also not unlike our own if it were not for two remarkable peculiarities. In the first place the great toe protrudes at right angles to its fellows, while number two differs in that it possesses a claw.

The Ribs.

Two ladies were being shown the wonders of the X ray recently by Professor Robinson, and one was looking through the other with the fluoroscope, as it was my privilege to do in the case of the Bowdoin senior

"Can you see the ribs?" asked the polite professor.

"Oh, yes, very plainly," was the answer, "but I never knew before that they extended up and down."

And then it was the duty of the scientist to explain that steel corset ribs as well as human bone ribs are disclosed by the merciless X rays.—Lewiston Journal.

His Criticism.

Spike Brady, who was a well known baseball player in the Mississippi valley a few years ago, once attended church in Dubuque, Ia., with his club, which went on special invitation. The preacher made a special effort that consumed some time. Spike was asked what he thought of the preacher. "He got round to third all right; but, say, he was an ice wagon in getting home," the ball player answered.

Applied at the Wrong Place.

Miss Kissam—You seem depressed tonight, Mr. Dexter.

Mr. Dexter—Yes, I am. I went to a fortune teller today to find out my fate and was told that the girl I loved would not marry me.

Miss Kissam—But, Mr. Dexter, no fortune teller is authorized to speak for me.—Detroit Free Press.

The Fish Story That Was True.

The Rev. Myron W. Reed says: "There never was but one man who could tell a true fish story. He was the disciple Peter, and Peter said, 'We toiled all night and caught nothing.' "—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE PAWNBROKER.

His Life Not a Happy One From His Own Point of View.

"Yes," said the pawnbroker, "the public has an idea that we are a hard hearted lot, but that is only one side of the story. A man in this business who had tears to shed wouldn't have a roof over his head inside of a year."

"You mean you can't afford to pity the misfortunes of others on a cash basis?" I queried.

"Very few people come here on account of misfortune. You saw the young man who went out as you came in?"

"Yes—an actor, eh?"

"Very likely. Here's a watch he brought. The works are second class and the cases filled. I can buy a carload at $15 apiece. He was hard up and came here to make a raise. He said his wife was dying, and he wanted $25 on the watch. When I offered him $5, he wept, but if you'll follow him two blocks you'll find him in a saloon, spending part of the money. Nine out of ten customers don't hesitate to lie, and ten out of ten would beat your Uncle Isaac if they could."

"But people pawn their clothes to get food," I said.

"Perhaps so. Here's a dress a woman brought in an hour ago. She also wept. She had a story about sickness and hunger, and she declared this was her wedding dress. From certain earmarks I know she bought this dress secondhand. I know she paid $4 for it. I strained a point when I offered her $2, but she'll go out and call me a highway robber."

"But you never get taken in and done for?"

"Don't I? Well, I'd like to see the pawnbroker who hasn't been done up! It's a cold month when I don't get beat, and by the very people whom you would sympathize with most. See these shiners?"

"Yes—fine diamonds."

"Want 'em for a dollar apiece?"

"You don't mean it!"

"Glad to get it, sir. They were left by a woman who wanted to raise money to bury her husband. I was half sick and very busy and gave her $60 on them. They are paste—only paste. She came in here to beat me of course, and no doubt had a good laugh over it. Here's a locket set with pearls, which my clerk advanced $30 on. The weeping man who brought it wanted to bury his dead wife with the money. I can buy 'em at wholesale for $3 apiece. Don't you believe all you hear about your uncle having a heart of stone. There are plenty of people who wouldn't beat a street car, but we are considered fair game for them, and they'll lie like smoke to take us in. It's a great place for tears, sighs and tales of sorrow, but the main idea is to give your Uncle Isaac the cold drop, and it's done oftener than I care to acknowledge."—Detroit Free Press.

International Arbitration.

The real obstacle in the way of international arbitration is not so much a lack of efficacy in the method as the lack of a disposition to try it. The system of arbitration necessarily presupposes that nations desire an amicable adjustment of their differences. Such an adjustment may be prevented either by a willful opposition to it or by the adoption of a style of controversy that will render argument impracticable. Against such obstacles it is difficult to contend, since their direct tendency and effect is to bring about a collision before an arbitrator can intervene. It is obvious that arbitration can no more afford an absolute safeguard against such contingencies than can a system of municipal law absolutely prevent men from attempting to settle their differences by fighting in the street, if they desire thus to revert to primal conditions. Yet severe penalties, strictly enforced, may reduce such chances to a minimum, and it is conceivable that a scheme of international action might be devised so comprehensive as to render a resort to war exceedingly difficult and hazardous.—"The Possibilities of Permanent Arbitration" in Century.

Self Defense.

"So you accompanied your wife to the play, after all?"

"Yes. I happened to think that if I didn't she would tell me all about it when she came home."—Chicago Record.

Stern duties need not speak sternly. He who stood firm before the thunder worshiped the "still small voice."—

THE SOUL'S SONG.

A captive in restricted cell confined,
My spirit soars despite grim walls and bars
And singeth when it sees the mystic stars,
And when soft moonbeams, kind, aslant have shined,
As though my cloistered soul they had divined,

When cooling zephyrs herald day in east,
And bird throats answer make from tree and vine
To deeper song my soul doth e'er incline
And longs at matins to assist as priest,
Alas, I may not join the vocal feast!

Rich clustered jewels pass my thought in train,
Which lose their order ere they reach my tongue;
Only their shadowed form by me is sung.
Conceived in pleasure, told, alas, in pain,
As some wild bird is captured, but when slain!

Not alway in a prison wall of clay
Shall I my poor restricted song deplore;
Beyond the paths ethereal clouds explore,
When sunset leaves ajar its opal door,
I'll sing, unfettered, at the dawn of day.

—Arthur Howard Hall.

WINNING THE WIDDER

"It grieves me all fired copious," observed Uncle Cy Clay, gravely contemplating the quarter section of pancake poised on the end of his fork, "t' see th' flirtatious carryin's on o' this yere yaller headed schoolmarm an Doc Everett, more especial as she is already spoke for by Jimmy Duval, an doc is knowed t' be th' only husban an father of a' interestin leetle fambly of 's own, back in Ioway. But, then—well, well, they's no 'countin f'r th' actions of th' female sect, more like ef they happ'ns t' be o' th' flirtatious v'riety, an they most all be.

"I r'member one female in p'ticl'ar," he continued after sending a large swallow of hot coffee in the wake of the departed piece of pancake—"I r'member one th't was sho' 'nough scand'lous 'xample o' what cur'us notions th' sect will take an th' onaccountable things they all 'll do.

" 'Twas back in Wyoming, in '67—time o' th' Sweetwater 'xcitem'nt, ye know. Well, me an my two pardners 'd be'n minin out yere in Californy awhile, an was doin well 'nough, but jest's soon's th' rush come along it was 'up stakes' with us, same's a lot o' other fool miners, an off we goes t' th' Sweetwater country, ole Bill Heatwole an me an Ben—Ben Haskins, he was th' youngest o' us, an chockful o' th' ole Harry's ever any boy you ever seen. But white? That boy was white, he sho' was, ef ever a white man lived. Ef 'e hadn't 'e 'a' be'n yere now, more'n likely.

"At Sweetwater, th' Widder Buck kep' a boardin house, an we all boards with 'er, an we fed high too. But, say, that widder was th' purtiest leetle creature ye ever seen. Wa'n't more'n 24 'r 25, an had rosy cheeks an eyes th't 'd just set y'r heart a-thumpin—black's any coal an bright's di'm'nds. Well, she did sho' drive th' boys crazy, an they wa'n't hardly one o' 'em th't wa'n't wild t' be th' landlord o' th't there bean joint. Th' wust o' it all was th't they wa'n't none o' 'em but what, one time 'r 'nother, was dead sure he was goin t' s'ceed th' lamented Buck, which was gone b'fore 'bout three years back—f'r ef they ever was a sho' 'nough flirt, 'twas th't same Widder Buck. She'd take up an smile sweet 't ev'ry new man th't showed up, ontell she had 'im on th' string good an hard. Then f'r th' next.

"But w'en our Ben jumps in an begins makin love in real ser'us shape, we all begins to calc'late th't th' bloomin widder is sho' ketched a lot, an reckons they's goin t' be some splicin did in that there camp b'fore Chris'mas—w'en all of a suddint, along comes a lawyer chap hailin from Salt Lake an puts up 't th' Hotel de Widder Buck, thereby causin a hull lot o' grief in camp, 'cause he hops in immediate an begins makin love t' th' landlady, her makin no 'bjections as anybody knowed of.

"Yere's where Ben makes a dead wrong play; f'r, 'nstead of stickin to 'is guns, 'e right off makes a jealous break 'r two, causin a row wi' th' widder, quite natural. Then off goes Ben an hires out t' th' guve'nm'nt f'r a scout—'bout that time th' U. P. road was bein built, an th' Ogalalla Sioux was makin 'emselves real onpleasant, chargin round an liftin section han's' hair an sech like playful leetle tricks. So, 's I says Ben goes off in a huff an leaves th' runnin t' this yere Salt Lake maverick as calls 'isself 'Jedge' Sherman an puts on a hull lot o' boggus airs an talks book English. Say, it jest made us sick

—it sho' did—th' way that there couple spooned round. They was sev'ral o' th' boys th't jest ached t' git Sherman intuh a argymint an kill 'im up a lot, but they never got no chance—th' Jedge was too foxy, he was, an too smooth t' get intuh open trouble.

"'Jest about Chris'mas time th' Injuns let up a few an lays low, th' weather bein some cold an too many sojers round them parts, an one mornin th' widder gives it out th't she lays t' go over t' Green River an enjoy 'erself a lot—she was f'ever beefin 'bout 'all work an no play.' So, next day, off she an th' Jedge goes, with a greaser named Manuel drivin th' muel team. They'd jest got acrost th' South Fork an was, persoomable, quite comf'table an happy, w'en, all of a suddint, Manuel lets out a screech an jumps out of th' wagon, hollerin th't Injuns was comin. Sherman looks out an sees a cloud o' dust 'bout two mile away (they wa'n't no snow on th' ground), an he jumps out, too, an in a holy second him an that greaser had them muels cut loose an was aboard 'em hittin the trail real swift f'r Green River. 'Course th' widder screeched after 'em, but, turn round?—none whatever. W'y, that tarnal skunk didn't even wave 'is hand!

"Well, th' widder sits an weeps quite copious f'r awhile, an then makes up 'er mind th't she don't perpose t' stay there an get scalped—none whatever. So she piles out o' th' wagon an makes a sneak t' git under th' bank an then travels up toward th' dus' cloud, figgerin th' Injuns 'd be most likely t' look down stream instead of up, but w'en th' Injuns comes clost, high, low and b'hold! They hain't no Injuns at all, but some o' Gen'ral Augur's troops a-drivin in strap stock, an Ben was with 'em.

"Well, o' course they tackles on t' th' widder's wagon an heads f'r Green River, mad a hull lot t' think a male critter callin 'isself a man 'd run away an leave a woman t' be scalped by Ogalallas—an they all agrees t' make it dam hot f'r Sherman ef he's ketchable. Ben, he didn't say much, but purty quick 'e rides alongside th' sergeant an speaks t' 'im, real quiet, an 'fore long he's a chasin off on a side trail t' git intuh Green River first, 'fore th' troopers come

"Sherman was in th' barroom o' th' hotel, tellin how the'd be'n ambushed an th' widder killed at th' first shot an how him an th' greaser'd fit an tried t' save 'er body, w'en in walks Ben. 'is face's white's Sherman's an 'is eyes a-blazin. Sherman knowed in a minute th't Ben was after him, an he reached f'r 'is gun, but Ben was too quick, an covered 'im.

"'Hol' on,' says he. 'You dam scoundrel, I ought t' kill ye where ye set, but I hain't no coward, an I fights fair whoever with—even a cur th't runs away an leaves a woman t' be scalped an murdered by Indians.' And he goes on an tells th' crowd about wh't Sherman had did. O' course ev'rybody wanted t' hop in an do s'm' ropework, wi' th' jedge figgerin as 'It,' but Ben wouldn't have it, none at all.

"'No, gents,' says he, 'it don't go. I b'lieves in givin all kinds a fair shake. I gives it out th't I perpose t' git th' gent, but I does it fair, an gives him th' same show as me. Step outside yere, dam ye, an fight!'

"Sherman begged an pleaded a hull lot, but it didn't go, an after gittin a few swift kicks fr'm some o' th' gang, out he walks, wobblin lots in th' knees and shakin all over, an lines up in th' street. Cheyenne Pike was master o' ceremonies. 'Twenty paces, gents,' says he. 'Shoot an advance a shootin. Air ye ready? One, two, three—fire!'

"How 'twas did, nobody ever even guessed. Ben was 's good a shot as they was in Wyoming. Maybe th' Jedge was, too; but he was so shaky they say he c'd hardly hold his gun. Anyways, they was only four 'r five shots took—then pore ole Ben throws up 'is han's an drops—Sherman'd got 'im in th' forehead, slick an clean.

"While they was pickin Ben up an carryin 'im inside, Sherman got lost in th' shuffle. Ef he hadn't, he'd 'a' sho' be'n killed. But he sneaks off an lays low som'eres an nobody sees 'im ontell late that day.

"'Bout supper time one o' th' boys comes rushin intuh th' Eagle Bird c'nsid'ble flustrated. 'Wha' d'ye think, boys?' says he, w'en he ketched 'is breath. 'Th' Widder Buck and that skunk Sherman is spliced!'

"O' course th' gang thinks he's joshin

an snorts at 'im quite a lot, but he sticks t' th' story. 'Yessir,' he says, 'they was tied up an hour ago b' Jedge Billings. It's straight.'

"An so it was. Pore Ben wa'n't even stiff, n'r they hadn't got 'im laid out, b'fore that son of a gun an th' widder was hitched duly 'cordin t' law. O' course th' boys shivereed 'em, and then give 'em three hours t' leave town, but that didn't do no good. Jedge Sherman had the widder an 'er wad, an pore ole Ben gits nothin but a bang up funeral an six feet o' dirt t' lay in.

"All th' ole gang th't went intuh th' Sweetwater rush r'members all about this yarn; an, say, I'll bet they wa'n't one o' 'em but what's b'en more 'r less leary o' widders sence then. They're mighty queer sort o' cattle, these women folks, an I gives 'em up."—Exchange.

Fashions For Men.

It will not be long now before fashion journals and plates for men are as firmly established as those for women. This, at all events, is the conclusion at which one arrives on reading the long articles which are being introduced into fashion papers under the heading, "For Men," or something similar. The rapidity with which "this sort of man" evolves a special etiquette de toilette for various occasions is truly astounding. For instance: "Patent leather shoes may be correctly worn while in mourning. Men in mourning, when in evening dress, wear ties of black silk, not black satin ones." Again, "Ushers at a wedding should wear gloves of either pearl or white kid, which match exactly those worn by the groom, but it is not necessary that his should be the same as those worn by the bride." And once more: "Men who have grooms should see to it that they do not wear jewelry. It is bad form." One wonders what manner of men they are who must be told this latter item!—Westminster Gazette.

The People of Madeira.

They are as harmless as their country. The stranger meets with no snakes, and need not fear mosquitoes, neither has he to take any precautions against being molested in the most out of the way parts. Everywhere civility, politeness and pleasant faces will greet him. The prices asked are grotesque—often five times what will be finally accepted. Some find the absence of fixed prices abroad a great nuisance, but the bargaining in Madeira is so good humored and can be made so amusing that the change of custom in this respect is rather refreshing.

There is one reason that may account for the comparatively few visitors to the island—there are neither golf links nor cycling roads. All Madeira can do is to provide a very limited cricket ground and five miles of fairly level road. Most of the ways near the city are paved with "nubbly" stones and are trying to the feet, but in the country this paving ceases.—Good Words.

Surprised.

"Weren't you surprised when he proposed?"

"No. Why should I be?"

"Everybody else was."

Time to Change.

The late Lord Granville was fond of telling a story at his own expense. When the late shah of Persia visited London a few years ago, Lord Granville was the British foreign minister, and at the suggestion of the queen spoke to the Persian monarch about the advisability of having fewer executions in Persia. The shah replied that so long as capital crimes were committed capital punishment must exist, but that there were really not many executions in Persia. In fact, he added, the last execution that had taken place before his departure was at the personal request of the British minister at Teheran. Lord Granville said he dropped the subject and began to talk about the weather.

Making Cigarette Papers.

Barcelona is the center of the manufacture of cigarette paper. Two houses alone produce 180,000 reams a year, valued at $60,000.

The younger sons of a marquis take precedence of all bishops of the Church of England, save those of Canterbury, York, Armagh and Dublin.

An application for a Canadian patent costs $40, this sum including government tax and all charges for the period of six years.

DON'T LEAN OUT OF PLUMB.

Did you ever observe in your rambles about
The political scenes of the day
How often reformers engender a doubt
By their overpunctilious way?
Their censorship always reminds me of those
Who beneath my inspection have come,
Attempting to strike a magnificent pose,
Have o'erdone it to lean out of plumb.

They lean too far back, and, in fact, become bent—
Most foolish the posture they take—
And instead of expressing their upright intent
They lead you to fear they may break.
They wish you to feel that they're honest and wise
And not at all crooked or dumb,
Yet there they will stand with their eyes to the skies
And unconsciously lean out of plumb.

In trade or religion, in politics, too,
If our rectitude we would disclose,
Stand modestly forth to the popular view
And don't try to strut or to pose.
For ofttimes our eagerness may be too great—
At least it has happened to some—
And our efforts to tower in matters of state
Dwarf all chance as we lean out of plumb
—Harry O. Dowd in New York Sun

A FLOOD REMINISCENCE.

How a Young English Engineer Saved Lowell From Destruction.

The city of Lowell was saved from destruction in 1852 by the foresight of one young man. About 1835 a Lowell antiquarian named Uriah A. Boyden devoted much attention to investigating a tradition of a great flood in the Merrimac in 1785 and found an old man who remembered that his father marked the height of the water by driving a spike in an apple tree. Mr. Boyden persevered in his search until he found the tree in Tyngsboro, several miles above Lowell. Its trunk was hollow, and entering it from below he discovered the spike, its head wholly concealed by the bark, at a considerable distance above the ground. It showed that in 1785 the water had risen to a point 18½ feet higher than the top of the dam at the mouth of the canal, which furnished the Lowell water power in 1835.

The engineer in charge of this power was James B. Francis, a young Englishman, who urged the directors of the corporation to provide against the recurrence of such a rise of water. His arguments prevailed, and he was allowed to construct two immense wing walls of masonry, diverging from the canal lock and inclosing the entire country between the canal and the river. Over the waterway he hung an immensely strong gate, weighing 20 tons, which was suspended by a wrought iron chain. A sledge and a cold chisel were placed in the care of the watchman for use when needed. The work was finished in 1850, and for two years was laughed at as "Francis' folly."

On the morning of April 22, 1852, the waters rose so high that the city of Lowell was threatened with destruction, and the young engineer was sent for. He rode to the dam without a saddle and hurriedly cut the chain, releasing the great gate. His work stood bravely, and the Boston Advertiser, five days later, said that if it had not been constructed "every vestige of the old guard gates would have been carried away and a mighty and uncontrollable river would have swept through the heart of Lowell, destroying everything in its course." A service of plate was presented to Mr. Francis, and during the remainder of his life, which ended only recently, he was one of Lowell's most honored citizens. For more than 40 years he was agent of the corporation controlling the water power.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Chrysanthemum Salad.

In Japan the flowers of the chrysanthemum constitute a popular dish. During the months of November and December bunches of them, washed and carefully displayed, may be seen in the stores of all the dealers in vegetables. Almost all the varieties are edible, strictly speaking, but those to which preference is usually given have deep yellow flower heads.

On Another Lay Now.

"I remember," said Mrs. Wickwire impressively, "you once said that if you had the world you would gladly lay it at my feet."

"Oh, did I?" asked Mr. Wickwire.

"Yes, you did. And now I have to nag at you for three days to get you to lay a carpet."—Washington Star.

The nemertes, a marine animal, is an angler and a net combined. This singular creature has a ribbonlike structure, only an eighth of an inch thick, but from 20 to 90 feet in length.

East and West Meet In Moscow.

The semioriental city of Moscow makes a more effective background for the crowning of a sovereign than any other town in Christendom. It is a spectacle in itself—a strange jumble of Samarkand and the most progressive of western American cities. It possesses more telephones and general electrical plant than does London, probably, but it has no sewerage system whatever. In some respects it could give lessons in modernity to Birmingham or Glasgow. In others it could learn them from the dervishes of the remotest Sudan.

The east and west tread on each other at every corner of the holy city. It makes a fitting stage for the dramatic series of tableaus which Russia has been preparing for months past. The royal and official guests from abroad, who are to be numbered by thousands, and for that matter, the young imperial couple, who are nominally their hosts, have as little in common with the real Russia, which pays the bills for the festivities, as the bishop of Peterborough has with the unwashed and unlettered monks who beg at the doors of the Slavanski bazaar.—Saturday Review.

Unexpected Retort.

A lawyer tells the following story in The Green Bag: "Some time ago we had under cross examination a youth from the country who rejoiced in the name of Samson and whose replies were provocative of much laughter in the court. 'And so,' questioned the barrister, 'you wish the court to believe that you are a peaceably disposed and inoffensive kind of person?' 'Yes.' 'And that you have no desire to follow in the steps of your illustrious namesake and smite the Philistines?' 'No; I've not,' answered the witness, 'and if I had the desire I ain't got the power at present.' 'Then you think you would be unable to cope successfully with 1,000 enemies and utterly rout them with the jawbone of an ass?' 'Well,' answered the ruffled Samson, 'I might have a try when you have done with the weapon.'"

What He Was Doing.

Into an alley on Fifth street, between Jefferson and Market, a young fellow who had the appearance of a country hayseed wandered yesterday and stood near the entrance, gazing up at the show bills, reading them aloud and spelling them aloud as he read. He attracted the attention of the passersby, who gathered around him and commenced guying him. He stood it pretty well for awhile, and suddenly faced about in reply to a query as to what he was doing and said to his questioner, "I've just bin waitin to see how long a gentleman could stand here and mind his own business before some durned fool would ask him what he was a-doin." He then quietly walked up the street.—Louisville Commercial.

Well Said by Royalty.

The queen regent of Holland, mother of little Queen Wilhelmina, who is a beautiful woman, of royal distinction, is very simple in all her habits. On one occasion, when she visited the Empress Eugenie, the latter was surprised at her quiet, unobtrusive way of traveling, her entire suit consisting of an aged chamberlain and a lady of honor. "We always travel second class," she explained, "because the people one meets there are so much more interesting than the more elegant, more selfish and often less polite travelers who go first class."

Social Life Long Ago.

The stately dames of the court of Edward IV rose with the lark, dined at 11 a. m. and retired to rest at 8 in the evening. Henry VIII went back to 10 in the morning for dinner and had supper at 4. In Queen Bess' days her maids of honor began the day with a round of beef or red herring and a flagon of ale for breakfast at about 6:30 and dined at 11, and then went to the playhouse in the afternoon, not later than 2, sometimes as early as 12:30, according to the order of the play and the day.

Those Monotonous Sonnets.

She (gushingly to the literary lion)—Oh, Mr. De Reitre, I did so enjoy that last volume of yours—that "Little Book of Sonnets," you know.

He—Thank you. I am glad that you enjoyed them. But haven't you any helpful criticism for me?

She—Well, don't you think if you had made them different lengths they wouldn't have looked so monotonous?—New York Journal.

Pleased at the Outlook.

The higher education is always to be desired, but people sometimes have strange reasons for taking it. For instance, the Saunterer hailed a nephew the other day, and said:

"I hear, Tom, you are going to the Institute of Technology next year?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply, and the boy's face fairly beamed.

"And why are you going there?" was the not unnatural question.

"Oh, so I can have four more long summer vacations," was the unexpected answer.—Boston Budget.

At a French Wedding.

A wedding feast is an important ceremony in France among all classes of society. Even among the very poorest of the Parisians a wedding banquet is the occasion for a reckless expenditure of money in the purchase of wine and viands. In Brittany a wedding is even a more gorgeous affair than in Paris. At a recent wedding ceremony in Brittany the guests numbered 1,200, and three bullocks were slaughtered to provide them with meat. Wine was consumed in large quantities, and in addition 40 barrels of cider was consumed.

An Enterprising Barrister.

Lord Chelmsford relates that a friend of his at the bar was once engaged in a nautical case, in which it appeared that a vessel had been exposed to a very severe gale of wind and had been thrown upon her beam ends. The barrister, ignorant of nautical matters, asked a seaman who was in the witness box how it was they did not lower the topmast, upon which the witness said with a sneer, "If you knew as much of the sea as I do, you would know that this is not a very easy matter." This incident led the counsel to turn his attention to the subject, and he invented an apparatus for lowering topmasts, for which he obtained a patent and realized thereby upward of $100,000 by this invention.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The muscles of the mocking bird's larynx are larger in proportion to the size of the bird than those of any other creature.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers

CHICAGO, ILL., July 7, 1896.—Fancy white clover 15c. No. 1 white 12 to 13c. Fancy amber 10 to 11c. No. 1 amber 7 to 9c. Fancy dark 9 to 10c. No. 1 dark 7c. Extracted white 5 to 7c. Amber 5 to 5½ cents. Dark 4½ to 5c. Beeswax 25 to 27c per lb.

S. T. FISH & CO.

CINCINNATI, O., July 10, 1896.—No. 1 white 13 to 14c. Fancy amber 12 to 13c. No. 1 amber 10 to 12c White extracted 5 to 7c. Amber 5 to 6c. Dark 3½ to 5c. Beeswax 20 to 25c.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON.

ST. LOUIS, MO., July 9, 1896.—We quote: Fancy white 11½ to 12c. No. 1 white 10½ to 11c. Fancy amber 10 to 10½c. No. 1 amber 9 to 10c. Fancy dark 8½ to 9c. No. 1 dark 7 to 8c. Extracted white in cans 5c, in barrels 4c. Amber 3½ to 4c. Dark 3 to 3¼c. Beeswax 25 to 25½c.

D. G. TUTT GRO. CO.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 10, 1896,—Fancy white 13 to 14c. Fancy dark 8 to 9c. No. 1 dark 6 to 7c. Extracted dark 4 to 5c. H. R. WRIGHT.

KANSAS CITY, MO., July 20, 1896.—Fancy white comb 15c. No. 1 white 13 to 14c. Fancy amber 12 to 13c. No. 1 amber 11 to 12c. Fancy dark 10 to 11c. No. 1 8 to 10c. Extracted white 6 to 6½c. Amber 5 to 5½c. Dark 4 to 4½c. Beeswax 22 to 25c. C. C. CLEMONS & CO.

DETROIT, MICH., July 13, 1896.—No. 1 white 11 to 12½c. Fancy amber 10 to 11c. No. 1 amber 9 to 10c. Fancy dark 8 to 9c. No. 1 dark 7 to 8c. Extracted white 6 to 7c. Amber 5 to 6c. Dark 5c. Beeswax 24 to 25c. M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

BOSTON, MASS., July 15, 1896.—Fancy white 14 to 15c. No. 1 white 12 to 13c. Fancy amber 9 to 10c. Extracted white 6 to 7c. Amber 5 to 6c. Beeswax 25 to 26c.

E. E. BLAKE & CO., 75 Chatham St.

A Great Chance to Make Money.

I want to tell of my wonderful success. Being a poor girl and needing money badly, I tried the Dish Washer business and have cleared $200 every month. It is more money than I ever had before and I can't help telling you about, for I believe any person can do as well as I have if they only try. Dish Washers sell on sight; every lady wants one. The Mound City Dish Washer Co., St. Louis, Mo., will give you all necessary instructions, so you can begin work at once. The Dish Washer does splendid work; you can wash and dry the dishes in two or three minutes without putting your hands in the water at all. Try this business and let us know how you succeed. ELIZABETH C.

Clubbing List.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
American Apiculturist,	(75)	1 15
Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE W. T FALCONER MANFG CO

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At What Age do Bees Gather Honey?

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent writes thus: "I see it asserted in one of my papers the other day, that bees go to the fields to get honey when from two to five days old. Is this a fact? I had not supposed that bees so young entered the field as honey-gatherers."

To the ordinary observer this question, asked by our correspondent, seems to be of little consequence, but such is not the case, as it has much to do with the surplus honey we obtain. Many seem to think that the bee is capable of going to the fields to gather honey when but two or three days old, as our correspondent says he read, but some facts prove that they do not do so. Bees may be *forced* to go into the fields for pollen and honey at the age of five or six days, the truth of which all will admit who have taken very young bees and placed them by themselves, but when the colony is in a normal condition, as it always should be to store honey to the best advantage, and as all colonies are when not molested by man, the bee is sixteen days old before it gathers honey. If we take combs of bees just hatched and place them in a hive without any hatched bees, as is frequently done to introduce a valuable queen, we will see young bees not over five or six days old go to the fields, being compelled to do so for water, pollen, etc., because there are none older to go; but this does not prove that bees of that age usually do so any more than the experiment of feeding twenty pounds of honey to bees confined to the hive before one pound of wax is produced, proves that it always takes twenty pounds of honey to produce one pound of comb. In our talk along these lines we should always dwell on the practical side of honey production, by way of practically preparing the colony therefor, and not about colonies which are not suitable to give a surplus of honey in any event. I have conducted several experiments in the 27 years I have kept bees to ascertain the age at which bees gather the first honey, and as each proved the same I believe sixteen days to be the time when the bee brings her first load of honey, if the colony is not seriously interfered with. One of the experiments was as follows: A black queen was removed from a colony and an Italian queen introduced in her place, about the middle of June. The date was marked on the hive, and as the twenty-first day thereafter arrived a careful watch was kept to see when the first Italian bee hatched. When this was ascertained a careful watch was again kept of the hive to see when the first Italian bee took its flight. This happened about two p. m. on the eighth day after the first Italian was hatched, when a few came out for a "play spell," but in an hour all had returned, and none but black bees were seen going to and from the hive. As the days passed on the numbers increased at each play spell (about two o'clock), but none having the Italian markings were seen, except at these play spells, till the sixteenth day after the first Italian hatched. At this time a few came in with pollen and honey, commencing work at about 10 a. m. After this the number of Italian honey gatherers increased, while the number of blacks decreased, until on the forty-fifth day after the last black bee was hatched, when not a black bee was to be found in or about the hive. If the above is correct, and I believe it is, it will be seen that the eggs for our honey gatherers must be laid by the queen at least thirty-seven days before the main honey harvest, if we would reap the best results from our bees. It takes twenty-one days from the time the egg is laid till the bee from this egg emerges from the cell, and this, added to the sixteen days before this emerging bee becomes a field laborer, makes thirty-seven days in all from the laying of the egg to the field laborer.

From this we see how important it is that we understand about all these little things in our pursuit and work for the bees in the right time for the honey harvest.

The prospect for a large yield of honey in this locality, this year, is not very good, for, during the past two weeks we have been having cold cloudy, windy weather, which has caused the queens to lay sparingly, do the best I could at coaxing them to do otherwise; and as these two weeks are about a month in advance of our basswood bloom, which is our main honey producing flora, it is easy to see that there will not be an abundance of bees in the field at just the right time to secure the crop, should the flowers yield ever so abundantly.

Now just a word about bees dying of old age in 45 days from time of hatching, as I am met with the fact that many bees live over the winter. The bees' life is longer or shorter just in proportion to the labor it performs, said labor bringing on old age just as surely in 45 days when the bee is in constant activity as if it dies of old age in 200 days, when all this time is spent in quiet repose. In this we see the wisdom of the Creator, for were it otherwise no colony could ever go through the winter in any northern climate. So long as a colony remains quiet during the winter the life of all but the very oldest bees is prolonged, but let this same colony become uneasy and go to running about the hive, rearing large quantities of brood, etc., as they sometimes do, and we find the bees dying in mid-winter in 45 days, the same as they do in the summer. The better we understand all of these items regarding our pets, which are quite commonly over-looked by many, the better shall we be prepared for the best results from our apiary, working with the one object in view, that of securing the greatest force of laborers just when the honey harvest is on hand, and just as few at all other times as is consistent with accomplishing this object.

Borodino, N. Y.

Numbering Hives

BY W. J. DAVIS, 2ND.

A good deal is being said of late, in some of the bee papers, on the subject of numbering hives, and whether such numbers should be movable or stationary. Where a considerable number of colonies are kept, I think the numbering of hives is indispensible for the proper management of the apiary. I will give my plans which may prove of some benefit to anyone starting in the pursuit of bee-keeping. Some may prefer other plans, but this answers my purpose. All my hives not used in house apiaries are 1½ stories. That is the ½ story is a cap high enough to receive and cover a section case. The brood frames are covered with a honey board of ⅜ inch stuff. An equal number of hives are painted white and red, and the cap and brood chamber bear the same number painted on with black paint, the figures being 1½ inches high put on with stencil plates, being plain enough to be seen some distance. In wintering the caps are left on the summer stands, and the brood chambers only carried to winter quarters and the number of the cap shows where each colony is to be placed when again returned to their summer stands. On the honey board of each hive is placed one or more pieces of white section, on which is kept in pencil all the record I find necessary, without the use of an apiary registry book, and this record could not be kept unless the hives were numbered.

I also find it more convenient to have one color with the even numbers and the other with the odd numbers. Swarms from white hives are usually hived in white hives and swarms from red hives in red hives. If the queen has a clipped wing, and the bees made to hive themselves by returning to the old stands, they enter a hive of the same color more readily. Or if I wish to place the young swarm that has clustered and been hived on the old stand, I prefer the new hive should be the same color of the hive removed. In placing hives I usually alternate the colors, as the bees recognize color and the hives look better according to my taste.

If I have made the conditions sufficiently plain, I will give a sample of the record kept on each hive. Suppose a prime swarm issues from white hive No. 50, June 10, 1895, and they are hived in white hive No. 58. I write on the piece of section Sw. 50, W., June 10, 1895, q, (or queen,) 1894. This is placed on the honey board of No. 58 W. This will tell me when to look for queen cells in No. 50 white. If a desirable stock to breed from I save as many cells as I require at the time.

In looking through No. 50 at the proper time I find the young queen hatched. I write on section on No. 50, June 25, y. q. h., (that is young queen hatched). In about a week I look again in No. 50 and find the young queen laying, and I write, q. 1895, F., the F. meaning fertilized.

If the queen is large and yellow to

the tip I add "fine." If much off in color I mark "dark," etc.

In changing queens from one hive to another I write, "q. 49, R. 1893," showing the age of the queen and the hive from whence taken. The reference to 49 R. shows that that hive is either to raise queens or be supplied with a queen cell. Suppose again queen from No. 40 white is sold, write June 10, q. s., (queen sold), A. F. B., (initials of purchaser). June 10, '95, q. c., (queen cell), No. 37, R.

By this means we may know the age of every queen in the apiary, and also keep a record of the number of full sections taken from any colony, and any one entry on the piece of section, or any suitable piece of wood to write on, is the work of a moment. Paper will not do for the purpose, as light gusts of wind would be likely to blow it away when the cap of hive is raised off.

Youngsville, Pa.

The Season in Florida.

BY H. E. HILL.

Reports from quite a number of producers in Valusia, Brevard and Dade counties, indicate that the average per colony will not exceed 30 pounds on the east coast of Florida for 1896. As usual the greater part of the crop came from Saw Palmetto in May. Nearly the entire country is thickly covered with this "scrub," and in many parts its dense growth forms a veritable jungle, almost impenetrable. It is a bountiful yielder in favorable seasons and the forage is practically unlimited, though in localities remote from the sea, the flow is uncertain, and, I believe, never so heavy as on the beach, doubtless owing to the saline atmosphere which seems to favorably influence nectar secretion. The honey is a light amber, of delicious flavor and very heavy body. It was this source which in 1894, gave the bee-keepers of the east coast, the bulk of their large crop, averages in many apiaries ranging from 250 to 350 pounds per colony, and several apiaries averaging from 380 to 420 pounds per colony, though the numerous other sources of minor importance all helped to swell the yield.

Cabbage Palm and black Mangrove may also be classed with the first-class honey yielders of the state. In fact, Mangrove, prior to the great freezes of 1894-95, in localities where it was abundant, stood eminently at the head of the list. Both bloom in July, and yield a very light honey, both in color and body. The Mangrove is found only in "salt marshes" where its roots are bathed in the tide waters which flow and ebb from the ocean and as it was the chief source of those located on the Halifax and Hillsborough rivers, where it was killed to the ground, prospects for the next few years are far from being encouraging.

At Indian river narrows, about 85 miles south of this heretofore favored locality, I found quite an extensive area of Mangrove which had escaped the freeze, and as an experiment, I moved 60 colonies to that field about July 1st. This proved to be one of the seasons, when, as it sometimes does, Mangrove fails to yield, and consequently my experiment "failed" also.

During January and February, Pennyroyal affords a good flow in our present locality, which puts the bees in good condition for later flora. In my opinion this honey is unsurpassed by any goods produced in any part of the country, not excepting white clover. The bloom is perfection, bears a strong resemblance to red clover bloom, and in some localities on the St. Lucie river, (where we have two apiaries), during the season of bloom the scene at once suggests a northern meadow, while it sheds its sweet aroma upon the balmy winter air.

I may have more to say regarding bee-keeping in the South, in a future issue when time will better permit; but in compliance with the editor's request for a few notes on the season in Florida, I am writing this aboard of a boat loaded with bees and my camping outfit, on my return to the St. Lucie river, 50 miles south, after having spent seven weeks camped with our bees on an old bulk-head in the narrows. Though the move has not been a financial success, only getting about 1,800 pounds of honey, we do not dispair, and as I hear the low, contented hum of the bees, well contented and supplied with water, and the creaking of the heavy boom against the mast, as breezes fair and fresh against a "free sheet," carries us speedily southward, passing the beautiful villas and semi-tropical scenery for which the Indian river is famed, and the inlets which give us a view of the ocean's breaking surf, I do not find my task unpleasant, reclining upon the fore-castle deck, with pencil and tablet, especially when writing under the ispiraiton always imparted by the thought of being "homeward bound."

Amount of Honey Required to Winter a Colony of Bees.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

In the July number of the *Bee-Keepers' Review*, C. P. Dadant amongst other things, says: "If I remember rightly, the quantity of honey needed to carry a colony of bees safely through the winter, has been estimated at different times by different writers, at amounts ranging from 5 to 40 lbs." This is my recollection also of the various estimates given, but there surely and undoubtedly is something wrong somewhere. I must admit that the amount of stores consumed by different colonies, vary greatly; some colonies consume a great deal more than others. Often, if not usually, the colonies that consume the most honey, later prove to be amongst the poorest colonies, *i. e.*, in regard to strength of colony, and usually, if not always, the colonies consuming the least stores are amongst our best colonies when the honey harvest arrives. Now I think, that while I admit that there is a great difference in the quantity consumed by different colonies, from 5 to 40 lbs., is too great a difference. When I speak of the amount of stores required to winter a colony of bees, I mean the amount of honey they will consume from the time honey ceases coming in, *i. e*, enough to supply their daily wants until more can be had in the Spring, in sufficient quantities for their daily use, and not the amount of honey required to keep them from starving from cold until warm weather. As bees are not really wintered until they are again able to gather at least as much as they consume. Therefore, the most honey required to winter a colony of bees, will be consumed after the severest weather has past, when brood-rearing has commenced in earnest, and when they should hove a good supply. Probably one reason for this great difference is on account of the time when we call it winter. Therefore, I would particularly warn the beginner never to attempt to winter a colony on anything near like 5 lbs., even if it should take them through cold weather, it will never take them to where they can take care of themselves; better have 5 to 10 lbs. too much than 5 to 10 ounces too little.

Steeleville, Ill.

OUR
CORRESPONDENTS

The W. T. Falconer M'f'g Co.,
Gentlemen: Please send me cartoons. * * * * It has been a great honey season here. My bees gathered on the 6th day of July, 3,000 lbs. of honey in ten hours. I think they beat the record of the world, and on the 15th day of August, they gathered 1,500 lbs. of basswood and 7,000 lbs. of buckwheat honey. I have 188 working colonies.

Yours truly,

Sidney Sleeper.

Holland, N. Y., Aug. 30th.

Clubbing List.

We will send the American Bee-Keeper with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
American Apiculturist,	(75)	1 15
Bee-Keeper's Review.	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From Pacific Bee Journal.)

SHIPPING COMB HONEY SAFELY BY FREIGHT, IF YOU HAVE ANY.

BY B. S. K. BENNETT

The loss of our beautiful comb honey by breakage in shipment and the ruined condition of the home market caused by the damaged condition of our honey packages has led me to try to better the method of handling this tender article—comb honey. I have often witnessed the forced sale of damaged honey, and in almost every store that I visited last summer I found a quantity of this leaky case-dobbed comb honey.

Brother bee keepers, arouse yourselves and put up your honey right. The first step is to produce the article in correct shape by having the combs built solid to all four sides of the sections, and to do this to a certainty, two sets of starters must be used. One large strip at the top of the section and a small one at the bottom, perfectly fastened to the section, and they will stay. The Daisy Foundation Fastener is the best machine for starting foundation in sections that has yet come to my notice.

Secondly, to get evenly built combs, we should use the slotted wood sawed separators, and then the capping of the honey will not scrape off in shipping. I hope that there is no such thing as the packing of broken honey, but I am ofttimes tempted to think there is, for the reason that there is so much damaged honey on the market.

Extreme care should be exercised in packing, to see that the honey is all of a thick, ripe grade, in perfect condition, and strongly built. If there is any unfit to ship long distances, use it at home, put it back in the hive, or dispose of it at the home market. Don't allow it to get mixed with the long distance honey, for this damaged honey means low prices for all and the ultimate refusal of the dealers to handle it.

To gain the best results in shipping comb honey, it should be well cured, and to gain this end it may be kept in a very warm, dry, well ventilated room for at least four weeks. The temperature nearest 100 degrees will do the best curing.

Shipping-crates should be made to hold four or five twenty-pound cases to insure the most care in handling by freight men. The practice of shipping comb honey in single twenty-four pound cases, that can be easily thrown about, is a mistake, especially in small or less than car load shipments. The crate is made much the style of a one-piece section crate, of light lumber, but in such a way as to be strongly nailed and large enough to allow of packing of straw or shavings, which will surely give a spring jar instead of a thump when the case is handled. The head of the crate is made of two thick boards just the size of the lid of the honey case. If you use a twenty-four pound case, which shows four sections through the glass, the size of these head boards are 12 by 18 inches and one inch thick. One of these boards is laid on the floor and on it is placed a layer of straw, then five twenty-four pound cases of comb honey are set on it and the other head board goes on top of all, with a little packing underneath. Now the thin crate strips are nailed to the head boards at each of the four corners, making your crate complete.

The crate is then marked with a request to place it lengthwise in the car. Now this crate gets better handling on account of its size and weight, because it is too heavy for one man to lift and is either handled by two men or by hand truck.

California.

(From American Bee-Journal).

NOTES FROM VIRGIL—SOMETHING HISTORICAL.

BY EMERSON T. ABBOTT.

Some years ago there came into my hands a copy of a translation, with notes, of Virgil's works, made in 1653, by one John Ogilby. His notes on the Fourth Georgic cannot fail to be of interest to bee keepers, as showing what was known about this industry over 200 years ago. I give the notes as they appear, spelling and all, with some few remarks.

The annotation on the Argument is suggestive. It reads as follows:

"The fourth Book comprehends the choicest rules of the ancients concerning Bees, which suits so well with ours that I have heard an Honorable Lady of Great Judgment (the late Countess of Kent) profess that she made an incredible increase of Bees, confining her servants who attended them precisely to observance of this Book."

On the line,

"Next to Aetherial Honey I'll proceed,"
the translator remarks:

"The poet (saith La Creda) excellent in Natural Philosophy, subverts the common opinion implying that the bees do not make Honey, but only gather it together and compact it, and therefore calls it Aerial and Celestial. To this assents Aristotle. That Bees make not Honey, but carry only away the falling Dew, may be argued from hence, that in one or two days a Hive may be found full; Besides if you take away their Honey in Autumn, they cannot recruit it, notwithstanding there are flowers at that time of year. And Pliny, 'Whether it be the Sweat of Heaven, or Spittle of the Stars, or Moisture of the Air purging itself, I wish it were as pure and natural as it first descends; Whereas now falling from so great a height, it contracts much of impurity by the way, yet retains much of the pleasantness of its Celestial nature.' "

This was before the days of glucose. Pliny seems to have had some idea of the adulteration craze, even in his time; but he does not tell us whether he thought it done by men or the gods.

"Wars, Labors, Manners, Nations, I'll recite."

"Aristotle," says the translator, "numbers bees amongst *civil people*. 'For the uses of life (says Pliny) they labor, work, ordain a commonwealth, have their private Councils, their public Warlike Actions, and, which is strangest of all, they have Morality.' "

This looks as though they had rather a high idea of the little workers in early times.

"For your Bee-hives fitting Stations find."

"*The Station of Bees* must be, according to Varro and Columella, in an open, Sunshiny place, little subject to the injuries of the Weather, far from noise of Men or Cattle, particularly of sheep, because (says Pliny) they cannot easily disen-tangle themselves out of their Wool; He adds that the Hive should open towards the East, if it may be, but by no means to the North. Mr. Butler's rules for a Bee-garden are these: It should be near home; fenced from Cattle and Winds; the East and North fences high, the South (on which side of the house they should set) and West fences good, but not so high, by no means to shadow the South Sun, nor from Sun-Setting; The place Sweet; not very cold in Winter, nor hot in Summer; grassy, but not suffered to grow up too high; beset with Trees and Bushes."

This man has made some progress in solving the "winter problem."

"But their abodes near Crystal Fountains place
Where purling Streams glide gently through the grass."

"Varro and Columella advise the same as most necessary, that there be Water near the Hives, and, if possible, to run by them, clear for them to drink. So they order Stone and Wood to be thrown into the Water, so as some part may appear out of it for the Bees to sit upon and drink with more ease."

It seems, too, that they began to discuss the question of hives as a very early period. In proof of which note the following:

"Whether of hollow Bark thou dost contrive
Or else with limber Twigs compose the Hive.
Make straight the Gate."

"Collumella gives a reason why

Hives of Bark are best. 'Hives,' saith he, 'are to be made according to the condition of the Country, whether it abound with Bark (doubtless we make most beneficial Hives of Bark, for they are not cold in Winter nor hot in Summer) or whether there be store of Reeds, which being near the nature of Bark, are very proper for this use; if neither of these may be had, they may be woven of Willow ; and for want of all a piece of hollow Tree."

The translator says, "With us there are but two sorts in use, made of straw and wicker, the first preferred by Mr. Butler."

It is probably needless for me to say again that I have followed the translator in the use of capitals, punctuation, etc.

"Next, when bright Sol makes Winter's cold retreat
Behind the Earth, and opens Heaven with Heat,
Straight they draw out and wander Groves and Woods."

"They go forth to work in the beginning of the Spring, but in the midst, or rather, as Pliny observes, in the latter end thereof."

It is of interest to note the idea these people had of the influence of sound upon bees, and also how old is the custom of making a noise to prevent the bees from decamping when they swarm.

"Make a brazen sound,
And beat the Cymbals of the Goddess round:
They on charmed Boughs will stay, or else retreat,
As is their Custom, to their Parents' Seat."

"Bees at the sound of Brass, or other Metals, are so afraid that they light upon the next place. Aristotle ascribes this to the delight they take in the Sound: La Cerda proves the contrary from the same effect at the noise of Thunder.

"The Cymbals of Rhea us'd by the Carybantes at her bringing forth Jupiter, to conceal the cries of the child from Saturn ; though Germanus observes that Cymbals were likewise us'd in the Orgies of Bacchus. Pliny saith, That bees delight in the tinkling of Brass, and by that means are called together : whereby it is manifest that they have the sense of Hearing. But Aristotle makes a doubt of it whether they stop through delight or fear."

There was no doubt in the minds of these early writers as to bees being able to hear.

"Oft between Two Kings great discord and sad wars have been.'

The annotator remarks: The occasions whereof, according to Aristotle and Pliny, are four, Want of sustenance, Love of the Flowers, Hate of their Neighbors, Pride of their Kings."

Virgil had not gotten away from the idea of a "King Bee."

"The Kings amidst the Train in Armor shine,
And mighty souls in narrow breasts confine."

"That the Kings are eminently distinguished from the rest, is confessed by all that write upon this subject. Pliny saith, 'By their more exact form, as big again as the rest, their Wings shorter, their Thighs straighter, their Walk more erect, amidst their forehead a white spot like a Diadem ; Much likewise differ they from the ordinary sort by their Whiteness."

St. Joseph, Mo.

(From The Southland Queen.)

POISON HONEY.

BY DR. W. M. STELL.

After reading the articles in the American Bee Journal about Mountain Laurel, I decided to make an experiment for my own satisfaction, and seeing a great many goats here eating the leaves of this plant, a thought struck me about its poisonous effects on goat's milk, for this is the recourse that we have for obtaining milk here, as the mountains are so high and broken that it is impossible to have cows.

Now, the great question; is the honey poison that the bees gather from Laurel? and is the milk poison from goats that feed on Laurel? After watching the goats nibling so ravenously on this bush, I asked the herder if he did not know that this plant was poison. He said no, to the contrary, that they often drove the goats to them, and besides that it was a great medical plant—for nervous headache they would bruise a leaf and bind it to the temples; for all kinds of ulcerating sores would treat likewise. I asked him if he ever took any inwardly, and he said that he had, but it produced pain and vomiting, also stated that burros and mules would not eat it. I, at once, gathered some flowers and leaves to perform an experiment upon the honey bee, as the opinion seemed to differ very much in regard to the poison honey. In reading these articles, I failed to see any direct experiment performed by these parties, to prove that honey is or is not poison when gathered from Mountain Laurel, though some stated that the hills were covered with this plant, and they never knew of any bad effects produced by eating honey when it was in full blossom, while others made the contrary statement.

The following is the result of my experiment: I bruised, in a wedgewood mortar, eight ounces each, leaves and fresh flowers, adding twenty ounces of water and twelve ounces of dilute alcohol to extract its virtue. This was gently boiled down to about sixteen ounces, which had a strong, sweetish, repugnant taste. I then mixed one ounce of this decoction with eight of dilute honey; this was given to the bees at 6 o'clock, p. m., in a simplicity feeder, which was placed between the frames in the brood chamber. Will state that this colony was especially prepared for the experiment, having one frame only with brood (no honey), and four perfectly empty ones; the hive was closed and bees confined for two days before the experiment, to allow sufficient time for them to digest all honey in their stomachs. The next morning I provided myself with a glass graduate and a small suction dropper. I felt certain when opening the cover that I would find my little workers all dead in a pile, but to my great surprise, on lifting the enamel cloth to one side, they had their little heads sticking straight up, and eyes as bright as diamonds. On examining further, found the feeder empty and almost dry—they had deposited this poison honey in the combs—with the dropper, I sucked out two ounces of this honey (from the cells in the comb), which was taken in their honey sacs, from the feeder, just the same way as they do from the natural flowers; of course the distance was very short, but the honey, without a doubt, underwent the same slight physiological change while there, and we do not know how rapid this change may be. Now, this was the first honey that they had for three days, and I tell you they enjoyed it hugely. Now, after seeing no bad effects on the bees, my next, to complete this experiment was on the human, so I told my assistant, who is a Mexican boy of fourteen Summers, that we would swallow this newly gathered honey between us; I was obliged to swallow first, taking only one half of an ounce, the boy swallowed the remaining one and a half ounces. This honey had a splendid flavor, only leaving a slight astringent-like taste in the palate. Now for the direct physiological effect on man and boy. About one half hour after swallowing this honey I suddenly became giddy, and a slight loss of sight; felt as if being whirled around. I immediately introduced my finger as far down the throat as possible, and vomited sweet laurels up, which relieved me instantly. The dose with the boy stayed with him all O. K. for one hour. Will state right here, dear reader, the Almighty being my helper, I will never try another experiment on any human again, and advise you all to do likewise. Just listen to these honey symptons; the boy fell with a violent convulsion, hard contracted stomach, cold hands and feet, profuse perspiration, mouth tightly closed, eyes opened and rolled back, pupils dilated, face flushed, twitching of lower limbs, and great difficulty of breathing, pulse full, only fifty per minute, but strong. Being more than satisfied, and greatly alarmed with these symptons, 2 one-tenth grains of Apomorphia was administered hypodermically, in the left biceps, which promptly produced an emetic effect that relaxed all muscular contraction; after a good vomit, he sat up complaining of pain in the stomach and back of the neck. Two ounces of castor oil was administered, which operated in about two hours, bringing away a great deal of bile and undigested honey; there was a great deal of honey in the vomits also. The boy was quite broken up and unwell for a week, but is now bright as a dollar, as though nothing ever happened. I hope, after this little experiment, those who are sceptic on Laurel honey being poison, will only try a small bit on themselves, and know, personally, how it feels. I will assure you that a little of the above symptons will convince and put you straight. Some may say, why does it not produce such effects on the bee? Well, this I do not know, nor does any one else. It is true that when the nectar is gathered from flowers, it undergoes a slight, peculiar physiological change, that strains, refines and reduces the amount of acid, to prevent fermentation, but does not alter its natural constituents; if it did, all honey would look and taste alike; there would be no necessity of grading our honey for the market. By this peculiarity of over deposit of alkaloid in each flower enables us to distinguish its class when eating, and when this process is taking place it is just as natural for the bee as for the nurse girl to let a good bit slip down when chewing for the baby; it is the same honey, only prepared and purified for us. Bees cannot carry honey from the field in buckets or bottles; Nature has provided each one with a little sac for this purpose I do not believe that Nature intended that any material changes should take place while there; most assuredly the honey is slightly acted on by the secretions of the compound racemose glands of head and throax, to aid digestion and regurgitation.

The milk from goats feeding on Laurel bushes contains no poison whatever, as I could discover; it may be because they only eat very little, and far apart.

My bees never visit the Laurel blossoms; they crown themselves with something better.

There are two kinds of Laurel, one being considered more poison than the other. Mountain Laurel (Kalmia latifolia) and Cherry Laurel (Lauro cerasifolia); the two are similar in size of growth, shape and color of leaves, also are evergreen. Mountain Laurel has a cluster of bright pink flowers, while the flowers of Cherry Laurel are white; the both are wild, Spanish plants, and contain great abundance of Hydrocyanic Acid (Prussic Acid), which is deadly poison, but often used in pharmacy, diluted. The leaves of Cherry Laurel are extensively used in Mexican cooking, and commonly sold on the streets with other aromatic herbs.

I believe it is the honest duty of all bee-keepers to be more studious about the poison plants, and ascertain from which source the bees gather the honey. Jasmine, Digitalis, Oleander, Nightshade, etc., are all dangerous and poison garden plants, which should be substituted by others more profitable and as beautiful. I hardly think bees will visit such poisonous plants unless compelled to do so by absence of all others, and during a sudden check in the honey flow.

Jesus Maria, Mexico.

(From Gleanings).

SUPPLYING THE HOME HONEY MARKET.

BY F. A. SNELL.

In about five weeks after my first visit is made to town No. 1, I again take a trip to the same place with a supply of honey. On arrival I first call at the grocery where I left my honey to be sold on commission. The grocer informs me that he has sold quite a large part of my honey, and would like to have a new supply. This time he is ready to buy, and I sell him quite a lot of the comb, and also some of the extracted. After this time I sold him hundreds of pounds each year so long as he remained in business, and, later, to his successor.

The others with whom I dealt on my first trip were next seen, and found ready for a new supply. When room would permit, and a number of cases of honey were taken, I would place the cases three or four deep, the small at the top, which we all know presents a very neat view of the honey combs through the glass in the side of the case. One case was set to one side, from which to retail.

The grocers have, without exception, been pleased with my arrangement of the honey when so placed. Pails or cans are also placed where they may attract attention, the label being always placed in full view of those entering the store.

I have found it very useful to give each grocer some hints as to where the honey snould be kept during cool weather in fall and winter, so that it may not deteriorate. I have found that, nine times out of ten, if I say nothing about the matter, the honey will be put in the coldest part of the store, or in a back room, except the one case from which to retail; and in one instance the larger part of the purchase was put into a damp cellar, and nearly ruined. The same I have found to be true in selling private parties.

The bee keeper must do a great deal of talking along this line of instruction. To old customers I do not know how much of this to do; but to new ones it seems as necessary as ever.

Right here is a very important point for all bee keepers to consider. As good honey as can be produced may be nearly ruined by unwise handling; and when such deteriorated honey is consumed, it disgusts the consumer, nearly ruins future sales, and, where hundreds of pounds could have been sold, only tens are disposed of.

After supplying with the honey all the dealers named, and a few minutes spent in pleasant conversation, I take leave, with the understanding that I will supply them so long as my stock of honey lasts; or, if no more is on hand, to call on them next season if a crop is secured. And so I have aimed to keep my trade in all these towns by keeping them supplied when I have had any honey to sell, always aiming to make our deal as pleasant for my patrons as for myself. The honey should be well ripened, kept later in a hot, dry honey room, put up for sale in the neatest way possible, and each package labeled with the name of the producer, etc., and sold for just what it is. If the honey is No. 1, sell it as such; if not, or only No. 2, use no deception, but deal honestly. In complying with the above, trade once gained will be held, and a clear conscience also.

Town designated as No. 3 is distant from my apiary 13 miles, and had at one time within its borders and near by, fully 500 colonies of bees. Owing to the large number of bees kept, and over-supplying this market, the price of honey ruled low. If some of the honey produced there had been marketed in adjoining towns, paying prices might have been maintained; for the amount of honey produced in or near the other towns was slight. Many times the low prices realized for honey are our own fault, and are caused by the unwise or foolish distribution of our honey in marketing, as indicated above. Bee keepers should consider this matter thoroughly from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We see some of our large cities overstocked with honey every year, while other good markets are hardly considered. At present the town mentioned above has within its borders but few bees; but the people have come to think that they should not pay over 10 or 12 cents for the finest comb honey in section-boxes; or a large portion seem to at least. I never sold or attempted to sell any honey in that town until recent years for two reasons, viz: First, the market belonged to my bee keeping friends living there; and second the price did not suit me. Having a little other business I thought to supplement it by taking along a few cases of comb honey and a few cans of extracted on this my first visit as a honey seller.

On my arrival I drove up to a grocery and tied my horse. The grocer was just placing some newly-arrived peaches out in front of his store.

After a little conversation as to the fruit, I told him I had brought some honey to town and would like to have him look at it. I took a case of comb honey from the buggy and placed it near him where it could be inspected. The honey through the glass looked tempting. I removed the cover and took out a few boxes for his inspection. He said he had never seen any neater honey than that and it was well put up. Three or four townsmen came up and looked at the honey. He asked me what I was selling it at. I told him 15c per pound. He said he had no fault to find with the honey but when honey had to be retailed at over 12 or 15c it was slow selling in their town.

I informed him that in other towns I was selling at 15c and no complaint. He declined to take any. I then had him sample the extracted. He thought it fine. I gave him the price saying that no one should find fault with the price he could sell this at, but my efforts with him were apparently in vain.

Right here I wish to say that, in this town, those new in the extracting business had, years before, taken unripe honey from their bees and sold it, which had nearly ruined the sale of honey in this form, as it fermented, and was not fit to sell as honey.

I next called at grocery No. 2. Finding them busy, I waited until they had a little leisure. I noticed an old case containing perhaps 25 one-pound sections, all daubed with propolis, sections and combs dark, looking as if they had been in use many years. The combs were only partially filled with honey and of course not capped. At a leisure moment I made my business known, and I secured their permission to bring in a case of my honey. It was viewed through the glass readily. I removed the cover and took out some of the boxes for their inspection. The honey suited them. My price was asked and given.

"We have some comb honey over here," showing that first noticed by me on entering their store. I asked who produced it and learned that he was an old friend, and a man of intelligence quite above the average. I knew him to be, as the reader knows well, not made for a bee keeper. At first I sold them one case of the honey. I stated that I should not be in with honey that season again, and would think they could readily sell more, but that they were to be the judges in that matter. They took one more case, thinking also that they could do so. As they had a supply of extracted, I made no sale, but let them sample my own. The price was 15 cents per pound for the two cases. I left with the encouragement of probable future sales.

The next grocery was visited, and I found it unsupplied with honey; so I effected a small sale of comb and extracted, and shall try to supply that store with honey in the future, if I am so fortunate as to get a crop of honey.

A few cans of the extracted were sold before leaving town, to private parties, for home use.

Where I have made sales of any consequence of extracted honey at the stores, I have not retailed; but if no honey could be sold at the stores, I have felt free to retail it in any such town either in or out of the comb. The results of the day in selling honey were limited but the start had been made in opening up what may prove to be a fair market for honey near home at fair prices.

Milledgeville, Ill.

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EDITORIAL.

A large honey crop has been gathered throughout this section.

Our sales have been unusually large during the past three months, and while the early part of the season did not promise even fairly well, the aggregate has exceeded the amount of business last year by several hundred orders.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER one year with the Cosmopolitan for $1.25. The Cosmopolitan is a monthly magazine containing an average of over 100 pages and 80 illustrations each month.

The annual convention of the North American Bee Keepers' Association will take place Oct. 7th and 8th at Lincoln, Neb, A good program has been arranged and no doubt an enjoyable time will be had by those attending. The subject of amalgamation with the Bee Keepers Union will be brought up, and will no doubt be voted down.

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

The Southland Queen, with its August number, sent out as a supplement, the program of the Southwest Texas Bee Keepers' Association, whose convention is to be held at Beeville Sept. 16th and 17th. It is neatly gotten up in pamphlet form, and reflects credit upon the printers.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

It is told thst recently a son of the Marquis of Salisbury sent to a nearby town for a queen bee, and received a telegram which read, "The queen will arrive at 3:40 this afternoon." The telegraph operator, supposing it to refer to the Queen of England, could not keep such good news to himself, and the result was an immense crowd of people at the station when the bee arrived.

We will duplicate the prices on hives and supplies offered by any first class manufacturers — and in many cases can do even better by you than anyone else.

In another column we publish a short report from one of our subscribers, Mr. S. S. Sleeper, which shows that his bees have certainly "broken the record" in honey gathering in this part of the country at least.

"How to Manage Bees," a 50c book, and the American Bee-Keeper a year for only 60c.

The crop of buckwheat honey in this locality will be very large this season.

We are in need of articles for publication at all times, especially correspondence. Write us a letter describing your experience the past season.

Reduction of Prices.

Foundation has been reduced 3c a pound from prices in our 1896 catalog. This is owing to the lower price of wax.

Our No. 1 Falcon Polished Sections we now offer at $2.50 for 1000, $4.50 for 2000, $6.40 for 3000, $10 for 5000. Less than 1000 same prices as formerly.

Beeswax is lower. We are now paying 23c cash or 25c in trade, per pound, delivered at our railroad station, (Falconer, N. Y). This price is not guaranteed. We will pay highest market price when wax is received. Prices are liable to be reduced again within a short time. If you have any wax to sell it is advisable to send it now.

THE MORMON TEMPLE.

It was only four days after the arrival of the Mormon emigrants in the basin of the Salt Lake that Brigham Young marked out the site for the great Mormon temple. The people of the colony labored on the edifice for many years, hauling the granite of which it is constructed from a quarry twenty miles distant. At last, after the expenditure of several million dollars, it has been completed, and is one the most solid and impressive buildings in America. Its walls are sixteen feet thick, and will probably stand without a crack for a thousand years. The temple and the Mormon tabernacle are architectural buildings of which any city might be proud.—From "Wonderlands of the West," in Demorest's Magazine for September.

Apropos sf Cornelius Vanderbilt's disagreement with his son, the latter's marriage to a woman very much older than himself, the editor of The Cosmopolitan, in the September issue, seriously discusses the education most useful to modern life, and substantially, if not in words, asks: "Does modern college education educate?" The September Cosmopolitan, as if to show what a magazine can do, gives four complete stories in this single nnmber, by such noted authors as Frances Courtenay Baylor, Maurice Thompson, Gertrude Hall, and John J. a'Becket. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Lew Wallace, Francisque Sarcey, I. Zangwill, Agnes Repplier, Norman Kerr, M. D., H. C. Chatfield Taylor, Wm. Eleroy Curtis, Robert E. Strahorn, Colonel Tillman, and Ruth McEnery Stuart are also among the contributors to this one issue of a magazine that is sold for ten cents. Nor is this all. Among other writers not already mentioned is Camille Flammarion, who has an article on "The Wonderful New Eye of Science," which alone is worth the entire price of the magazine. The Cosmopolitan has been gradually perfecting its engraving and mechanical departments, until the publishers believe that, in the September issue, they present a number unrivaled in artistic and mechanical excellence.

A ROYAL PROGRESS.

When spring, like Raleigh, flung his cloak
For her small foot's light treading,
The stripling larches fresh buds broke,
And pennon leaves 'gan spreading.

The vassal sun, his glory shedding,
In cloth of gold drest humblest folk
When spring, like Raleigh, flung his cloak
For her small foot's light treading.

The loyal birds shrill homage woke,
And daisies, humble field flowers heading,
Curtsied and bobbed beneath an oak
Decked out as for a royal wedding
When spring, like Raleigh, flung his cloak
For her small foot's light treading.
L. Hereward in New Bohemian Monthly.

A MAN FROM OHIO.

Mr. Longley's mistake, the mistake of his life, grew out of his first mistake, which was in ever coming to California. He was agent for the Pacific Steamship company prior to his occupying a similar position in a great lakes company. He had never seen the ocean until he came to Monterey. But he didn't think much of it—not after the lakes. Of the people he thought even less.

He used to go over to the telegraph office where Carpenter was, and there, on a pile of blue butter boxes, air his mind pretty freely concerning "these infernal greasers." Longley wasn't a bad fellow back in Ohio, but out here he could not or would not shake into place. He was going back, when he had a stipulated sum saved, to marry the prettiest girl in Ohio. Meantime he chafed and fretted at his chain.

One of the first things he did had gained him the ill will of all the loungers in the crooked little street. Benito, 4 years old, came running to him. Every one adored Benito, for the Spanish are baby lovers and not in the least ashamed to show it—Benito, with lovely crimson cheeks and great, velvety black eyes. Dirty? Oh, so dirty, but also so charming. Just as he reached the hombre grande, he tumbled flat, and the "great man" calmly put out his foot and lifted Benito out of the way on the toe of his boot. They all saw that—Manuel, Francisco, the Moreno boys, Jose Erron, all—for they were sitting in front of Charley Rodriguez's saloon, keeping a wary eye out for possible whales in the bay. Benito ran howling to them, and the wound his vanity had received was healed with candy and soft words. But it would have been well for Mr. Longley if that had never happened.

The Spanish mamma is an excellent matchmaker, and very seldom has any old maids on her hands. She takes advantage of that contrary little twist in a man's nature which makes him want what is just out of his reach. So Ysabel, or Carmelita, or Dolores, as the case may be, is sedulously guarded by the mother, who makes certain that her daughter is never alone with any young man a moment. Mr. Longley said often he did not care a pin for their customs. He was from Ohio and brought his own code of ethics and etiquette, which these greasers were obliged to trim to—not he to fit to theirs. No, sir! So, in line with these sentiments, he told Carpenter one day that he was going to take Julia Estudillo to the Thanksgiving ball.

"Have you asked her mother?" inquired the cautious Carpenter.

"I don't intend to," replied Mr. Longley. "I haven't asked the girl yet, but she'll jump at the chance to go with a white man. Say, she isn't a bad looking girl for a g——."

"Look out!" interrupted Carpenter, "you are a little too handy with that epithet. And you intend taking the girl alone?"

"Alone!" said Longley firmly. "No old duenna tags me around."

"You'll get yourself in trouble sure," Carpenter warned. "If you're not sandbagged at the baile or assassinated before the baile—mark my words—they'll rope you into marrying the girl."

Mr. Longley slapped himself on his chest and gave his friend to understand that he had not journeyed all the way from Ohio to have his life cut off in its flower and prime by the hand of an assassin, nor did he leave the prettiest girl in "the states" to come out here to marry one of these "Spanish beauties" and for the rest of a fevered existence strive to keep enough frijoles and tortillas in the larder to feed her and her 4,000 relatives. "Don't you worry over Longley. He can take care of himself," was his parting adjuration.

* * * * * *

Lured by the sound of viol, flute and bassoon, or, to be exact, accordion, two guitars and a fiddle, Carpenter stole away from the office to peep in at the Thanksgiving ball. The long hall was brilliant with kerosene lamps and gay with palms and flowers. Longley was there with his Julia. A quadrille had just ended, and the men were rushing about for new partners. When not dancing, the girls all sat at one end of the room, looking demure and pretty in their white frocks, with roses in their black braids. Facing them on a long bench sat the duennas gossiping and smoking, but each keeping an unwearied eye upon her particular charge.

Longley caught sight of Carpenter and came hurrying out. "You see I brought her," he said.

"And her mother?" asked Carpenter.

"Mother nothing! You want to hear how I did it?" and Longley unfolded a tale that made Carpenter gasp.

"Well, my son, if you really did this—persuaded that foolish girl to climb out of the window and go with you unknown to her mother—I don't know but what you deserve your fate. You know too much ever to take advice, but I'll give you this piece, so I won't have you on my conscience as not having done all I could. Don't go home the same way you came, and, if it was me, I'd walk backward every step of the way."

Longley waved the advice lightly from him and hurried back to Julia.

* * * * * *

The next time the friends met was at Longley's wedding, four weeks after the Thanksgiving ball. Longley looked weak and pale. Carpenter judged he had hardly recovered from the garrotazo that had laid him low as he was boosting Julia in her window, one of the iron bars of which Longley had managed to remove. Longley suspected Julia's cousin, Jose Erron, who had shown unutterable hatred for the young eastern man.

For three weeks Longley lay in the Estudillos' adobe suffering from concussion of the brain. Part of the time he was unconscious. He had strange dreams. The bare little chamber was a prison cell, and Julia was his jailer. He dreamed he clamored for Kitty—Kitty back in Ohio—that is, he thought "Kitty" and struggled to say it, to scream it, but the spoken word turned to "Julia." He strove, he fought, struggling as a drowning man struggles for breath in the water, to call for Kitty. He was not Julia's, he was Kitty's. That kept floating back and forth in his brain like a piece of kelp sloshing to and fro in the tide.

When he got the kinks straightened out in his head, he found that they had finished calling the banns for him and Julia, and that they were preparing for the wedding to take place as soon as he could stand.

The thing was monstrous, without doubt, but what could be done? Carpenter was the only one who would even try to interfere, and he could do nothing. Julia clothed herself in stupidity, and against that impenetrable armor Carpenter battered in vain. The mother, of course, understood no word of English; so it was useless to appeal to her. And there they had poor, conceited, rattled Longley fast.

The marriage could not take place in the church, as Longley was not a Catholic. The priest did not approve and remonstrated with Senora Estudillo in regard to this impious alliance with a heretic. "Valgame Dios!" she said, with a despairing shrug. "What would you? Those of the true faith will not work, and there are seven of us and nine of the family of my sister. Would you have us starve?" It is a sad thing that religion must give way to matters of expediency. The dollar dominates even in slumberous old Monterey.

Carpenter, with a grim line round his mouth, wondered as he stood watching the priest's genuflections if Longley was recalling any of his somewhat intemperate remarks about priests and greasers. He looked white enough, as he stood limply by bridal robed Julia, to be recalling the sins and misadventures of a bad life a century long.

Longley never did get to looking "right peart"—he began work too soon. He worked early and he worked late, for were there not 19 blood relatives and 28 collaterals, also the blood relatives of the collaterals, and all big eaters? But it is an unwritten law that you are not expected to clothe the collaterals or their relatives.

A dozen or so would come down from Tassajara, another dozen from Tres Pinos, and there "visit" three or four weeks at Longley's in the most perfect amity. Being but human, Longley would occasionally raise Cain and the roof, but as most of his swarthy relatives were surprisingly destitute of a knowledge of English his revolts were ineffectual.

They had parties every Sunday night, and to the strains of an accordion and three or four guitars they would fairly dance the lint out of the floor and walls.

In the old unfettered days that which had met with Longley's most unqualified scorn were these very Sunday night dances.—Edith Wagner in Argonaut.

Funerals In Yorkshire.

A funeral is still regarded as a very high festival in rural Yorkshire. A poor woman was lately heard complaining of the fare provided at one she had attended. "A paltry concern," she said, scornfully, "Nobbut cakes and such like. Now I've buried five, but I sided 'em all off with 'am!" And this: A farmer was assisting his daughter in the choice of a dress, and, seeing her fancy incline to a blue one, said remonstratingly, "Nay, lass, tak the black one, happen tha might have the luck to be axed to a funeral," and his counsel prevailed.

What He Could Do.

James Payn tells a story of a certain officer of a transatlantic steamship who, in the absence of any clerical passenger, was asked, during a storm, to undertake the duties of chaplain. He was anxious to oblige, but felt that he was altogether unequal to ecclesiastical operations—to preaching or even reading. "I can, however," he said, "take up a collection."

Electric Fencing.

Lovers of fencing will be interested in an invention which has just been tried in London, and which is said to do away altogether with the difficulty constantly experienced by an umpire in judging hits between two equally matched competitors. This end, it is declared, has been achieved by covering the front of each jacket with fine copper or brass wire gauze, and connecting this with the adversary's foil and an electric bell (of the burglar alarm pattern) and battery in the same circuit. It follows that when a hit is made the circuit is closed, and the bell rings and continues to ring until stopped by the person in charge. A special arrangement in each foil [illegible] provides that only a direct point produces a ring. Two entirely electrically distinct circuits are used, each including a bell, foil and jacket; flicks or blows or grazes produce no result. The bells being of different tones, and, moreover, placed on opposite sides of the room, there is no difficulty in deciding who has scored a hit, or, in cases of almost simultaneous hits, who delivered the point first. By a simple arrangement the wires passing from the batteries to the combatants' collars are kept well out of the way, however sudden may be their movements of advance or retreat. In the London trial six selected amateurs competed for a pair of foils, and five bouts were fought. The experiments were completely successful. A military expert, Captain Hutton, who was present, said that the device would be of great value at such competitions as the royal military tournament.

Juvenile Logic.

Mother—Now, Willie, you've been eating sweets till you've made yourself ill. I shall have to send for the doctor.

Willie—I say, if you are sending for the doctor, may I have another sweet? It won't make any difference, you know."—Pearson's Weekly.

Uses of Wild Rice.

Few know more of the reed of our river mud flats than that it furnishes the food on which fattens for the epicure the reedbird of autumn dinner tables, the bobolink of other seasons. But as wild rice, Zizania aquatica of science, it has played no mean part in the service of man. It was the staple food of the Indians that formerly inhabited northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, where the plant abounds on the margin of lakes. Dr. Elliott Coue says that it is still the chief recourse of the Objibway Indians on the reservations of Minnesota. They not only gather it for their own use, but for the purposes of trade. A common name is Indian rice, and the lakes along which the plants abound are known as rice lakes. Whole Indian villages will be tenantless in autumn, the inhabitants having gone "ricing," as the harvesting is termed. The Indians push their canoes into masses of rice, bend the heads of rice over a crotched stick and thrash the grain into the bottom of the boat.

FIRST LOVE.

First love is best, the poet said—
Ah, poet, wise and true!
In youth it fanned my heart to flame,
In manhood burns—about the same—
And will my whole life through.

That first love! Can I e'er forget
The dawn of that fair time
When dimpled cheeks and soulful eyes
Revealed a glimpse of paradise,
And I bowed at the shrine?

'Twas then I swore my heart was true;
That she was wondrous fair.
But here today I've tried in vain
Just to recall her Christian name
And gave up in despair.

* * * * * * *

Many a maid I've loved since then—
Hope to love many yet—
An Alice once, a winsome Ray,
A Beatrice and twice a May,
And then a Margaret.

But then I know the poet said
The first love stirs the flame.
Though maids galore you love and woo,
That first love lasts your whole life through.
Naught changes but the name.

—Albert Lang in Boston Globe.

SHROUDED IN SNOW.

There is, perhaps, no finer view of Mont Blanc in or around Geneva than that to be obtained from Colonel Tronchin's tower on the hill above Coligny. There you get a sunset effect that must have made many a painter despair, and, in the estimation of some, is superior to the grandeur of the sunrise seen from the Rigi. It is astonishing how the light lingers and the snow reddens in the sun after the orb has vanished beyond the green range of the Jura. The changing hues of the twilight—from the alabaster to the crimson, from the crimson to the steely gray, from the gray to the vivid pink, and then to dimness of the veil of mist arising from the valleys—are alone worth the trouble and expense of a special journey.

Geneva, indeed, is a delightful place at all times. The lovely lake, the stately Rhone, the turbulent Arve, the snowy mountain ranges cut in dazzling whiteness on the azure sky are attractions the like of which are not found together elsewhere, but with Mont Blanc included there is a combination of pleasing scenery perfectly irresistible. The many peaks that circle the Val d'Aoste are beautiful undoubtedly, but lacking the monarch of the mountains the view would seem shorn of half its glory. With him the panorama is perfect, the picture is complete.

From this point of vantage a couple of tourists, with a peasant girl, are admiring the inimitable tinting of the sunset sky. "You are right, Gisela, by Jove! This is the best I have seen since we entered your wonderful country. If this golden glow would only last! I believe I could look at it almost as long as I could at your pretty face, ma chere."

It is Sydney Athelstan, a tall, dark haired, well set up young Englishman, who speaks. He is touring Switzerland for the first time. Gisela's face flushes as rosy red as the fragrant rhododendron that flames the snow and ice 5,000 feet above them as she answers:

"You flatter me, m'sieur, but it is beautiful, for the night is clear. Let go my hand, please. I am only a peasant's child."

"But with the grace of a lady and the beauty of an artist's ideal!" fervently exclaims the young man. "M'Dieu, but you were made for something better than a mere cottager's daughter."

The girl wrenches her hand from his. The rose flush on her cheek fires into vivid scarlet. She points down the rugged path.

"If you will not have prudence, m'sieur, I must return alone to my father's roof, where Giotto, my betrothed, awaits me. I came to show you and your friend the place where the great English poet lived, and then the view of the mountain from here. Let us return together."

Athelstan listens with his soul in his eyes. Blue, uncertain, distrustful eyes they are, but fascinating to women.

As for Gisela, her wild rose beauty grows in fairness every day under the influence of maturing womanhood and the glow of a deep passion, for, despite her betrothal to Giotto and despite her shyness, she loves her stalwart young Englishman [illegible] her heart, and her bright eyes flash with pleasure at his coming. And his coming is frequent, is habitual. Together they climb the mossy banks of the valleys or the rugged ridges of the lower range, and when Giotto, ill at ease and revolving vengeance in his dull mind, goes with the sheep across the glacier to spend the summer months in solitary tending of the browsing herds the girl and her new lover take longer journeys and are altogether inseparable.

A month passes all too swiftly for the lovers. Then one evening, when the two have been away longer than usual, a telegram is left at the hotel for Athelstan. Sydney reads the message hurriedly and crumples it into his pocket with a muttered ejaculation.

"Mother is dead!" he says in a strained voice. "I must go home at once—tomorrow morning. I will go and pack up a few things now.

* * * * * *

"It will be fine today," says Gisela, the guide. And the others nod and acquiesce, for is she not as weatherwise as any man of them, as familiar with every nook and cranny of the mountains, with the paths of the avalanches, the portent of the south wind singing in the glaciers, the meaning of the flush and the fall of the rivers? Yes, it will be fine today if Gisela says so.

And the tourists hope it will be fine, for they are going to the Mer de Glace, which is a day's excursion from Chamouni, where they are staying. Mrs. Athelstan has not been to Switzerland before and is delighted with all she sees. Her husband has memories of a visit in the bygone years and hopes the sunbrowned woman with the flashing eyes—who insists on guiding them—does not remember him. She does not appear to recognize his features at first, though she starts at the sound of his voice, and a passing paleness crosses her handsome face. She goes on before them, chatting indefatigably all the way.

It is so much better for two people to go thus, with one trusty guide, than to loiter in parties, she says, as they are crossing the meadows in the valley. There is less danger of accident with fewer travelers together, except on the high peaks, where the rope is useful.

And so she leads them on, stepping over the furious river and climbing the precipices by a rugged path, now winding amid the firs and now through the verdant grass until they reach Montauvert, where you can stand on the edge of the plateau and look down on one side into the frozen sea and on the other into the vale of Chamouni.

From the surface of the sea of frozen billows the granite needles rise toward the sky, void of snow or ice, bidding defiance alike to the lightning and the tempests and the glacier sweeping past their base. They are grand, impressive, sublime, says Gisela, leading her companions by the side of the ice, where the rock and gravel are raised in a gigantic furrow by the frost and the avalanches and the crystal ocean grinding down its mountain bed; then, taking them out a little upon the bosom of the frozen sea and showing them the fissures and crevasses where the ice glitters clearer and up from the depths rolls the thunder of the ice masses falling from the roof of the crystal cavern at the foot of the glacier, where at intervals, bending low, you may hear the ripple of the rills that are hastening down to join and issue in the cold and muddy torrent of the iceborn Arve.

Then upward again, past the violet and gentian sprinkled verdure of the lateral moraines and the gorgeous beds of rhododendrons, to which the bees of Chamouni resort for honey, past the grassy slopes where the shepherds drive their herds across from Montauvert every year, Gisela leads them, talking fast but thinking faster, until they stand on a narrow ledge of rock at the foot of a glittering snow slope that overlooks the Glacier des Pelerhines and the cascade of that name.

"Speak softly here," she says, lowering her voice to a whisper. "The snow is insecure, and a sudden jarring of the air will surely bring an avalanche upon us. I have heard the shepherds and the guides caution each other against this place, for once before a snowslide swept down here. It was the wind made by its swift descent that snapped and felled the trees yonder."

Athelstan gazed down at the twisted, broken and prostrated trunks with a suddenly awakened fear. They are mutely, fiercely, eloquent of what fate awaits him and his wife should a word be spoken heedlessly or a foot ring incautiously against a stone.

"Why have you brought us here, then?" he asks in a whisper. "There is no special view."

"No, m'sieur, but there is special danger. I have waited for your return these many years. I have wished that we might meet here, with a certain death quivering above us. Can you not guess why?"

Her voice rises recklessly an inflexion higher. There is a flush of color upon her brow. Her attitude is one of gratified revenge.

"How can I guess, Gisela?" he stammers.

His face is blanched; his eyes dilate with dread. Ethel, his wife, glances from her husband to the girl with terror stricken amazement.

"What does she mean, Sydney? Explain it to me."

"She is mad, Ethel!" he returns, collecting himself a little. "Come, we will go back. It is time."

"You will not," cries Gisela, raising her voice until it becomes a shriek. "You will not. You will not escape my vengeance so easily." Long smoldering resentment at her base desertion has burst forth into the quenchless flame of hopeless jealousy, and she is careless what she does—careless of her own life.

"You made me love you," she goes on fiercely, "that summer so long past now; made me give up Giotto and grieve my parents and estrange my friends for your sake, and now you think to live happily with your English wife.

"You do not know that Giotto killed himself in his jealous anger, that my mother died of a broken heart, that my father died poor because I left them to go after you—though my search was vain. You do not hear the cry for retribution that rises from the ground where they sleep. You do not, but I do. Ha! ha!"

The sound of her laughter rings among the rocks and down the steeping vales and in and out among the vast snow masses piled around the crags. There is a trembling movement on the face of the slope of dazzling white above —an ominous, slipping, sliding sound.

"Quick! Hasten!" cried Athelstan, seizing his wife's arm. "The balance is disturbed; the avalanche is upon us. There is not a moment to be lost. Hasten!"

They hurry to the left, where the ledge broadens out upon the plateau—to the right it narrows more and more—leaving Gisela standing motionless, hurling her derisive mirth at them. Surely they will escape. The distance is not far.

But the great snow sheet, flinging stones and trees and frost spray far before its thunderous advance, is gaining fast upon them. It rushes headlong, a mass of overpowering majesty, terrible in its might, adown that awful slope, and ere the roar of it in their ears can drown the sound of that mocking mirth the snow foam billow that curls upon its lower edge sweeps them out into the gulf below.

There is a woman's cry, a man's curse, a mocking laugh cut swiftly short, and the avalanche passes on.

It roars along, its breath going before it like a destroying storm, and the gulf in which the three bruised bodies lie is filled with its snowy whiteness.

They sleep soundly there, beneath that chilly counterpane—sheltered in silence, shrouded in snow.—Exchange.

Wanted, a New Kind of Humorist.

So far from its being possible to "internationalize" humor, we may think ourselves lucky if we can manage to preserve even a national type. The Dickensian humor, it would seem, is "off;" the American droll, after a vogue of a good many years, is apparently ceasing to amuse; the "inverted aphorism" had but a short popularity and ultimately perished in calamitous and indeed unmentionable circumstances, and nothing seems growing up to take its place. The new generation "knocking at the door" rat tats with quite portentous gravity. This is, no doubt, an improvement on the older generations, who thought it a first rate stroke of wit to wrench off the knocker, but their successors are surely carrying a virtue to excess.

It seems a pity that they should be unable to laugh, but the most respected and "intellectual" among them cannot. It was the way of certain frivolous old fogies a few years ago to twit them with their supposed taste for what was then called the new humor, but there was really no foundation for the taunt. The new humor turned out to be simply the old buffoonery "writ small," and whoever its patrons are or were they are not to be found among the thoughtful young men who represent the generation with its hand on the door knocker.—Fortnightly Review.

A Well Filled Valise.

A hotel keeper who keeps an unpretentious establishment in Algiers not far from the passenger station of the Southern Pacific railway says that in future he will not take baggage in security for board without having it photographed under the X rays. "One month ago," said he, "a well dressed fellow, who owed me for two weeks' board came to me and told me that as he was in financial difficulties of a purely temporary character he would like to leave his valise in security for the bill. He said he would redeem it in two weeks, or if he failed to do so I might sell the valise and its contents. The bag was not worth 50 cents, but as he was well dressed I concluded that a roomy valise stuffed almost to bursting with the wardrobe of such a swell would much more than pay the $14 he owed me. I allowed him to take away the rest of his stuff without any hesitation.

"Well, the two weeks passed, and I did not have any message from the swell, but the valise remained undisturbed. A week later my housekeeper came to me and said that two of my best pillows were missing. They were big ones, worth about $4 apiece, and I did not like the notion of losing them, you may be sure. I felt sore, and in an aimless sort of way began looking around behind the office counter, not because I had any notion of finding them there, but just because I had nowhere else to look without leaving the desk to take care of itself. Suddenly my eye rested on that big valise that owed me $14, and then a kind of sick feeling came over me. I opened it in a hurry—it contained nothing but my two big pillows."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not an Anthem.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert told a good story against Sir Arthur Sullivan and himself at the Savage club. While "The Mikado" was in process of incubation the collaborators decided that it would be an excellent thing to herald the entry of the Japanese monarch by a suitable Japanese tune set to real Japanese words, and they appealed to a gentleman learned in matters concerning the far east to help them in their difficulty. The result was the chorus in the second act, "Miya sama, miya sama," the strains of which are also heard with such singular effect in the overture. Until quite recently Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan were under the impression that this air belonged to something in the national anthem; but it now seems that they have been badly sold. A friend of Mr. Gilbert, who saw "The Mikado" the other day for the first time, has written a letter complimenting the author and composer upon the general scheme of their local color, but expressing astonishment at the introduction of the "Miya sama" chorus, the tune of which he declares to be that of a song sung only in the lowest teahouses of Yokohama and calculated to make the lord chamberlain's hair stand on end.—Public Opinion.

Valuable Pennies.

A striking instance of the desirability of taking care of pennies was seen in the sale at Sotheby's of the second portion of the Montagu collection of English coins, which was particularly rich in Anglo-Saxon and other old pennies, chiefly in silver. The following are some of the prices obtained: Canute penny of London mint, £13 10s.; Hardacanute penny of Aylesbury, £11 5s.; Harold II Chelsea penny (unique), the only coin known from this mint, from the Brice collection, £13 13s.; Harold Bristol penny, £10 10s.; William the Conqueror Stamford penny (unique), £12 15s.; William Rufus Leicester penny, £10; Henry I Canterbury penny, £11 15s.; St. Edmundsbury penny (unpublished), £14 15s.; Carlisle penny (unique), £10 10s.; Wallingford penny, £11 15s., and Wareham penny (rare), £12 15s. The day's sale realized about £600.—London Telegraph.

What Produces Perfume.

According to M. Eugene Mesnard, it is not oxygen but light which is the main cause of the transformation and destruction of the odorous principles, although in many cases the two agents act in concert. In producing the perfume of plants light acts both as a chemical and mechanical power. The intensity of the perfume of flowers depends upon the balance established at every hour of the day between the pressure of water in their cellules, which tends to drive the perfumes outward, and the drying action of light. Where there is too much heat there is too little scent. This is due to the excess of light and the dearth of water.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How Fine Wire Is Made.

The finest wire in the country is made at Taunton, Mass. This metal cobweb of minute diameter is exactly the one-five-hundredth part of an inch in thickness—much finer than human hair. Ordinary wire, even though of small diameter, is drawn through holes in steel plates, but, on account of the wear, such plates cannot be used in making the hair wire. The Taunton factory mentioned uses drilled diamonds for that purpose.

His Tip.

"Don't I get a tip?" asked the barber after he had finished cutting the tall man's hair.

"What for?" asked the tall man.

"Why, for taking such good care of you. Gentlemen generally give me something."

"Well, so will I," said the tall man as he took his tally. "You may keep the hair."—Pick Me Up.

Celebrated Playing Cards.

The most celebrated pack of playing cards in the world, "Turocci di Mantegna," was sold by auction in London for $560, and incomplete at that, for five cards are wanting, their places being taken by facsimiles of the originals. The pack is interesting as a series of Italian engravings of the fifteenth century.

The Most Absentminded of Men.

The most absentminded man is a Brewer man, and he is convicted by his own story, which is as follows: The other night he went shopping and took his wife along. He visited four stores. He is a pleasant man and a happy conversationalist. At each store some interesting story was started, and nobody seemed to notice that though he bought a bundle at each place he never carried away more than one. He visited the laundry, laid his bundle from the last store on the counter, chatted with the cashier while he paid his bill and went out with only his laundry bundle. Then with his wife he went to his own place of business to bring home a halter strap for his colt. His wife stopped next door below the store chatting while he went in. When he came out, he went whistling softly homeward with the halter strap and without his other bundles or his wife. He only awoke to a series of mistakes when he reached home and failed to find his wife. He found her, a little scared, however, in a few minutes, but he did not get his other property till next day. The shops had closed.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

Two Obliging Princes.

Not long ago two Englishmen traveling in Sweden lost their luggage, and as they did not speak Swedish they were at their wits' end to explain the matter. Two young men finally came to their rescue and politely asked in English if they could be of any assistance. On explaining their situation, the young men promised to telegraph for the lost goods and made an appointment to meet at the same place the following day. The appointment was duly kept, the luggage duly delivered—the Englishmen, full of gratitude, pouring out their honest thanks to their unknown friends. "Do you know whom you are thanking?" said one of them with a smile. "No, sir. We wish we did." "Well, then, perhaps you will like to know. I am Prince Oscar of Sweden and this is my brother Eugene."

A Good Excuse.

After the Duke of Wellington's victorious campaigns the University of Oxford complimented the duke himself and his principal officers by conferring upon them the honorary and not very appropriate degree of doctor of civil laws. At that time the fees were heavy, and one of the distinguished soldiers, who had gathered more honor than profit in the wars, declined the proffered degree in the following verse:

Oxford, I know you wish me well,
But prithee let me be.
I can't, alas, be D. C. L.
For want of £ s. d.

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.—Colton.

MAKING PANSIES.

"Three faces in a hood."
Folk called the pansy so
Three hundred years ago.
Of course she understood.

Then, perching on my knee,
She drew her mother's head
To her own and mine and said,
"That's mother, you and me!"

And so it comes about
We three, for gladness' sake,
Sometimes a pansy make
Before the gas goes out.

—William Canton in Sunday Magazine.

HIS TELEPATHIC TIP.

"Telegram for you, sir."

It was the morning of the Derby day, and I had just looked into the office before starting for Epsom. I was at the time on the staff of The Sporting Courier, and, besides giving what is known in the sporting world as "midday finals," I usually "did" the home meetings.

The message surprised me, for it ran:

"Don Pero is bound to win.—Dixey."

I read it again and again. Don Pero was a rank outsider and had been looked upon by everybody as not having the slightest chance of a place. For confirmation one had only to look at the "latest London betting" to find that the horse stood at 50 to 1.

Yet Dixey, the trainer, had never before misled me, and I could not help feeling that there must be something in it.

I had previously decided that I would give as my final selections the first and second favorites and a good outsider for third place. But this telegram upset all my calculations, and yet I felt that I could not altogether ignore it.

I sat down at my desk and wrote out my copy. It ran as follows:

"There is no denying the fact that the favorite is in excellent condition, but I think that he will be beaten by a horse whose qualifications have hitherto been completely overlooked. I have no hesitation in placing the first three horses in this order: (1) Don Pero, (2) Windemere, (3) Nervine."

I was just thinking about starting when the chief sent for me.

"What does this mean, Mr. Goodman?" he said, as I entered the room. "This" evidently referred to my MS., which he held in his hand.

"Are you referring to my Derby tip, sir?" I asked.

"But it's a 50 to 1 chance!"

"I can't help that," I replied, rather haughtily perhaps, "but I am assured that he is bound to win."

"Assured! By whom, pray?"

"Pardon me," I answered, "but my information is obtained from a strictly private source. I'll alter the wording of the paragraph, if you like, but I should prefer that it goes in as it is."

"I have no wish to interfere in your department," replied the chief. "Let it stand, if you are sweet upon it. If it comes off, it will be all right. If not, well, we shall be the laughing stock of everybody, from the Jockey club down to the youngest Newmarket tout."

I did not think that it was worth while having an argument about the matter, so took an opportunity of closing the interview and took a cab to Waterloo. When I reached the course, I made the best of my way to the paddock in the hope of seeing Dixey and having a talk with him before racing began, but he was nowhere to be seen.

I soon found that some of my colleagues wanted to have a chat with me, for The Sporting Courier, with my final in, had created quite a sensation.

Jimmy Berners of The Starter was very forcible in his language and said some nasty things about my inability to provide the racing world with information that was of any value.

In my anxiety I endeavored again to find Dixey, for I felt that he must know something that was not common knowledge.

Though I looked everywhere for him, I could not see him. He was evidently keeping himself out of the way.

Then the horrible thought rushed through my mind that the telegram was a hoax, and I felt a cold perspiration break out all over me. As a matter of fact I did not care a brass farthing which horse won, for I make a rule never to bet, but I knew that my reputation as a tipster was at stake.

It was in no particularly happy frame of mind that I made my way to the press box.

My entrance gave the cue for a burst of hilarity, and my reception was exceedingly warm. They chaffed me unmercifully about my unfortunate tip, but I took it all in good part, while inwardly vowing that I would fire off some of my suppressed anger upon Dixey if his precocious outsider finished where everybody expected him to finish—last.

There is no need for me to enter into any lengthy description of the event, but it is just necessary to mention one or two facts about the most sensational Derby on record, and one that will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness it.

I nervously looked around for Don Pero. Yes, he was there all right, but what an ill favored looking animal compared with the others! His jockey, too, was merely a stable lad, but I thought that I detected a gleam of confidence in his eye and a look of fixed determination upon his boyish face.

"Now they're off," is the cry. No, it is a false start. The favorite has broken away. His supporters standing around me are quivering with excitement, and many of them give vent to audible groans.

The horses face the starter once more, and in another minute we see the white flag fall and know that they have been dispatched on their fateful journey.

In the first part of the race they seem to be all together, but as they near Tattenham corner the favorite begins to steel ahead. I look for Don Pero—he is nearly last. The corner is turned with Windermere well in front.

"The favorite wins!" "The favorite romps home!" is the cry on all hands.

But what is that steadily creeping up on the outside? As I live it is Don Pero! Don Pero will not be shaken off, and he gradually bears the leader down, down, as they near home.

It is doubtful to tell from where we are standing which horse has won, but it appears to be the favorite, although Don Pero was extremely close up. At length the numbers appear on the telegraph board: 16—24—4.

I could hardly believe my eyes. Sixteen is Don Pero's number, 24 Windermere's and 4 that of another outsider.

There was a deadly silence all around. No enthusiasm, no shouting, no jubilation of any kind. Blank despair is plainly written on the majority of faces near me. Then one of my colleagues turned to me:

"What does it mean, Goody? You are evidently in the know."

"It means," I said, determined to have my revenge upon them, "that if you want to get a correct tip you must come to me," and with this parting shot I hastened to the paddock, where I saw Dixey surrounded by a crowd of inquiring sportsmen.

"Thanks very much for the wire, old man," I said in the course of the conversation.

"Wire?" he replied, with a look of surprise on his face. "What wire?"

"Why, you wired me that your horse would win?"

"What on earth are you talking about, Goody? I never wired to you."

"Well, I've got the wire here." I said as I felt in my pocket for it. But it was not there. I searched each pocket, but in vain. I must have left it at the office. Dixey began to laugh.

"How do you think I should have tipped such an outsider if I had not heard from you?" I asked him, almost angrily.

"Hush! Not so loud," said Dixey, looking round in a half frightened manner. "You fancy I wired to you. Quite a mistake, I assure you. I intended to do so, but I thought that it would be no good. That's all, Goody, really."

I saw it all. Dixey had sent the telegram and didn't want anybody to know that he had done so. All right. I would keep his secret.

When I returned to town, I went straight to the office. I looked everywhere, but could find no trace of the telegram.

I rang for Simmons. As he entered I said:

"Simmons, have you seen the telegram that you brought me this morning?"

"Telegram, sir? I never brought you a telegram."

I could hardly believe my ears. There was a mistake somewhere. But I gave it up as a bad job and went off to the club. Everybody there was most enthusiastic and congratulatory. After we had settled down in the smoking room I told the boys the whole story.

They were rather incredulous at first, until Jimmy Berners burst out, "I tell you what it is, Goody, old chap, it's a clear case of telepathy."

"But I had the telegram," I said.

"You fancied you did," was his reply. "That's part of the business. You were thinking of Dixey. Dixey was thinking of you. Dixey thought he would send you a wire. You thought you received it. That's all."

And that is the true story of how I received my "telepathic tip."—Exchange.

"Auld Robin Gray."

Lady Anne Barnard wrote "Auld Robin Gray" when she was 21. It was published anonymously in 1776, and various persons claimed the authorship. Lady Anne did not acknowledge it was her own until two years before her death, when she wrote to Sir Walter Scott and confided the history of the ballad to him. It appears that the gifted lady was induced to write the song by a desire to see an old Scottish air, "The Bridegroom Grat When the Sun Gaed Doon," fitted with words more suitable than the ribaldry which, for want of better, had been sung to it. The name of "Auld Robin Gray" was taken from an ancient herd of Balcarres. Lady Anne was a daughter of James Lindsay, fifth earl of Balcarres. She married Andrew Barnard, son of Thomas, bishop of Limerick, and they went out to the Cape, where he died in 1807. Lady Anne returned to London and lived with her sister in Berkeley square until 1812. The sister's house was a literary center and was frequented by Burke, Sheridan, Windham, Douglas and the Prince of Wales, who were all habitual visitors.

Lady Anne won the lifelong attachment of the prince regent. She died in 1825, in her seventy-fourth year. No one has ever questioned Lady Anne Barnard's claim to the authorship of the words of "Auld Robin Gray," and, though I am not going to cast doubt upon the word of the writer at this late day, it is necessary to mention that prior not only to the appearance but to the writing of the world famous song there was a French ballad extant containing the gist of the story and the plot, by Paradis de Moncrif, entitled "Les Constantes Amours d'Alix et d'Alexis."—S. J. Adair Fitz Gerald in Lloyd's.

New Plants Are Expensive.

Our beds and our borders become crowded, and yet we are always meeting with plants we should like to possess and might easily grow; while, as if in despair of keeping pace with the times, societies are formed which devote themselves to the cultivation of some particular flower; firms associate themselves primarily with roses, lilies, chrysanthemums or orchids and are recognized as authorities, and costly illustrated books make their appearance at such frequent intervals that in some directions they bid fair to develop into libraries, with the varieties of one flower as their subject. No pains or ingenuity or money is spared, and unique specimens are searched for in the most distant parts of the world. The outlay in some cases is enormous.

Orchids being a very special branch of the gardener's art, it is well we should refer to the enormous sums that are expended in forming a collection of these fascinating flowers. Syndicates are constituted for their importation and a number of skilled collectors, who often carry their lives in their hands, are always at work in the East Indies, in Mexico, in the hot, steamy swamps of Brazil, in Madagascar, searching for new specimens. Twenty thousand pounds and more, it is said, may be easily spent upon a collection; 310 guineas have been paid for Cypripediun stonei, 300 for Vanda sanderiana, 235 for Æridæ laurenciæ, 220 for Cattleya mendelli bluntii and the prices of a large number of others range from 100 to 200 guineas a plant.—Saturday Review.

Printing Early In the Century.

It is said that the first book printed in this country from stereotype plates was a catechism by a Mr. Watts. This work was issued in New York in the year 1813, and was compiled for the benefit of the children of several New York churches.

Pat Was Astonished.

An Irishman was run over by a troop of horse and miraculously escaped unhurt. "Down upon your knees and thank God, you reprobate," said one of the spectators. "Thank God for what? Is it for letting a troop horse run over me?" asked Pat.—London Spectator.

North's Social Vagaries.

There has been a good deal of gossip in the English papers about the social vagaries of the late Colonel North, the "Nitrate King." When he returned to England with his millions, he bought a great estate at Eltham and filled the house with articles of luxury and all the modern appliances that riches can procure. His stables were full of thoroughbred horses, he had well stocked dog kennels, and his game preserves afforded grand sport for hundreds of persons every season. He used to go there on Friday and stay until Monday, keeping the place as crowded and as busy as a summer hotel. Every night he dined at the head of an immense table in the company of men and women who were invited there by such loose commands as "Come along and bring your friends," or "Come down and bring some nice people with you."

People in that part of Kent, or even well dressed strangers driving that way from London, were in the habit of dropping in to luncheon without an invitation, and even without previous introduction. It was only necessary to say, "I am a friend of Lord So-and-so." On one occasion a member of that year's Oxford crew was eating quietly at about the middle of the long table, not daring to speak to the pretty girl seated beside him, when he was startled by the colonel crying out from his end of the table, "I say, young fellow, if you don't kiss that girl next you I'll throw a banana at you."

Clothes or No Clothes?

A man who has been living among the natives on the west coast of Japan is advocating the abolition of clothes. All summer long he "moved in the best society the place affords," clad only in a fundoshi, a garment which it were base flattery to call a sash. So garmented, he was both perpetually dressed and undressed, always ready for dinner or for a stroll on the beach or for a swim or to go to bed or to get up. The amount of time saved is remarkable. In a year it amounts to over two months. "Think," he exclaims, "how often we in America lie abed too long because dressing is such a bore! If we were already dressed, we should arise and go about our business. But dressing deters us—getting into clothes and arranging them about us in accordance with the unreasoning demands of the public until we stand concealed in worrying 'tubes of cloth.' We disturb ourselves too much also when we go to bed. After an evening in our restricting garments, we are naturally much in need of repose, so we start off for bed, thinking how sweet will be the sleep that is upon us. But we are in clothes which must be removed, and the removing awakens us so thoroughly that the sleep we might have had is banished for an hour longer."—San Francisco Argonaut.

An Automatic Image of Satan.

There are many curiosities in Paris which it is not given to everybody to see. Thus in the old Cluny museum, on the Boulevard Saint Michel, there is a most realistic presentment of his satanic majesty inclosed in an artistically carved case. The exterior of this article of furniture, for such it is, is decorated with a finely painted head of the Saviour, but on touching a spring the picture recalling heaven is replaced by the figure of the evil one. Satan is seen inside a niche advancing with terrible grimaces, while at the same time a sort of musical box or small organ inside the case emits tempestuous sounds.

The figure of satan in the Musee Cluny is only shown with the greatest reluctance, as the conservators ordered it to be kept hidden, owing to the fact that on one occasion when it was being exhibited to the public a lady fainted away and nearly died of fright when she saw the devil advancing toward her. —Paris Letter.

Birds That Stole a Nest.

Nature tells a tale of a pair of rooks, evidently young birds, that strove in vain to build a nest. The wind each time blew the foundations down while the rooks, which fly far for nest materials instead of taking those close at hand, were away. At last, despairing of building a home by legitimate means, they fell upon a completed nest of another pair while the owners were absent, tore it to pieces and built a nest foundation that would stand in the wind. Then they made a superstructure in the clumsy and inexperienced way that young birds always do.

A Judah Benjamin Handkerchief.

A rare and interesting souvenir of the civil war is now in the possession of R. S. Merrill, a landscape artist. It is nothing more than a red bandanna handkerchief, but it has an interesting history. Judah P. Benjamin was a Louisianian and a stanch supporter of the lost cause. The Confederate government sent him to England on an important mission. While in that country he had manufactured one dozen red bandanna handkerchiefs, and these upon his return he distributed personally, as a memento, to 12 Confederate officers. These handkerchiefs were of the finest india silk, one yard square. The body is of red, and worked in black on its surface appeared portraits of Davis, Beauregard, Lee, Jackson, Morgan, Slidell and Johnston, encircled with wreaths of southern laurel and a border of ferns and cotton plants on a white ground. No two wreaths are similar, and the workmanship is artistic.

Mr. Merrill 32 years ago was a private in Company K, First Wisconsin cavalry, and during Wilson's raid in April, 1865, he picked up this handkerchief in the courthouse at Montgomery, Ala. It was incased in a silken bag of gray and had evidently been lost by some Confederate general in the hasty retreat that day. The handkerchief has been recently framed and adorns the parlor of Mr. Merrill's home.—Minneapolis Journal.

Court Etiquette.

In Baron Rothschild's book of anecdotes he tells some curious tales of the extremely stringent rules of etiquette which prevailed at the French court in the reign of Louis XVI. Marie Antoinette christened the Comtesse de Noailles "Mme. Etiquette." Once, when she fell from a donkey in her private grounds, she jumped to her feet and cried out, laughing, "Go and fetch Mme. de Noailles; she will tell us what is prescribed for a queen of France when she falls off a donkey." One cold winter night, when the queen was undressing, the maid was handing her the chemise de nuit when the lady in waiting came in, to whom, as being of superior rank, the garment had to be given over. She could not touch it, however, until she had removed her gloves, and before that operation had been performed the Duchesse d'Orleans, a princess of the blood, turned up, and after her the Comtesse de Provence, who was of higher rank still, so that the chemise had to be handed from one to the other while the queen stood waiting and shivering. At last, unable to contain herself any longer, she exclaimed: "It is odious! What a nuisance!"

"It's a Lee!"

In The Atlantic Mrs. Lathrop, in "Some Memories of Hawthorne," her father, tells an anecdote which she heard when a child from a Mr. Bennock, a frequent visitor of the family during the Liverpool consulate of her father.

A Scotchman, at an inn, was walking disconsolately about the parlor while dinner was being prepared. A distinguished traveler —Dickens, perhaps— was dashing off a letter at the center table, describing the weather and some of the odd fellows he had observed in his travels.

"And," he wrote, "there is in the room at the present moment a long, lank, redheaded, empty brained nincompoop, who looks as if he had not eaten a square meal for a month and is stamping about for his dinner. Now he approaches me as I sit writing, and I hear his step pause behind my chair. The fool is actually looking over my shoulder and reading these words"—

A torrent of Scotch burst forth right here: "It's a lee, sir—it's a lee! I never read a worrd that yer wrort!"

A Wise Fish.

In Java they have a species of fish that carries a very useful gun with him wherever he goes. This queer fish is called the jaculator and his weapon is a combination air and water gun, which nature has provided him with. The jaculator has the power of puckering the mouth into a small, round tube and squirting water through it. He is such an expert gunner that when he observes a beetle or a fly on a twig above the water he invariably knocks the insect from his perch, even though the distance be five or six feet. There are seven other varieties of these water gun fishes, which are known as "sportsmen" and "gunners" on account of their queer habits.—St. Louis Republic.

AMERICAN LAMPS IN PARIS.

The terrible use made by the Communards of 1871 of petroleum for conflagrative purposes produced such an impression on the French mind that people recoiled even at the mention of kerosene. So the American kerosene lamps, which were then just beginning to get a foothold in France, were relegated to the limbo of dangerous innovations. Then came the Exhibitions of 1878 and 1889, with our particularly good show of new, improved, artistic lamps. The memories of 1871 were quickly forgotten, and today the use of candles and the old "pump lamps"—gas has never been a general means of domestic lighting in France—has gone down before the American substitute, which has not only invaded the Parisian bedroom and parlor, but has even found favor in the chateaux along the Loire and has worked its way into the plain homes of the remotest villages. One of the American lamp exhibitors received so many orders during the Exhibition of 1889 that he established a Branch store in the best part of commercial Paris, where he has been doing a thriving business ever since.—Theodore Stanton, in September LIPPINCOTT'S.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

BOSTON, MASS., Aug 25, 1896.—Demand for honey light. Good supply. Price of fancy white comb 14 to 15c. Extracted 6 to 7c. Light supply of beeswax. Fair demand; price 25c.
E. E. BLAKE & Co., 75 Chatham St.

DETROIT, MICH., Aug. 25, 1896.—Slow demand for honey. Good supply. Price of white comb 11 to 11½c. Extracted 5 to 6c. The demand for beeswax is dull. Supply good; prices 24 to 25c.
M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Aug. 25, 1896.—Fair demand for honey. Light supply. Price of comb 8 to 12c. and 13 to 15c. Extracted 4½ to 6½c. Fair demand for beeswax at 20 to 22c. Supply light.
C. C. CLEMONS & Co.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1896.—Light demand for honey; supply light. Price of comb honey not yet established. Extracted 4 to 8c. Good demand for beeswax; supply light; prices 28 to 30c. Too early for reliable quotations on comb honey, but good demand for white extracted for bottling.
H. R. WRIGHT.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 25, 1896.—Slow demand for honey; good supply; price of comb 12 to 15c. Extracted 4 to 7c. Good demand for beeswax; fair supply; prices 20 to 25c. for good choice yellow.
CHAS. F. MUTH & SON.
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

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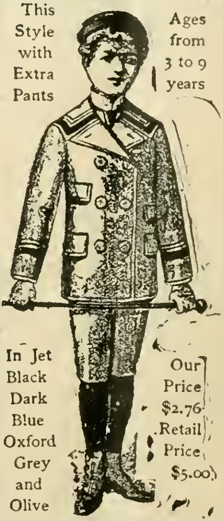

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

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What to do with Weak Colonies Late in the Season.

BY REV. STEPHEN ROESE.

On this question bee keepers have had line upon line and precept upon precept at least for the last quarter of a century, and everybody knows that September is the month in which all colonies should undergo a thorough examination and while the bees are flying the weak colonies should be united, the poorest queens removed and the best queens returned to the united colonies. But if for some reason the apiarist has neglected this duty or has been unable to see to it and the cold October days have made their appearance and he has a lot of weak colonies on hand unfit and unprepared for the long winter's repose, and the bee keeper sees when taking off the hive cover two-thirds of the space between the frames empty, the question forces itself upon the apiarist, what can be done with them? To winter safely is a matter of importance, and to have the honey consumed and the combs perhaps spoiled and then have the bees die ere spring comes around the bee keeper cannot well afford, especially in the present critical times and low prices for honey. Bee keepers cannot afford to run risks but must make every stroke count something.

The writer now for over a year having been in poor health has consequently not been able to care for his bees as in former days, so when a year ago October came with its chilling winds and nightly frosts about fifteen colonies proved to be just in the condition described above and something had to be done. So the first mild morning, when the temperature was up to 60° or 65°, three or four of the weakest colonies were taken to a spot sheltered from the wind and one hive after another opened, the frames taken out and the bees shaken or swept off the combs on to a wide board on the ground on which an empty box was placed, just the same as an empty hive in the swarming season, and all of the bees from the hives that were to be united were made to enter into the box. After three or four weak colonies are united in this manner into one empty box, there is no chance for robbers, there being nothing to rob, and no chances of fighting for there is nothing to fight for. The united colonies having thus become humilitated they are quite willing to accept of anything after they are quietly clustered, and before the temperature sinks they are shaken out of the box in front of a hive where they are desired to dwell together in unity during the winter, then full frames of comb are given them until the required quantity of honey. *i. e.* 25 or 30 lbs., has been given them. The writer treated 20 colonies in this manner a year ago. They selected and retained one queen for each united colony and in early spring came out foremost in ambition and strong breeding, and not one was lost.

Maiden Rock, Minn.

Bees! Bees! Bees!

BY CHAS H. THIES.

Mr. Editor—The above is about all I have time to say, to work with or to think of, yet I have lots more to do and to think of. My bees are booming, just rolling in the honey. As you know, or at least I think you do, the wool business has been and is very discouraging, but the bees are wonderful creatures to make one feel happy. For some time my days have been from 3 o'clock a. m. to 9 o'clock p. m. I need long days in order to get time enough to give proper care to the bees, without which they would be of little consequence.

Well, I have just been out to my out apiaries, each apiary containing a different sort of bees The home apiary consists of the much condemned FIVE-BANDED BEES. (Please put this in box cap letters, as they are good enough for me). I have no reason to be partial, and don't want to say anything that I have heard, but what I have experienced. All my out apiaries have by far the best chance, as my home apiary is really overstocked. My home apiary contains some 150 colonies, besides the bees of my neighbors, which will add largely to the number. My neighbors, though, claim that my bees kill theirs. I am sorry, but I know they are wrong, but I do know that their colonies are getting less in numbers, and the only reason I can give for this is that they expect their bees to work for nothing and board themselves, while I try to give my bees the proper care, keep them supplied with young queens and keep the right stock. Now my hives at home are full of honey, even small, weak nuclei have filled their frames, three and four in number, chock full, and a good many of these nuclei were not only queenless, but almost beeless. The honey the bees are now storing is from Spanish needle, heartsease, golden rod, etc., and for me it is one of the finest honeys in the world, and I don't want better honey for winter stores than this, when thoroughly ripe and well sealed. Later in the month and during a good part of October we get honey from asters, which often amounts to quite a little, very nice and clear, but usually thin and watery and when thoroughly evaporated simmers down wonderfully, but I consider it perfectly wholesome for winter stores.

Steeleville, Ill.

We will send the American Bee-Keeper one year with the Cosmopolitan for $1.25. The Cosmopolitan is a monthly magazine containing an average of over 100 pages and 80 illustrations each month.

Wide Frames with Separators

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

For several years back there has been some kicking on the part of bee keepers against wide frames with separators, some even going so far as to perdict that they would soon be "things of the past," but after trying most of the various arrangements which are used to secure honey in sections without them, I am satisfied that there is one who will continue to use wide frames with separators, a few years longer, at least, for I believe them to be of real advantage in securing a crop of comb honey in the most marketable shape. While speaking regarding this subject perhaps it might be interesting to some of the younger bee keepers to know something of the past, and how wide frames and separators came into general use. Years ago, when I first commenced keeping bees, I knew of no box for surplus honey smaller than the six pound box, as then used on the Langstroth hive. I next saw the Alley and Harrison boxes, which held about three pounds. Although of different style and shape neither of them pleased me. I then made a box to hold two and one half pounds, and prepared a hive so these could be placed all around the brood nest and on top, but as I must of necessity glass them before the bees filled them (as separators were unknown at that time in order to keep the bees from bulging the combs one into another, it was rather slow progress which I made. After this time some one realized the necessity of doing something to keep the bees from bulging the combs one into the other, so glass boxes could be dispensed with, and as a result we soon had tin separators which were hung from the top of each section in such a way that a passage way was left for the bees on each side of this separator. This proved a success, but as the size of the sections or the boxes was decreasing all the while, it soon seemed like an endless job to handle each small box separately, together with a separate separator for each. To overcome this difficulty we soon had the wide frame with a separator tacked to one side so that from two to four section boxes could be placed in each wide frame. We now not only had it so that there was no bulging of combs when glass was not used, but so that we could handle as much honey at one time as we used to with the old six pound boxes. These wide frames were so arranged that they could be used either at the side of the hive or on top, or both, at pleasure. About this time another party thought to go farther along the line of handling many sections at a time, and at the same time use these wide frames on the tiering up plan; so frames were made to hold eight section, to be used in a two-story hive, each wide frame of eight sections hanging in the upper hive the same as the ordinary frames were hung in the hive below, the same plan being used by some bee keepers of today. This using two tiers of sections in one wide frame is what has caused apiarists to cry out against them, while if only one tier had been used, as was first intended, and these tiered up, those liking the tiering up plan would not have tried to substitute any other arrangement for wide frames, it seems to me, for I find them better adapted for the securing of surplus honey than anything else, all things considered, especially as they can be made for any sized section and used on any size of hive.

Now about making and using wide frames: Get all the pieces out true and square, after which nail them over a true square form. If you wish to use them on the tiering plan make both top and bottom five-sixteenths of an inch narrower than the ends; if to be used only one tier high then have the top the thickness of the tin wider than the sides or ends. After using several kinds of material for separators I prefer tin to anything else. The nailing on of this tin has much to do with our liking or disliking wide frames, for if nailed on loosely so as to kink and bulge the operator will soon become disgusted with them. After trying various plans of nailing on the tin I hit on the following, which is the best of anything I know of: I made a form a trifle shorter than the wide frame was long, outside measure, this form being perfectly true and square. Next I made a block the size of the inside of the frame, except a little shorter, and of the same thickness as the ends to the frame, which was tacked to the form. To use it I strung or bent the top and bottom bars of the frame a little outward, thus shortening it, until it went into the forms when I laid on the tin separator, placing a straight edge on top of the tin and a weight on this. I now had the tin just where I wanted it with all the bulging taken out, when it was nailed fast to the wide frame. Upon removing it from the form the top and bottom sprung back into place again, thus drawing the separator as tight as a drum head. They were now ready to be filled with sections and used in any desired manner. If I wish to use them with a hive having a hood or cap I use properly made thin boards as wide as the wide frames are deep and in the ends of these boards, which are used to close up the sides to the two outside wide frames, a nail is driven. The boards are now put in place and one end of a coiled wire spring, (such as are used to hold the shades of hanging lamps), is hooked over one of the nails. A string of suitable length is fastened to the other end and wound around the nail in the opposite board in such a way that this string is held as securely as if tied. The other end is fixed with spring and string in the same way, when by drawing the string, before winding around the nails till a strong tention is made, the wide frames are held as in a vice, yet they will give all the lateral movement required and can be taken off as one case or separately, tiered up, inverted, etc., as is required. Where there is no hood or cap to the hive they are used in supers and keyed up the same as are sections where T tins are used.

Borodino, N. Y.

WON'T YOU GIVE YOUR LOVE TO ME?

We have just received a copy of the above-named beautiful song with a splendid waltz chorus. It is now being sung in all the prominent theatres in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The following are the words of the chorus:

Won't you give your love to me and take my heart,
Ever to abide with yours alone, sweetheart?
There to dwell through all eternity—
Darling, won't you give your love, your love to me?

Price 40 cents per copy. All readers of our magazine will receive a copy at half price by sending 20 cents in silver or postage stamps to The Union Mutual Music Co., 265 Sixth Avenue, New York.

How to Avoid Winter Losses.

BY MRS. OLIVER COLE.

I will say to those who are yet inquiring and desirous of knowing the best way to winter bees, that we are never too old to learn and should keep reading and learning even if we have met with heavy losses in the past, for we live in an age of improvement and progression. To my mind to know how to winter bees successfully is the greatest problem in bee keeping and I will give my way of putting up bees for winter. To do so successfully means thorough and careful attention. These are too often neglected by farmers who have much work to do and this is the cause of many losses. The question of large or small hives does not matter so very much if the bees are put in the right condition. I prefer the month of October to prepare bees for winter, as all honey gathering is then over. We should ascertain how much stores a colony has, and if they need feeding it should be done. Every colony should be overhauled carefully. First I raise the cover and carefully smoke the bees down from the top of the frame. I lift out the center frames first and look for the queen. As soon as she is found I place the frame she is on in front of the hive, the bees seldom leaving the frame. Then I proceed to work without fear of killing the queen, lifting all the frames out and setting them up against the hive. Very often worms will be found in the bottom of the hive and around the frames that would surely destroy the colony in a few months, and they cannot be seen, nor can we learn the amount of honey the bees have in store without lifting out the frames. If I can not find the queen and see eggs and larvæ or sealed brood I know she is in the hive, but if I do not see either I give the colony a young laying queen that I always have in my apiary. Before returning the frames to the hive I place a half inch strip of wood across the front and back on which to hang the frames so as to keep them from the bottom of the hive so that dead bees can be easily pulled out in the winter and thus preventing the hives from becomming clogged and the air being shut out destroying the ventilation. Then I give nearly one inch space between the combs for the bees to cluster in cold weather. If there is any brood in the combs I place it in the centre and put the heaviest combs of honey on each side the lightest being on the outside. My hives admit of nine combs prepared in this way. If they are not well filled I put on a feeder and feed granulated sugar syrup. If there are plenty of bees and brood I feed as much every evening as they will take in through the night, and if I find any queenless colonies I give them a queen and feed half a pound of sugar syrup every evening to stimulate the queen to laying for a couple of weeks in order to have young bees for the winter, as they will be the bees for business in the spring. A weak and queenless colony built up in this way will come out in better condition in the spring than a very large colony of old bees. If the queen is old she will stop laying early and her bees will go into winter quarters in poor condition and are liable to dwindle off through the spring from old age.

It is very necessary to know the age of your queens and requeen every two years. Next month I will endeavor to relate the way I keep the age of my queens, and will also give a description of my favorite hive for wintering, and also how I winter successfully.

After taking off the feeders I use the Hill Device, and if you do not happen to have any you can use eight half inch sticks laid crosswise the frames two ways. Cover these with thin burlap so the moisture can escape and place on top a burlap cushion filled with oat chaff ten inches or more thick. I make such cushions to fit the inside of the hive. The way is to cut the burlap in two pieces size of hive inside, then cut a strip ten inches wide and long enough to sew around one of the square pieces. Then sew in the other piece leaving one end open so that it can be filled with the chaff. This makes a square cushion that fills all the corners in the hive. I never use anything but cushions to cover hives in winter.

Sherburne, N. Y.

Crimson Clover.

BY L. STAPLES.

The value of crimson clover for the purpose of a fertilizer crop is the chief subject of thought at this time by farmers in every state. Reports received from all parts of Michigan show that crimson clover passed the winter well and a large crop of hay and seed was secured.

Crimson clover is a native of Italy and other parts of southern Europe. It is not entirely new to this country but only recently begun to attract attention. Crimson clover is an annual and must be sown in its proper season which extends from the first of August until the last of November. The seed germinates very quickly and grows very rapidly and makes a good fall and winter pasture. It seems to flourish in all soils and is apparently more hardy than the common red clover and stands the drouth better. It yields two to three tons of hay and six to ten bushels of seed to the acre. It is also a valuable bee plant. The honey is very white and of excellent quality, but its greatest value lies in its ability to store up plant food and at the same time send down its deep feeling roots far into the sub-soil to gather and bring to the surface elements of fertility that would be otherwise lost. Early in May the flowers appear and the field changes from a deep green to a brilliant crimson, making a sight worthy to behold and to remember. Its great beauty is not exceeded by the finest flower that adorns yard or garden.

If any of the readers of the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER would like to test a little crimson clover seed I will send a trial package for a couple of stamps for postage.

Grand Rapids, Mich. Box 503.

We will duplicate the prices on hives and supplies offered by any first class manufacturers — and in many cases can do even better by you than anyone else.

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

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	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
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American Apiculturist,	(75)	1 15
Bee Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Ed. Am. Bee Keeper, Dear Sir:—I would offer the following suggestions to bee keepers as to the best way to get the most out of extracted honey: Put it up in small packages and urge sale and consumption in your vicinity which you can do if you begin early in the season. You can put your honey in small sized packages and dispose of it as well as bottlers in the city can. People in country towns appreciate the value of honey better than people in the city do, who know very little about how honey is produced and are suspicious and think all extracted honey is adulterated, especially so after it becomes granulated.

If you have a large crop of extracted honey I would not advise putting all in small packages, but put it up that way as fast as you can sell it and the balance in 160 pound kegs and send it to the city market to be sold to manufacturers and Polish Jew trade, these two being the largest consumers of honey outside the bottlers.

We notice a small size glass jar on the market that helds a half pound of honey. It is quickly filled and simply sealed so it don't leak as all screw top jars do when turned sideways. These jars cost about 2c when filled. They can be sold at the popular price of 10c to the consumer, which is equal to about 15c per pound, and sell at wholesale for $1.00 per dozen. For shipping they come packed two dozen in a racked case, and make a very attractive shipping case. If anyone wishes any further details I will be pleased to answer any inquiry as to where one can procure these packages.

Yours Respectfully,
H. R. Wright.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 15, 1896.

The W. T. Falconer M'f'g Co., Gentlemen:—I am about to make an exhibit of bees and honey at the Cuyahoga fair to be held in Chagrin Falls, O., on Sept. 22d to the 25th, and as I wish to exhibit one of your Chaut. hives and have none on hand I enclose an order for one. For several years I have taken first premiums with the Chautauqua hive, and consider it the best in the world for all purposes. We have wintered on out-door stands and have never lost a colony in one. Some of them have been in use over ten years. * * * J. B. Hains.

Bedford, O., Sept. 15, 1896.

The W. T. Falconer M'f'g Co., Gentlemen:—The shipping cases and everything else ordered arrived all right. I am pleased with the way you fill orders and also the workmanship and the manner in which your goods are prepared and packed for shipment.

Yours truly, H. F. Newton.

Whitney's Crossing, Sept. 20, 1896.

"How to Manage Bees," a 50c book, and the American Bee-Keeper a year for only 60c.

We are in need of articles for publication at all times, especially correspondence. Write us a letter describing your experience the past season.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From Bee Keepers' Review).

THE UNITING OF COLONIES—HUMANE BEE KEEPING.

BY L. A. ASPINWALL.

It is questionable as to the advisability of uniting colonies, aside from the timely preparation for winter. Uniting in the spring is wholly unprofitable—in fact, with the necessary preparation in autumn, all colonies should winter successfully. The occasional loss of a queen, however, during the winter will leave some to be united with those of less than the average strength

Doubling colonies as they issue is readily accomplished. Where swarming is allowed several are liable to issue simultaneously and cluster together. When two so unite it will not pay to separate them, taking into consideration that increase in these times of overproduction is not desirable ; and, the two if hived together will store rather more in average or poor seasons than if hived separately.

Of course in uniting it is always advisable to preserve the best queens. A choice of queens cannot be made when swarms cluster together. Instead of swarms issuing haphazzard I prefer to control them, and unite as the circumstances require.

In treating this subject I shall confine my remarks to autumn work. Many bee keepers raise a few queens, and consequently have nucleus colonies to dispose of ; others, from various causes, have small colonies at the close of the season.

The humane bee keeper will never destroy a colony, even if desired. Large colonies are, as a rule, more successfully wintered, and are the first, other things being equal, to be ready for the honey harvest.

As small or nucleus colonies are usually deficient in stores, feeding is concomitant to the work of uniting. Colonies properly united and fed will arrange their food supply so as to be accessable during winter. Even if the combs are well supplied with honey a little feeding will bring about a better arrangement of the stores.

Having decided that certain colonies are to be united, the hives should be gradually moved together. In so doing, if one is properly located, the others may be brought to it. By moving them about one foot every three or four days the work can be readily accomplished with no loss of bees adhering to the old location.

In uniting colonies I shall differ somewhat from the methods set forth by some bee keepers and the popular works on bee culture, especially in the use of smoke. The excessive use of smoke both in queen introduction and uniting is something to be depreciated and is not humane. I shall here digress somewhat from the subject of uniting and speak of the humanity side of bee keeping.

Let those who are indifferent to the injurious effects of too much smoke, recall the instances when even a little has been poured into the eyes and nose. Although the eyes of bees are doubtless less susceptible than our own, still the breathing organs are perhaps equally affected. The immediate fanning of the wings is undoubtedly an instinctive act to drive the suffocating smoke from the spiracles or breathing organs. To say nothing of the injurious effects resulting from the excessive use of smoke, the colony is completely interrupted in its workings. With a proper or moderate use of smoke the colony is scarcely interrupted and many bees may be seen continually going and coming at the entrance. I have often been much shocked at seeing bee keepers when tiering supers carelessly crush many bees, also when manipulating frames, irritate the bees by rolling them against the adjoining combs—also crushing them nuder the frame ends upon the rabbets. Furthermore the rough usage in jarring the hives by the careless use of covers and otherwise has a great tendency to make them irritable. I take this opportunity to urge bee keepers to consider the importance of being humane, to exercise this kindly treatment to all the creatures entrusted to their care.

In proof of this argument let me say that I have never used a bee veil in my apiary, and, although occasionally, by some accident, I have felt the need of one, sttll, taking into account the inherent disadvantages in the use of them, I prefer the freedom of cool currents of air, and unobstructed vision, as well as the convenience afforded by bare hands. However, not every bee keeper can do the same under these circumstances. The peculiar odor from some perions would not permit the non use of the bee veil. Personally, its non use is due to humane bee keeping. I have had visitors who, upon walking through my bee yard were surprised at the docility of my bees, when really I have two colonies of yellow bees as difficult to subdue as Cyprians, and always ready to resent and remember rough treatment.

I find that the honey bee becomes acquainted and familiar with the bee keeper who walks among the hives. In my apiary one locality containing a few colonies are not as convenient to visit. I notice a perceptible difference in the disposition of the bees—they seem to regard me as an intruder, and with their characteristic shrill note of inquiry dodge rapidly about my head. Instead of using a paddle upon such or any other occasion, it is best to avoid any retaliatory movements. The destruction of a bee is certain to call one or more to its rescue, and the result will prove an increase of irritable guards.

To return to the method of uniting. Upon bringing the colonies together it is best to have them face the same direction. I now provide a hive with wire cloth division boards, preferably a frame one quarter inch wide with wire cloth tacked on both side which prevents contact of the bees with those of the adjoining apartment. As I use a closed end frame hive with open side, this arrangement is easily made, and an entrance to each compartment in keeping with the hives containing colonies to be united. With all in readiness, open the hives, using a little smoke, and transfer the combs and bees to an apartment on their respective sides, giving an entrance to each. The inferior or mismated queen being removed will leave one side queenless. In a few days the bees, having become of like scent and acquainted, will gradually leave, finding the entrance of those possessing a queen where they will be received as members of the same family.

It being rather more difficult to arrange a tight compartment in the Langstroth hive, a suitable box with rabbits and one or more movable partitions and entrances as described can be cheaply made and kept for this special purpose.

Preferably, the work of uniting colonies should be deferred until all breeding is over for the season, otherwise queen cells are likely to be constructed in the queenless compartment. However, should it be desirable to unite during the breeding season, the screen partition may be removed at the end of thirty-six hours using a little smoke. During a honey flow, bees unite readily.

Preparatory to uniting colonies, it is best to ascertain whether any have virgin queens, as such, by the ordinary methods cannot be united with those having a laying queen. The bees of the latter will kill those of the virgin queen colony until the last bee is destroyed. Having learned this by sad experience I have never attempted to unite any by the compartment plan, but hope to experiment somewhat the coming autumn.

Jackson, Mich.

(From American Bee Journal).

BEES AND GRAPES—SOME EXPERT TESTIMONY.

BY C. P. DADANT.

In the last number of Gleanings in Bee Culture I notice an article by the editor in which he inquires into the damage done by bees to grapes, and asks whether we should lay all or part of the blame upon the bees. As this is one of the rare seasons during which bees are seen upon grapes in large numbers, I wish to make some remarks upon the subject.

We have a large apiary upon our home farm, but we have also a still larger vineyard, covering in all, now, 13 acres. The season of 1879 was the first in which we noticed bees working on the grapes to any extent, and in that season considerable complaint came to our ears from neighbors who imagined that we were getting rich at their expense. The fact is that the bees were then starving, the drouth having destroyed all hopes of a honey crop. But the latter part of the summer was wet, when it was too late for the blossoms to come out. This wet weather caused fresh sap to flow in the stems of the vines, and the grapes became so full of juice that many of them burst. As a matter of course the tenderest berries, those that had the thinnest skin, split the worst. In addition to this, as there was no other fruits, the birds pounced upon the grapes with great greed. A near neighbor of ours who had a small vineyard near a large timber said to us with great wrath ;

"I know how it is about our grapes; I have examined the matter carefully; it is the bees that do the damage, and they always make two holes in each berry, one just above the other."

We tried to explain to him that the two holes were made by the beak of the bird when he was tired of eating, and still took pleasure in punctnring the fruit. This was plain and evident, especially as the berries were all punctured on the same side of the bunch. But nothing would do. He couid not see the birds at work, for they always came at day break, and are usually off before the vineyardist comes. But the poor bees, unaware of the harsh reputation they are making for themselves, visit the punctured berries from morning till night and the entire damage is charged to them!

Well, it was of no use to try to explain; our man got angry, and would not speak to us any more, and we believe that to this day he is of the opinion that the bees always make two holes in each berry.

But *can* bees puncture grapes? We have made repeated experiments, placing bunches of grapes inside of the hive, or attracting bees to bunches so placed that we could keep them under our eyes and make sure that no other insects and no birds could approach, and we have invariably proven the assertion of Aristotle, made 2,000 years ago and quoted by Mr. Langstroth as correct, viz: that "bees hurt no kinds of sound fruits, but that wasps and hornets are very destructive to them."

This is plain and easy to understand, most especially if one is acquainted with the shape of the mandibles or jaws, of the bee. "These jaws are short, thick, without teeth, and beveled inside so as to form a hollow when joined together, as two spoons would do.......Wasps and hornets are furnished with strong, saw-like jaws, for cutting the woody fibre with which they build their combs, and can easily penetrate the toughest fruits."

Some four or five years ago the principal of our high school, in a lesson in entomology, requested her pupils to give her a list of the insects injurious to fruits. The bees were placed upon this list and a discussion ensued. The attention of the president of the school board was called to the matter, and inasmuch as the principal herself had positively declared against the bee, he came to me and requested me to come before the class and give them my experience. I did so, but though no one tried to contradict my remarks on the natural history of the bee, it was evident to me that a little actual practical experience would go much further towards convincing my hearers than all the theories in the world. So I asked the principal whether she would have any objection to a practical test. I agreed to furnish the bees, to attract them to the school house, if the scholars would furnish the fruit.

A day was set, grapes, pears and peaches were brought, and a little honey served to attract the bees. They came in numbers. Then the honey was removed and some damaged fruit given them. On this they worked though not so readily as on the honey. After they got fairly to work the damaged fruits were removed and sound fruits brought forward. Within twenty minutes the bees had left in disgust. This test effectually put a stop to all further complaints of bees damaging sound fruit in this vicinity, and if there are any who still believe that they do puncture grapes they do not feel inclined to come forward and assert it openly.

But is there not a real damage done by the bees on grapes that have cracked owing to rains, by an excess of flow of juice within the tender skin? Could not these grapes be saved by the grape grower? Yes, they may be saved if you pick them the same day. Otherwise they are worse than useless. Most of my readers have probably noticed in the fall, around the vines, or around the wine press, millions of small brown gnats, the same as you find around cider or vinegar barrels. We call them "vinegar gnats." As soon as grapes are punctured or cracked these gnats appear. They lay eggs upon the pulp and within 24 to 48 hours the berry is full of little grubs just large enough to be seen with the eye. They hatch and produce so pleantifully that within a few days they darken the air in the vicinity.

We are today making wine. The beams of our press house above the press and the wine vats are literally black with these little gnats. Would it not be better if the bees could take up all this juice when the berries are damaged than to have a nuisance like these gnats hatched and reared at the expense of the grape grower?

But suppose neither bees nor gnats worked upon the fruit after it is cracked, what then? Within 48 hours the juice exposed to the air has begun fermenting, the fermentation is first alcoholic, then acetic, and you have sweet grape juice, wine, vinegar all upon the same bunch. Tell me, what are you going to do wilh that kind of mixture? Had it not been better if the bees had taken all that threatened to spoil?

But here is another trouble and the worst of all for the apiarist. Those juices—grape juice, apple juice, etc., —are not capable of being changed to honey. If the bee harvests them in any quantity so much the worse for her for they will sour on her stomach during the long nights of winter. Better, far better for our bees, if we could keep them out of the wine growers' domain. Happily, there is honey to be gathered usually, when the grapes ripen, and it is not more than one year out of ten that the bees may be seen upon the damaged grapes. But it ts at least evident that the grape grower and the bee keeper are brothers, that their interests are identical, and it is to be regretted that they do not always see it in that light.

Hamilton, Ill.

(From The Southland Queen.)

BEE KEEPING IN NEW MEXICO.

BY W. C. GATHRIGHT.

As a field for practical apiculture New Mexico has many advantages to offer. I will endeavor to give, briefly, some of the advantages and disadvantages.

To begin with wintering, I will say that it is no trouble to winter bees here, having succeeded the past winter in carrying through a number of three frame nuclei in hives with walls only ⅜ inch thick, and no other protection; our winters here are very dry, mild, and even temperature. We are never troubled with too early breeding as is the case with some of the more southern localities.

Here in the Messilla valley there are no black bees, consequently apiarists have no trouble in keeping their Italians pure, and I have been told by the oldest bee keepers here that there has never been any disease known among bees since they were first brought here some 20 or more years ago. The main honey flow is from mesquite and alfalfa during spring and summer, and from golden rod in the fall. As to the honey crop there has never been an entire failure, though there have been some poor seasons, but even during the poorest seasons the bees have always gathered enough for winter from golden rod which is here in great abundance, and other fall flowers. Alfalfa makes four cuttings here so there is bloom almost continually throughout the season. The summer season is very hot, and I find it quite an advantage to wire all my frames, and hives must be painted. I have never had any combs to melt down when in painted hives and facing east, so that the afternoon sun strikes the back end of the hive, but when the sun shines directly against the side of the hive at 2 p. m., there is great danger of the comb on that side of the hive breaking down. Bee-eating birds are very numerous here in early spring; the only remedy is the shot gun. This season I have been having a great deal of trouble with ants; they kill the bees and eat them. They have killed several nuclei, and they frequently attack strong colonies. I have not yet succeeded in getting rid of them. Most apiaries here are located on a low piece of ground and water is turned on from irrigating ditches until the ground is thoroughly soaked, and in such places ants are kept in check, but the disadvantage is that if there is any work to be done in the yard it will have to be postponed until the ground dries.

The principal crops here are wheat, corn and alfalfa, the latter being the best paying crop as it makes four cuttings per year. Apples, peaches, pears and grapes grow to perfection and immense quantities are shipped from this valley. As a winter resort this locality is growing in popularity. The number of people that come to spend the winter is increasing each year.

Donna Anna, N. M.

(From Progressive Bee Keeper).

PREPARING FOR WINTER.

BY E. W. MOORE.

It is now time to prepare our bees for winter and our success for another season depends on the way our bees are managed this fall and winter. In the rush of swarming time there are a good many hives set on the ground and now is the time to prepare suitable stands for them to set on, and save the bottom board from roting and to keep the bees dry and comfortable. It also makes it more convenient for the apiarist to work with if they are on a stand eight inches above the ground saying nothing about the difference in looks.

After all hives are prepared with suitable places or stands we are then ready to commence the most important work of the season in wintering our bees successfully. Feeding bees so that all have plenty of stores for winter and early spring is no small item in a large apiary, provided we have to use sugar syrup. I always try and save enough extracting combs of nice sealed honey to do all my feeding, but then there are a great many who do not produce anything but comb honey so they must of necessity feed sugar syrup or extracted honey, and all my experience in feeding has been in favor of sugar syrup as it comes cheaper and I think that the bees winter better on it than they do on dark or fall honey.

As for the best way of feeding I shall not try to say, but as for me I have not been able to find anything or way that has given more satisfaction than the quart can feeders. Each colony should have at least 25 pounds of stores. Go to hive No. 1 and find the amount of honey it contains. Now if you find this colony has 13 pounds of honey, fill four quart cans with sugar syrup or honey, and tie a thin cloth over the top of them, and turn them upside down on something to catch what may run through the cloths. Put a super or cap on the bees and lay pieces ¼ inch square on top of brood frames for the cans to rest on. Now set your cans on the ¼ inch pieces directly over the cluster. spread quilt over cans, and make everything tight. In two or three days you can remove cans and cap and the job is done without any daubing or robbing among your bees. One man can feed fifty colonies of bees a day this way and stow them away for future use in another day, making two days' work, and if there is any other way to feed the above number of bees in two days I haven't been able to discover it as yet, unless I should want all bees in the yard to have extra stores. Then I should give them their feed out of doors away from the hives. Let any and all of the bees have free access to the syrup. Bees cannot winter successfully if the front of the hive is higher than the back of the hive. Always have your hives so they will slope from the rear to the front, and they will always be dry inside. Arrange some kind of wind break to protect your hives from the cold winds, as bees cannot winter successfully and be allowed to stand where all the cold winds of winter have a fair sweep at them.

What shall we do this winter when it is too cold to work out of doors? Shall we do as our bees are doing, or shall we try and use our time? If I am able to judge of the future by the past, there is plenty to do for all wide-awake bee keepers.

Griffin, Ind.

FASHIONS IN NAMES.

A young woman whose mother was commonly called Bessie, her grandmother Lizzie, and her great-grandmother Betsey, will now be apt to look on such playful diminutives with scorn, and her visiting cards will probably contain something like Elizabeth Tompkinson Smith. What method her daughter will adopt there is not much to indicate; but, whatever it may be, it can hardly differ more from the Elizabeth Tompkinson style than that does from the earlier Lucie form or the still earlier Dolly fashion. Even Daisy, after its evolution from Maggie and Peggy and its vast popularity, has given way, to a great extent, to Margaret or the yet more dignified Margaretta.

The parted-in-the-middle style was once loved by many men for its supposed inherent elegance, and of not a few because it allowed them to hide an impossible first name by using only its first letter. As the prevailing fashion would now demand of the latter class something like Abimelech Walworth Jones, they no longer have such a convenient means of avoiding the difficulty, unless they are willing to be behind the times.—William Ward Crane, in October Lippincott's.

READER.

A wonderful opportunity to have yonr home made cheerful and fragrant with the perfume of beautiful flowers throughout the coming winter, is offered by Wm. Elliott & Sons, seedsmen, 54 Dey St., N. Y. Established 1845. This firm, whom we know to be perfectly reliable, offer a collection of 50 choice winter-flowering bulbs, in ten varieties, including the celebrated Easter Lilly, Hyacinths, Tulips, &c., alone valued at $1.50, in connection with a subscription to American Gardening, standard journal for flower growers. Send the above firm a postal card and they will give you full particulars by return of mail. This offer will not be repeated.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

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FALCONER, N. Y.

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EDITORIAL.

The Annual Convention of the North American Bee Keepers' Association will have become a thing of the past when this number of the BEE KEEPER reaches its readers. We hope this years' session will be of more profit to bee keepers in general than those of the past two or three years, although we are at a loss to know in what manner it can be so. We cannot help comparing these "conventions" to a family pic-nic, of no benefit to anyone but those who attend, and the most even they can say is that they "had a good time," and those members who do not attend have the satisfaction of knowing that they helped "pay the fiddler" and can enjoy it second hand by hearing their friends who did attend tell about it. If the North American Bee Keepers' Association was so organized that it could be of benefit to the bee keeping industry in general we would be heartily in favor of it, but we have never yet heard of any lasting benefit derived from it. On the contrary the Bee Keepers' Union has no "hobnobing gatherings," but spends its revenues in ways that bring good results for all its members.

Gleanings and the American Bee Journal seem to be greatly "worked up" about dishonest commission men, and it is a good idea to remind bee keepers that they can not be too careful to whom they send their honey for marketing. We will be glad to give what information we can to any of our readers who may inquire.

The honey crop throughout the country has been, so far as we can learn, considerably above the average.

In less than a month the nation will elect a new President. Whether it is Mr. Bryan or Mr. McKinley no one at this time can positively tell. Whichever it may be we hope he will prove to be the wisest choice. Politics have been almost completely ignored by the bee journals, and possibly it is as well to do so, still the future policy of this great nation is of vital importance to every one of us and we do not think it out of place if any of us publishers wishes to air his views. We notice in the August number of the Southland Queen several political illusions which show clearly that the Atchleys are imbued with the free silver delusion. Among other things, in speaking of the low price of honey, they claim that it is caused by scarcity of money and not by overproduction. We would like to ask, what makes money scarce? There is more money in this country today than ever before. Is it "tied up"? No! It is not in circulation because few dare to take chances on the future. Large manufacturers dare not go ahead and make up large stocks in advance for fear there will be no demand for their goods. Talk about scarcity of money! You can get plenty of money now if you have something to give for it. You can never get it for nothing no matter how much may be coined, but you may be able to get more of it in proportion as it becomes cheaper. The cause of the low prices of honey is neither scarcity of money or overproduction, for, in fact, the ruling prices are no lower in proportion now than for several years past. We have before us a market report dated October 1st, 1892, quoting No. 1 white comb at 13 @ 15 cents a pound, only a fraction below the present average price, and today there is hardly a manufactured product that does not sell at least ten per cent. below the price at which it sold in 1892.

Reduction of Prices.

FOUNDATION has been reduced 3c a pound from prices in our 1896 catalog. This is owing to the lower price of wax.

OUR NO. 1 FALCON POLISHED SECTIONS we now offer at $2.50 for 1000, $4.50 for 2000, $6.40 for 3000, $10 for 5000. Less than 1000 same prices as formerly.

BEESWAX is lower. We are now paying 23c cash or 26c in trade, per pound, delivered at our railroad station, (Falconer, N. Y). This price is not guaranteed. We will pay highest market price when wax is received. Prices are liable to be reduced again within a short time. If you have any wax to sell it is advisable to send it now.

The Cows In the Mortgage.

There is a man in Taylor county who knows how to mortgage cows. The Montezuma Record knows this man and vouches for him. The man is a farmer, and recently a collector called on him for the payment of a note secured by chattel mortgage.

The farmer was obdurate and gave no satisfaction that he would ever pay the note. Finally the collector said:

"Well, I'll have to take the 11 cows named in the mortgage."

"Oh, no, you haven't got a mortgage on 11 cows on this farm."

"Why, yes, I have." And the collector pulled out a copy of the mortgage and read as follows:

"'One red and white cow, one cow spotted red and white, one red cow with white spots, one cow with white spot in forehead, one red cow with two white hind feet, one white cow with red spots on side, one white and red cow, one red cow with two white fore feet, one white cow with red spot on shoulders, one red cow with white spots on hips, one white cow spotted with red.' Now, how do you like that?" continued the collector.

"Oh, that's all right. I see you've got 11 mortgages on my old red and white cow. There she is down in the pasture. The boys will go down and help you catch her!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Correct.

Teacher (to class)—Why is procrastination called the thief of time?

Boy (at foot of class)—Because it takes a person so long to say it.—Harlem Life.

THE AGE OF PERFECTION.

O worshipers of womanhood,
No more old shibboleths repeat!
(Youthful hyperboles and crude.)
Their fulsome praise is now effete,
But with a measured rapture greet
Nor indiscriminately strive
To prove all women young and sweet—
The perfect age is thirty-five.

Time was you praised the maiden's snood,
The timid eye, the lingering feet,
In modest bashfulness that stood
Where rivulet and river meet.
Now childish grace is obsolete.
Our modern appetite would thrive
On riper grain, matured wheat—
The perfect age is thirty-five.

Tall Helen wandering in the wood,
And gentle Hermia small and neat,
Young Rosalind in costume rude,
Girl Juliet in your winding sheet—
You all, alas, are incomplete.
Then pray that time may means contrive
Your changeless youthfulness to cheat—
The perfect age is thirty five.

Then woman sober and discreet
(So men may choose you when they wive),
The moment seize—for time is fleet—
The perfect age is thirty-five!

—St. James Gazette.

A FAIRY OMNIBUS.

I think everybody gets a touch of romance some time in his life. The green glade of olden days is probably replaced by a busy street, your armor clad knight by a city man in a frock coat and silk hat, your distressed damsel is a practical, level headed, energetic little typewriter, perhaps. The actors are changed, the scene is changed, but, believe me, the element of romance is just the same as it was in the days of chivalry.

Now, I dare say you would scarcely believe that a bald headed, middle aged, stout old solicitor like me—getting every day more engrossed in business, and more and more apt to be a trifle crusty in my temper, owing to a tiresome liver—was ever sufficiently "interesting" to play the part of a modern knight errant.

Let me tell you all about it, and how it ended. It's commonplace enough, I know, and I dare say most of you have gone through something similar, but if it does nothing else it may perhaps serve to stir up pleasant memories.

I had nearly completed my articles, and was reading hard for my "final," when one morning the firm told me to go to a client who was ill and take instructions for her will.

She was an old maiden lady living in Paddington, and our people had transacted all her business for her for something like 40 years.

It was a wet day—one of those days that we get from time to time in London, when you feel as if you would like to go to bed and not get up again until things have changed.

Holborn was like a little river, and the traffic slopped and splashed along in a way that made you feel damp even to watch.

I stood on the curbstone waiting for a chance to cross without being smothered with mud, when I noticed a girl standing near me. She, too, was trying to cross.

It was very funny to see her. She was evidently from the country, and didn't at all understand the London traffic. Three times she started, and three times she turned back in despair.

I watched her with interest. There was an amusing expression of good tempered misery on her face. She was pretty—very pretty—and daintily dressed, and—well, I seized my opportunity like an articled clerk who is worth his salt is bound to do.

"Excuse me," I said, raising my hat, "but I think you want to cross the road."

She looked rather startled.

"I think I shall get on all right," she answered, "if you would kindly tell me when to start."

"Suppose we try together? Give me your arm."

She did not give me her arm. I took it, and we started on our pilgrimage. In and out the cabs and omnibuses I guided her safely until we got to about the middle of the road, which, as you know, is very wide opposite Furnival's inn. Suddenly she limped and gave a funny little hop.

"I'm very sorry," she said, laughing, "but—I'm afraid my shoe has come off. It stuck in the mud."

I looked around. Sure enough, a few yards behind us was a shoe lying in the mud, looking very lonely and getting horribly wet.

"Can you stand here for a moment," I said, "while I fetch it?"

I left her there, standing on one foot,

with the tip of a little stockinged toe just touching the ground to steady her.

A cab driver who happened to pass found the situation amusing and said so candidly, but I'm proud to say that I managed to keep a grave face. The shoe was such a small one that I marveled how a human being could ever get it on, much less get it off again.

Now a saint from heaven can't put a lady's shoe on for her without seeing her ankle. I didn't try to. I thoroughly enjoyed that little ankle and lingered over the task with becoming solemnity in spite of the weather.

At last we were ready to start again.

"It was very kind of you not to laugh at me," she said, with a little blush. "I must have looked very silly, standing there on one foot."

"You looked very charming," I said, with a young man's bluntness.

I landed her safely on the path, and she thanked me.

I asked her if I could be of any further service. She thought not. She only wanted to get into a Paddington bus and then she would be quite safe.

Now I wanted a Paddington bus, but I didn't say so. As soon as one came up I stopped it, put her inside and went on top myself.

Perhaps you will think me quixotic for going outside in such miserable weather. Well, I believe you would have done the same thing after all. You see, I was afraid she might think I was pestering her if I followed her inside. It looked rather like taking advantage of a trifling service, and I was at that age when a man would rather have rheumatic fever than [illegible] good opinion of a pretty girl. Things are different now—I'm a married man.

But, bless your heart, you can't escape destiny by getting outside an omnibus. I hadn't been up there three minutes, the rain had only just commenced to soak through the knees of my trousers and trickle down my legs, when the conductor came up with a significant grin on his face.

"If you please, sir," he said, "there's a young lady inside wants to speak to you."

I climbed down the ladder with which buses in those days were furnished.

There she sat in the corner, half smiling, half blushing. There was nobody else inside.

"Won't you get wet if you go outside?" she said.

"I was afraid you might think I was a nuisance," I answered.

"I guessed as much," she said frankly. "But it would be a very poor return for your kindness if I drove you into consumption."

I think that upon the whole that was the most delightful bus drive in my experience. The conversation flowed in a torrent, and I believe we exchanged as many confidences and opinions in half an hour as some people do in a lifetime. It was wonderful. It was like touching by accident the hidden spring of some secret door which opened into a new atmosphere, a new fairyland. We were more like old friends than chance acquaintances, and it seemed as if neither could tell the other too much. Points of agreement and disagreement were noted eagerly. We had read the same books, visited the same places, and wherever we turned there was new ground of sympathy.

She had only been in London a week and had not visited any place of amusement. I wondered if I could find a chance here of pushing my advantage and approached the subject with delicacy and caution.

But at this point it seemed that the mutual confidence stopped, for she declined to understand my tactics and remarked that her time was too fully occupied to go about much.

Only too soon we reached the place where I had decided to alight. We shook hands warmly and thanked each other rather vaguely and nervously, and then I found myself once more on a nasty, wet London pavement.

I had had a glimpse of fairyland, but it was only a glimpse. I was back again in the practical, uncomfortable world, with a living to be earned and a will to make.

The gates of fairyland were closed, for, like a donkey, I had omitted to find out the fairy's name and where she lived.

It seemed impossible to bring one's mind back to the legal subtleties of willmaking, but it had to be done, and I trudged heavily on my way to our client's house, finding, to my infinite disgust, that I had got out of the omnibus much sooner than I need have done.

Imagine my surprise when, on reaching the house and being shown into the dining room, I found there the heroine of the lost shoe.

That settled it.

I felt that heaven had decided I was to marry that young lady, and I formed the pious intention then and there of giving heaven every possible assistance and made such a delightful hash of her aunt's will that it required some six or seven visits to put matters straight.

Curiously enough, though, from the moment we met in the house her friendliness ceased. Every time I came she was more cold and distant, and I was almost in despair. The conversation which had flowed so merrily in an uncomfortable omnibus seemed impossible over the dining room fire, and she refused to go beyond the most commonplace civilities.

She calmly ignored that drive, which I had found so delightful, and treated me with ordinary politeness due to the representative of her aunt's solicitors.

The position grew desperate, because I couldn't continue to make blunders over the old lady's will forever. Already the firm had reprimanded me for stupidity, though, to be sure, the old lady herself bore with me with wonderful patience and good temper.

The crisis came.

It was my last visit about the will, which was now ready—absolutely correct—and the dear old creature had approved of every word of it.

It only required to be executed. She said she would like her niece and me to be the witnesses, and as she was much better and able to get up we assembled solemnly in the library. But she was a funny old character and scouted the idea of solemnity, ringing the bell for the servant to bring up some champagne, so that we might drink "success to her will."

I'm thankful to say that, though I was by this time helplessly in love with the niece, I had sufficient presence of mind to say, "Success to the will, and may it never have to be proved!" which pleased her immensely, and before I left I was invited to dinner the following Sunday.

From that moment things went pretty smoothly, though it was only last evening that in talking over our courting days in the far away past my wife explained the meaning of her extraordinary coolness to me.

It seems that when, after the drive in what she is pleased to call the "fairy omnibus," I walked into her aunt's dining room, she quite recognized that I must be her destiny, and so, with feminine perversity, she felt called upon to struggle against fate as much as possible.

"But you ought to be very thankful to me for one thing," she added. "It was I who—but never mind."

"Nonsense!" I said. "Go on. We are too old fashioned to be romantic any longer."

"Well," she said, "it was I who suggested you should be invited to dinner."

Which just shows what contradictory creatures women are. — Household Words.

The earliest year consisted of 12 months, having each 29 and 30 days alternately, thus making 354 days. This being found too short, it was lengthened to 360 days and afterward to 365¼.

Starched collars and cuffs are good barometers. In dry weather these articles are stiff and hard, but when rain is coming the moisture in the atmosphere makes them soft and pliable.

The Rhinoceros Bird.

Among the birds not commonly found is the rhinoceros bird, from the Transvaal. Buffel pikker is its Dutch name. Its habits are remarkable and its plumage unusual. Small flocks accompany most of the large antelopes, the buffaloes and the rhinoceroses, in South Africa, and run all over the creatures' bodies, picking off flies and insects. When an enemy approaches, the buffel pikkers sit in a line with heads raised on the back of the animal they are attending, like sparrows on a roof ridge, and signal "the enemy in sight." The plumage is curiously close, uniform and compact, so much so that the bird has an artificial look, as if covered with painted satin and not with feathers. The general tint of the body is cinnamon brown, with yellow beak and legs, giving the color effect of a brown and yellow iris.—London Spectator.

Thorough

The late George Higinbotham, chief justice of Victoria, was noted for the thoroughness with which he performed his duties, no matter whether they were pleasant or unpleasant, light or onerous. During his early life in Melbourne, the breaking out of the New Zealand war caused the departure of the Fortieth British infantry from the city to the scene of hostilities. Volunteers were enrolled to guard Melbourne, and Mr. Higinbotham joined them as a private. An officer of the volunteers describes a scene which shows how conscientiously his duty as a soldier was performed:

Scene, the Werribee camp. Time, 4:30 in the morning. Company paraded, and the officer commanding the company announces that the two men whose names are the first on the roster are to fetch the meat from the butcher's, the next to fetch wood, and so on.

"Orderly sergeant, call the names."

"George Higinbotham, Richard Hale Budd."

A sort of shudder passed through the ranks when it was seen to whom the most unpleasant duty had fallen—a graduate of Dublin university, a leading barrister, Higinbotham, and a graduate of Cambridge, the secretary of the education department, Budd.

The orderly sergeant asked the officer if he might be permitted to find volunteers to take this work off their hands, adding that he could easily find 40. A young bricklayer and a young laborer came forward, but they could not persuade Private Higinbotham.

"Budd," said he, "they want to relieve us of this work because it is disagreeable. What do you say?"

A resolute "No" was the answer. And the best educated men in the country marched to the butcher's, waited for the meat and brought it back skewered on their ramrods.

Zebras Stronger Than Horses.

The zebra is an almost incorrigible little beast, and up to now all attempts to train it to work have had small success. The Boers, persistent and methodical, have conquered it at last, and put the hitherto unruly animal into the traces of their mail coaches.

Together the zebras show an inclination to bite, but when harnessed with mules they are easier to manage. This utilization of the zebra is one of the greatest importance to South Africans. Horses are likely to be killed by hyenas, while the zebras are a match, with teeth and hoofs, for any hyena.

Boers find that the zebra is capable of greater movement than the horse and is not so susceptible to disease. Strange to say, the little striped beast is also stronger than the horse, though its weight is less than one-half that of the other draft animal.—Strand Magazine.

Lacked Modern Facilities.

"I am sorry," remarked Mr. Blykins' wife, "to see that you are of such an irritable disposition."

"I guess that most men have their moods," he replied, a little defiantly. "Men are all liable to lose their tempers at some time."

"Think of the philosophers! Think of how Socrates even took the cup of poison without a murmur! I don't believe he ever lost his temper."

"Humph! He didn't have the modern facilities. I'll wager a silk hat that if Socrates had ever gotten seven miles from home and found that his back tire had a puncture in it and that somebody had stolen his repair kit, he'd have said things that he wouldn't have had his publishers know about for worlds."—Washington Star.

The Pyramid Limp.

"The pyramid limp," as it has come to be called, is that state of body which falls upon one for two or three days after making the ascent of the pyramids. One is so much pulled and pushed at the time that little or no inconvenience is felt. There is no sign of soreness of joint or muscle until after one has slept, and then the trouble begins to brew. The second day of that man or woman is worse than the first; the climax is reached at the end of the second or beginning of the third day and from that time the pain begins slowly to lessen. —Cairo Letter.

The first iron nails made in this country were hammered into shape at Cumberland, R. I., in 1777.

Italy has 6,850,000 women of marriageable age.

A BARGAINING PHYLLIS.

"Pretty Phyllis," said I, "truly
You have cheated me unduly."

"How, I prythee?" said she to me.
"I have only what is due me."

"You have more," said I, beguiling
Pretty Phyllis with my smiling.

"I have given you a hundred
Chances to say 'Yes,' and wondered

"Why you have not said it. Won't you
Say it now?" She answered, "Don't you

"Think my 'Yes' of greater value?
Let me ask you one thing, 'Shall you

Stop your giving?' If I thought so,
Then perhaps 'Yes' might be bought so;

But it is so sweet to hear you
Giving me the chance I fear you"—

"Hold!" cried I. "You do but banter,
And I closed the deal instanter."

—W. J. Lampton in New York Sun.

THE DIVER'S DRAMA.

"It was almost enough to craze a man outright," said the old diver.

"Aye, it was a tight fix—that in the Conqueror. She was coming in from the Mediterranean after a three years' cruise with the 'middies,' and went down in a gale in sight of home with every soul on board. I was young then and anxious to be the first sent down into her for the sake of the reputation it would give me, for reputation meant money, and money, you see, was the only reason why Hettie and I were deferring our marriage.

"The sea was running high as I was carried down in my heavy armor from the deck of the steamer to the float alongside, where the ropes by which to haul me up again were fastened on. The india rubber tube, through which I was to be supplied with air, was adjusted.

" 'Now, dear boy,' said my old friend and instructor, Lott, the famous deep sea diver, who came forward to close the little glass window in my helmet, 'take good care of yourself and don't stay long below. The currents are swift.'

"I dropped into the waves with a splash, sinking swiftly down through the brilliant sunlit waters, which, though rough and boisterous at their surface, suddenly grew calm as I passed below. I glanced up at the sun, which appeared as a great ball of fire, but, growing smaller and smaller as I sank lower, it finally seemed like the tiny red spark of a candle and then faded from sight.

"I cleared a bank of thick seaweed and stood at last upon the bright sandy bottom.

"Passing around a reef of rocks fancifully honeycombed, I came upon a mass of tangled rigging, and a few steps brought me to the man-of-war half buried where she lay in the sand.

"Great caution was necessary lest I should become entangled among the ropes or caught under the shifting timbers, and making my way slowly to the companionway I sent up the signals:

" 'I am about to enter the vessel'—'I shall be in danger'—'Play out rope freely, and give me plenty of air.'

"I made my way to the lower deck and found myself in the forward cabin. I groped about for the doorway, knowing that once in the main saloon the deck lights would enable me to see more distinctly.

"Clearing the rubbish and drifted sand from about the doorway, I put my shoulder to the door, shoved it back against the waters and resolutely entered. An awful silence was upon everything—a silence as of death. I was alone, at the bottom of the sea, in the saloon of the Conqueror, and close about me were postured, like grim sentinels set to watch me in my work, the officers and crew of 200!

"Yes, there were the ill fated men as they stood when death overtook them on that awful night, when they were sinking. Before they could reach the stairway the mighty water had rushed in upon them and they died where it had met them, at the threshold.

"The eddying waters carried them here and there through the cabin, but still so close were they to one another that I had to part them now and then to reach the after cabin, and more than one turned, as I slowly passed along and followed in the wake I made behind me. Their faces were often close against my helmet, and it horrified me to notice that they all wore still upon their faces the impress of the terror that had come upon them with death.

"A moment passed and I was terrified at receiving no response from a second or third signal!

"I pulled the rope again violently—waited—still no reply.

"Great heavens! What did it all mean? Had they forgotten me? Were they to leave me there at the bottom of the sea with that awful crew? I no sooner realized my helplessness than an uncontrollable terror took possession of me. Surely they would not desert me! Surely they had not forgotten me! I pulled madly at the cord once more, and glancing up perceived that there was something steadily resisting my efforts from the masthead above.

"Was it some monster who was playing with my rope—some great fish that was holding it in his jaws? In my desperation I threw my whole weight on it, and—it gave way and fell slowly, silently, on the deck at my feet. The ragged, frayed ends, which had become entangled in the rigging, were in my hands and the upper half of the ropes had floated away with the tide.

"I was alone at the bottom of the sea, with no means of signaling my distress! The india rubber tube, which was my only means of breathing, was yet fast to me, but as soon as they should begin to wind in the ropes and tube, on some supposed signal from me, it would snap in two and the waters would come in upon me.

"My terror grew wilder. I knew the men were close to me—only 30 yards above me—yet I must die because I could not reach them. I raved like a madman and tried to tear my armor from me, but its iron [illegible] held me fast. I shouted piteously, uselessly.

"I fell upon the deck at last, exhausted—in an ominous stupor—a sullen despair—and sank into unconsciousness. When I recovered I was calm—prayer came to my lips.

"I closed my eyes quietly and waited for the death I was powerless to defer; waited for it with my head laid on my arms as I used to sleep in the dear old days at home; waited quietly for its coming, praying God that it might come upon me gently.

"Was I crazed? Was I mad, or was this a new torture for me in my last moments? I had lain quiet but a moment, when I started up in terror, uttering a cry, a weak, miserable cry, which died on my lips as I sank again on the deck and closed my eyes to a terrible sight before me.

"I had left the cabin door open and freed the imprisoned dead men. One of the dead sailors had floated up to the deck, and, by some horrible chance, the tide bore him directly toward me. Was I to die surrounded once more by those ghastly sentinels as a death watch?

"He was borne slowly along on the current, his eyes wide open in an awful stare, his arms outstretched as though to embrace me, welcoming me to the unknown world. I fell prostrate on the deck in my terror, but he floated on slowly, the tide casting him up against me, when he fell at my side.

"I caught him in my desperation, to fling him from me, but his arms closed tight about me in an iron embrace, and his face was close to mine—the face of old Lott, the diver, who had come down through the waters to save me, and in whose stout arms I was borne up and carried insensible to the boats above.

"'We saw what was wrong right away,' he said to me afterward, 'when the ragged ends of your rope floated to the surface. There was only one way of reaching you, old fellow, and I can tell you we flew around quick. We had no "bell" to go down to you in, so we just fastened some weights to my feet and ropes to my arms. I took a rubber mouthpiece between my teeth and dropped overboard. The water oppressed me fearfully, and I couldn't have stood it more than a few minutes. In that few minutes I found you, caught you in my arms and signaled to them to haul us up pretty quick. It was killing me.'

"I took his dear hands in mine, and looked into his good, honest eyes. With a swelling heart I told him, in such words as I could, of my gratitude for his heroic efforts when he came down through the waters at the risk of his own life to save mine.

"Hettie and I were married a month later."—Chicago Tribune.

The Dutch In Japan, 1640.

The Dutchmen were confined within the narrow bounds of their island prison—which, as Kaempfer tells us, was by his own measuring 236 paces long by 82 paces broad—and shut in by a high palisading topped with spikes. A more monotonous existence could scarcely be conceived. In the earlier days some half dozen ships would arrive during the year, but from the beginning of the eighteenth century not more than one or two annually—generally about September. They had scarcely anchored when the resident, with his retinue, had to set out on his long and costly journey to Tokyo, to deliver the customary presents to the shogun. The humiliations these poor Dutchmen were compelled to undergo are well described by Kaempfer in his immortal history:

"As soon as he (the Resident Van Brutenheim in 1691) came into the emperor's presence the commissioners cried out, 'Oranda Kapitain.' * * * Accordingly, he crawled on his hands and knees to a place between the presents and the emperor. * * * Then, kneeling, he bowed his forehead quite down to the ground, and so crawled backward like a crab, without uttering one single word. So mean and short a thing is the audience we have of this mighty monarch."

In the following year, 1692, the new resident, Van Outhoorn, was subjected to even greater indignity. "We were commanded," writes Kaempfer, "to sit upright, take off our cloaks, stand up, walk, turn about, sing songs, compliment one another, be angry, etc., to jump, dance, play gambols, etc.," and even "to kiss one another like man and wife, which the ladies of the court showed particularly by their laughter they were well pleased with."—Athenæum.

Something Like Red Tape.

It is stated that an operatic star of some note connected with one of the principal Moscow theaters, wishing to make a short excursion into the country, went to get her passport countersigned by the local authorities. The presiding official received her politely, and, having learned her business, inquired for her "written petition."

"My written petition!" cried the lady. "I have none. I never knew that anything of the kind was required."

"Not required, madam? On the contrary, nothing can be done without it."

"What am I to do, then?"

"Nothing easier. Be good enough to take this sheet of paper and write according to my dictation."

The applicant obeyed, and transcribed word for word a formal petition requesting leave of absence from the city for a stated time, which was then duly signed, folded and sealed.

"And now," quoth the man in office, "you have only to deliver it."

"To whom, pray?"

"To whom?" echoed the official, with a slight smile at the absurdity of the question. "To me, of course."

The document was accordingly handed across the table. The great man adjusted his spectacles, broke the seal, gravely read over his own composition from beginning to end, folded it and docketed it with methodical slowness, and then, turning to the impatient artist, said, with an air of official solemnity:

"Madam, I have read your petition, and regret to tell you that I am unable to grant it."—Moscow Correspondence.

Mounting Photographs on Glass.

To mount photographs on glass, take 4 ounces of gelatin and soak for half an hour in 16 ounces of water; put the jar into a large dish of warm water and dissolve the gelatin. When dissolved, pour into a shallow tray. Have your prints rolled on a roller, albumen side out; take the print by the corners and pass rapidly through the gelatin, taking great care to avoid air bubbles. Hang up with clips to dry; when dry, squeeze carefully on to the glass. The better the quality of glass, the finer the effect.—New York Ledger.

Opinions and Their Truth.

There is the greatest difference between presuming an opinion to be true, because with every opportunity for contesting it it has not been refuted, and assuming its truth for the purpose of not permitting its refutation. Complete liberty of contradicting and disproving our opinion is the very condition which justifies us in assuming its truth for purposes of action, and on no other terms can a being with human faculties have any rational assurance of being right.

In 1784 an explosion and fire occurred in the government dockyards at Brest, in France, which occasioned a loss of $5,000,000.

The Best Detectives.

A Frenchman naturally thinks the Parisian detectives the best. Englishmen swear by the shrewdness of Scotland Yard men, and Americans, of course, swear by the New York detectives. After three years' residence in China (says a traveler), I do not think either of the three bodies is entitled to the credit given it. The Chinese beat them all.

They are at one time the most expert thieves and at another the most skilled detectives in the world. A Chinaman can steal your watch while you are looking at it, and he can catch the man who stole it, if it happens to be some other man than himself, when a French detective could not.

I have seen evidences of detective ability among the Chinese which would startle even Lecocq. It is impossible for an evildoer to long elude the Chinese detectives. They scent a crime and follow it to the last before civilized detectives would know of it.

The Chinese detective force is a secret body, and the best organized in the world. They have an eye upon every man, woman and child, foreign or native, in China, and in addition watch over each other.

Informers are encouraged, and collusion is impossible. The head of the Chinese police is not known, but there is one, and a very active one too. I have heard that the present head was once an ambassador to a European country, but really I do not believe that any one knows who he is. There are said to be over 60,000 men under him and his assistants who control the various districts.—Pearson's Weekly.

Air Bubble Nests.

Paradise fishes come from Japan, and their nests are very odd, indeed, for they are composed of air bubbles. Unlike goldfish, they will breed and raise their young in an aquarium or even a glass globe, and, as they raise three or four broods each year, the girl or boy who owns a pair of the interesting pets is almost sure to have a large fish family in a few months.

Ordinarily the male paradise fish is of a dull silvery color, but when he goes a-courting he puts on a brilliant coat, striped with streaks of red, blue and green. When the female fish is ready to lay eggs, she builds her nest by swallowing air and making bubbles, which are held together by a sticky secretion that comes from her mouth.

The eggs rise in the water and find a resting place among the air bubbles, to which they cling. The female fish tries to swallow the eggs, but her husband drives her away and keeps guard until the eggs are hatched. If the air bubbles burst, the male fish blows some more, so that the nest is always floating on the surface of the water.

At the end of five days the young are hatched out. They cannot swim, but cling like tadpoles to the air bubbles. If one falls, the father fish catches it in his mouth and blows it up among the bubbles again. He does not leave his little ones until they are able to swim, and then they take care of themselves.

The paradise fish grows to a length of three or four inches and thrives best on chopped up angleworms. If they are kept from the cold, they increase rapidly and make fine pets.—Chicago Record.

Consanguineous Marriages.

With regard to deaf mutism, statistics show, for the most part, that the closer the degree of relationship between the parents, the more numerous are the number of the deaf mute children born. For example, one marriage between an aunt and nephew produced 3 deaf mutes. Four marriages between uncle and niece produced 11 deaf mutes. Twenty-six marriages between first cousins produced 38 deaf mutes. Sixteen marriages between second cousins produced 28 deaf mutes. Forty-seven marriages between blood relatives produced 72 deaf mutes. These are important facts, which leave no measure of doubt as to the influence of the intermarriage of blood relations in causing deaf mutism. But just in the same way as consanguineous marriages should be avoided so also should the intermarriage of persons tainted with hereditary disease be discouraged.—London Medical Press.

Are Our Laws Just?

A man was accused of having stolen a pair of trousers. There were several witnesses, but the evidence was rather meager, and so the accused was acquitted. He was told that he could go, but he remained. His lawyer, to whose successful defense he mainly owed his liberty, hinted to him again that he was free to depart, but still he staid.

There being no more cases to be heard the court was getting empty, when the lawyer, growing impatient, asked, with some asperity, why he didn't go. The injured, innocent man whispered in his ear: "The fact is, sir, I did not like to move till the witnesses had left the court."

"Why so?"

"Because, sir, I have got on the trousers that I stole."—London Tit-Bits.

A Modern Sindbad.

Some imaginative writer tells the tale of a sailor who was shipwrecked three times, was in four collisions and two fires at sea, suffered from sunstroke and yellow fever, lost a finger or two by frostbite, had one eye gouged out in a fight at San Francisco, came home, married a shopkeeping widow, who henpecked him, got out of his course one foggy day and walked into the river, where he was found next morning still chewing his overnight quid of tobacco, but without his glass eye. This is the novelist's type and is perhaps somewhat highly colored, but it may be compared with some actual types.

One of the men we have in mind fell from the main yard and broke his left arm before he had been at sea a month on his first voyage as an apprentice. On the return voyage from San Francisco he fell from the same yard and broke one of his legs. The vessel was wrecked in a gale off the southwest coast of Ireland, and this unhappy youth, fato profugus, was saved, with three others, out of a crew of 26, only, however, to find that his next ship, laden with coal, took fire on the other side of Cape Horn and had to be abandoned by her crew, who were six days in their boats before a homeward bound ship picked them up.

His third vessel ran ashore at the entrance to Hongkong harbor in her hurry to get inside before a Yankee with whom she was in company. When our friend found his fourth ship dismasted in a cyclone in the Indian ocean, he came to the conclusion that sea life, which he had been quite prepared to like, was too exciting for him and he decided forthwith, provided he got safely out of that scrape, to leave it to those with better luck.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Charles Reade on Bare Walls.

I had the honor once to know in London Charles Reade, a most remarkable and great man, as well as a great novelist of the higher realistic school. Reade was, above all things, a practical man. He had the eye of an eagle, and no things that needed reformation escaped it. One day, when I dined with him at his house in London, his rus in urbe, as he called it, he said that he had been an examiner at a board school examination that day and that he had been again struck by the barrenness and unattractiveness of the average public school room. "I suppose," said I, "that it is a realization of the American idea. By giving the scholars nothing to look at but their books their attention is supposed to be concentrated on their lessons." "Just so," he said, "but it isn't. The brain works through the eye. Those infernal bare walls do not stimulate the mind. They stupefy it." Here is the statement of an absolute fact which, fortunately, wise teachers are now recognizing the world over.—Collector.

How to See the Wind.

Take a polished metal surface of two feet or more and with a straight edge. A large handsaw will answer the purpose. Take a windy day on which to make the experiment, paying no attention to atmospheric conditions, for such an experiment can be as successfully made on a clear day as it can on a cloudy one, and the results will be equally good in summer or winter. The only thing you need to look out for is that you do not attempt to "see the wind" on a rainy or murky day, as conditions are then very unfavorable. When everything is in readiness, hold the metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind—i. e., if the wind is in the north, hold the metal east and west, but instead of holding it vertical incline it about 42 degrees to the horizon. When this has been done, sight carefully along the edge of a sharply defined object for some moments and you will see the wind pouring over in graceful curves almost like water.—St. Louis Republic.

Forgot the Violets.

Among the characteristics of Walter Savage Landor, the famous author, were his absentmindedness and his passionate love for animals and the vegetable world. On one occasion, having suffered not long before from leaving the key of his portmanteau behind him, he took special precautions before starting on a journey to see that his keys were in his pocket. When, however, he produced them in triumph at his journey's end, he found that he had left the portmanteau behind. Landor, though he often handled his fellow men somewhat roughly, hated to see an old tree felled and even shrank from plucking a rose. One morning he collared his man cook and flung him out of the window. Then, suddenly remembering on what bed in the garden the man would fall, the flower loving Lander exclaimed: "Good heavens! I forgot the poor violets!"

Macaulay's Wit.

Macaulay, who was in the habit of shaving himself, and badly, too, it would seem, once patronized a first class barber. After obtaining an easy shave, he turned to the tonsorial artist and inquired:

"How much do I owe you?"

"Whatever you have been in the habit of giving the man who shaves you, sir," replied the barber.

"I generally give him two cuts on each cheek," replied the celebrated English historian; "but you, sir, being a superior workman, deserve to fare better."—Washington Times.

Failed but Once.

"Don't be afraid. Come right in. My wife's out. Have a little something? Here's a nice quality of old"—

"Good heavens, man! You've got the wrong bottle! Look at that lable! Don't you see it's marked 'Poison?' "

"Oh, that's all right. That saves it from the hired girl. My own invention, you know. Clever, isn't it? Never failed but once."

"How was that?"

"Hired girl couldn't read."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

[illegible]is Honor's [illegible]

A good story is told of J[illegible] D. Greer, a prominent lawyer [illegible]. Once during a visit to St. L[illegible] d a severe attack of toothache. [illegible] a dentist's office and was [illegible] a young man who was scrupulously neat and clean. The latter bowed suavely, and the judge began:

"I [illegible] you profess to be able to extract teeth without pain."

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "and if I don't do it I'll refund your money."

The judge was seated in the operating chair, and the last thing he remembers was the dentist inserting a small tube in his mouth. He got a dose of gas and became unconscious. When he came to, the young man was under a table, his erstwhile spotless shirt and collar covered with blood and his clothes torn almost beyond recognition. He was desperately waving the judge off, saying all the while: "Get out of here. Get out of here."

He seemed very anxious to have the judge get out, but he couldn't be induced to leave his retreat under the table.

"Why, young man, what's the matter?" asked the judge, who didn't understand the situation, in surprise. "If I've done anything, I'm willing to pay for it."

The young man obtruded his head for a moment, glanced reproachfully about at the demolished furniture and his own sorry plight, wavered for a moment and then exclaimed: "Pay hell! You get out of here!"

It seemed that the judge, under the influence of the gas, had cleaned out the establishment, and the dentist didn't get the tooth either.—Paducah Standard.

An Old Pawn Ticket.

An old pawn ticket which has been unearthed at Florence is creating considerable stir in the literary world. The ticket was found in a curiosity shop in a portfolio of drawings and old letters. It runs as follows: "I, the undersigned, herewith acknowledge the receipt of 25 lire from Signor Abraham Levi, for which he holds as security a sword of my father, four sheets and two tablecovers.—March 2, 1570. Torquato Tasso."

THE GOOSE FEATHER.

[An American Indian song.]

Black lake, black lake,
The wild goose hid within the brake.
The string upon my bow fell loose,
The arrow slipped and missed the goose.

He heard my step and flew away.
I found a feather where he lay.
Arrow thin, arrow thin,
I struck the black goose feather in.

Black lake, black lake,
A goose lies dead within the brake.
This morn his own black feather whirred
And sped the shaft that killed the bird.
—Charles A. Collmann in Century.

STOPPED IN TIME.

At the time of which I am writing I was living in seclusion in a small town about 35 miles north of London. I was engaged in rather a large literary undertaking—in fact, I was writing a novel. So engrossed was I with my task that I had no time to read even the newspaper and was quite ignorant of what was going on in the world. It was a little after 8 o'clock one evening in April that I finished the second volume of my work. I put on my hat and coat and started off for an evening stroll. I had no sooner stepped into the street than a boy accosted me with a bundle of papers under his arm and the request, "Buy an evening paper, sir?" I bought one, put it in my pocket and resumed my walk.

After my return I opened my paper leisurely — nay, lazily. Presently my eye was caught with the following paragraph heading, "Impending Execution of the Clinfold Murderer."

There is a morbid fascination for most people in an execution, and so, yielding to this feeling, I proceeded to read the paragraph:

"The murderer of the unfortunate James Renfrew will be hanged tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock. The wretched man, whose name — Charles Fenthurst — is now in everybody's mouth, still persists in his plea of innocence."

Here I became deeply interested. The name of Fenthurst was most familiar to me. I had formed a deep friendship with a man of that name. He was a good 15 years my senior and had died about two years previously. I knew he had a son named Charles, a young fellow who had emigrated to South Africa early in life and who was generally supposed to be working at the diamond mines. Could this be the same man? I read on.

"It will be remembered that at the trial the strongest circumstantial evidence was brought to bear upon Fenthurst. The murder took place in a house on the outskirts of the small town of Clinfold. It was proved that Fenthurst was in the habit of frequenting Renfrew's premises and that apparently he was expected there on the evening in question. He was seen near the place soon after the crime was committed, and several other proofs of a strongly condemnatory character were also laid against him. He has persisted from the first, however, in maintaining that he was absent from Clinfold at the very time the murder took place. This was about 7 o'clock in the evening. At that hour, he says, he was returning from London, where he had been spending part of the day. Only one witness, he says, could prove this, and that is an individual who traveled with him as far as P—— and entered into conversation with him. Advertisements have been inserted in all the papers by Fenthurst's legal advisers for the purpose of discovering the individual in question, but as no answer has been forthcoming it is generally believed that the whole story is a myth. At any rate, there seems but small chance of the alibi being proved at the last moment. The murder was committed on Feb. 6. Since his condemnation the murderer has been confined in Silkminster jail, where the execution will take place."

Astonishment and dismay confronted me as I laid the paper down. I was the missing witness they had so vainly sought. I distinctly remembered, early in February, running up to town rather late in the afternoon, spending just half an hour there, and returning by the first train I could catch. My landlady didn't even know but that I had been for rather a longer walk than usual. I had entered into conversation on the return journey with the only other occupant of my compartment, a young man with a small black bag, on which were painted the letters "C. F." I remembered all this distinctly. In order to make sure I snatched up my diary and quickly turned to the date of the murder, Feb. 6. There was the entry: "Ran up to town in afternoon. Inquired concerning material for chapter 7. Saw B—— for half hour. Returned by 6:42 train."

The horror of the situation now flashed upon me. A man's life—the life of my old friend's son—depended upon me. I looked at my watch. It was just 11 o'clock. Hurriedly I dragged on my boots, thinking the while what I should do. My first impulse was to rush to the telegraph office. Then, with dismay, I remembered that it was shut for the night after 8 o'clock and that the postmaster took the 8:30 train to the large town of F——, about five miles off, where he lived, leaving the office for the night in the charge of a caretaker and returning by an early train the next morning.

It was impossible to telegraph. Then I thought of going to the police (there were just two constables and a sergeant in our little town), but what could they do more than I? Country police are proverbial for the leisurely "routine" manner in which they set about an inquiry, and it would never do to trust to them. I was in despair.

Madly I threw on my hat and rushed out. I ran in a mechanical way to the postoffice. Of course it was shut, and if I had aroused the caretaker he could not have wired. Besides, all our wires went first to F——, and, as I have said, all communication was shut off after 8 o'clock. Then I started for the railway station. This was about half a mile from the postoffice and well outside the town. As I hurried along I thought, with fresh dismay, that [illegible] would also prove a fruitless errand, for the last train to Silkminster was the 8:30 p. m., by which, I have mentioned, the postmaster always traveled. Silkminster, I must mention, was nearly 150 miles down the line.

Should I wait till the morning and telegraph? I remembered that the office did not open till 8 o'clock. I had by this time reached the station. Of course it was all shut up, and all the lights were out except those in the signal lamps for the night expresses. It was now past half past 11. Was there no hope?

At this moment my eye caught a light in the signal box, about a quarter of a mile up the line. I could see the signalman in his box, the outline of his figure standing out against the light within. I looked at my watch. The down express from London was almost due. I would make a rush for that signal box and compel the occupant to put the signal against it and stop it It was a desperate game, but only get that train to stop for an instant and all would be right. By getting into it I could reach Silkminster in the early morning, and what cared I for any action the company might take if I saved my friend's son? If the signalman refused to put back the levers the strength born of desperation would enable me to master him and then relax them myself. All this flashed across me in an instant, and I clambered over the railings on the side of the station and found myself on the line.

Even as I reached the rails a semaphore signal that was near me let fall its arm, and the red light was changed into a brilliant green. The express was signaled! Would there be time! I dashed along over the rough sleepers toward the signal box. It was very dark, and I stumbled over and over again. I had cleared half the distance when I heard the ominous roar ahead, and in a few seconds could distinguish the distant glitter of the engine's head lamp bearing toward me. The train was just over a mile from me, rushing on at express speed. With a groan I ejaculated, "Too late!"

At that instant my eye fell upon a ghastly looking structure by the side of the track, looming grimly through the darkness. It resembled a one armed gallows with a man hanging from it! For a moment I thought it must have been a fearful fancy conjured up by the thought of Fenthurst's dreadful fate, but immediately I rememebred that this strange looking apparition was none other than a mailbag suspended from a post—in fact, part of the apparatus by which a train going at full speed picks up the mails. The express train that was coming had a postal car attached to it. From the side of the car a strong rope net would be laid out, catching the bag I saw suspended before me.

A mad and desperate idea took possession of me. Fortunately I am a small man. The bag hung just over my head.

I jumped at it, seized it, drew myself up parallel with it, held it firmly at the top, where it swung by a hook, and drew my legs up so as to present as small a compass as possible. Then I waited. It was but a few seconds, but it seemed hours. I heard the roar of the approaching train. Then the engine dashed past me. There was a whir and a rush, and all was dark.

When I came to my senses I was lying on the floor of the postal van. Two men in their shirt sleeves were busily engaged in sorting letters at a rack. I felt bruised and stiff all over, and I found that my left arm was bound in a sling made out of a handkerchief.

"Where are we?" I asked.

They turned around.

"Oh, you've come to, have you?" said one of them. "Now perhaps you'll give an account of yourself. It's precious lucky you're here at all, let me tell you, for if you had been a taller man we should only have got part of you in the net. As it is, you've got your collar bone broken. We've tied it up a bit."

I told them the motive that had prompted me to take the desperate step I had done. They piled a quantity of empty mailbags on the floor and made me a rough shakedown.

A little after 3 we drew up at Silkminster station. There was a policeman on the platform, and I at once told my story to him, the result being that we drove round to the jail and insisted upon seeing the governor. Of course he was deeply interested in what I had to tell them and at once made arrangements to stop the execution. The home secretary was communicated with by means of special wire. Fortunately he happened to be in town, and after a couple of hours of anxious suspense a reprieve was received from him.

"Well," said the governor, "I don't know which I ought to congratulate most, Mr. Fenthurst or yourself, for you have both had a most narrow escape."

Little remains to be told. I soon identified the condemned man as the person whom I had met in the train. He also turned out to be the son of my old friend, as I had fully expected. After the due formalities he was discharged. Suspicion having strongly attached itself to his name, however, he was very miserable, until about a fortnight afterward the real murderer was discovered and captured. Charles Fenthurst and myself became firm friends, and although I was fearfully shaken and upset for some weeks after this adventure I never regretted the night on which I was picked up with the mails. —Strand Magazine.

Original Definitions.

A teacher in the mountain field gives in a recent letter some of the answers that came in from the pupils in their examination papers. Some of them are amusing.

"Climate is the combined space of heat and moisture."

"The solar system is situated in that part of the heavens called the milky way."

"The polar circle is parallel, running slanting round the earth."

"It is the wind's duty to refresh and cherish the earth."

"A volcano is the safety valve of an earthquake."

Digestive organs are termed "dijective organs," and the different races of men were given as "Indians, negroes, whites and French."—American Missionary.

The Kaiser and England.

The British throne descends to the eldest son of the sovereign and to his sons in order and after them to his daughters; in default of them, to the second son and his sons and daughters, and so on through the sovereign's sons. In default of sons, it descends to the eldest daughter of the sovereign and to her sons and daughters and so on. Thus the emperor of Germany has a right of succession to the throne, but it is very small. There are 23 persons between him and the British throne.

Taught the Teacher.

In the biography of Dr. Hawtrey, a famous English schoolmaster, there is a description of his unkempt appearance, with a comment which has been greatly quoted. It is said that he was scolding for being late at morning lesson some boy, who replied that he had no time to dress. "But I can dress in time," said the doctor. "Yes," replied the boy, "but I wash."

The Fete Loving Germans.

Then the birthdays! Every one has a birthday here. Perhaps they do at home, too, but it is not so generally known. "What shall we do tomorrow?" asks one of the children. And if you carelessly, innocently inquire, "Why, what's up tomorrow?" a smile of supreme contempt and pity announces the fact that if it isn't a first, second, or third "feiertage," or holiday, why, then it must be a birthday, or a first, second, or third "feiertage." Here again the stock of small coin comes into play. For, after you have sent the washwoman's children their supply of Easter eggs, then Frau H. reminds you that the porter's children should have their share and that it is the thing on the aforesaid "feiertage" and birthdays to give the servant a mark. And the children of the family throw out all sorts of hints as to how the former boarder, Miss Brown, had given them a beautiful hare last Easter, chockful of chocolate eggs. The birthday party here is not a thing of the past, nor is it given only for the children. Young and old, rich and poor, have birthday parties, with birthday cakes, candles and flowers in a very sweet, old fashioned sort of way. Yes, the Germans are sentimental, if you like, but it is very beautiful for all that, and the laugh is hearty and the tears are real. Their poetry is all woven in with the practical every day life like the meat markets which can be seen in every street, where long strings of sausages are intermingled with blooming hyacinths and lilies of the valley.—Berlin Cor. Rochester Post-Express.

Wherein Stephens Differed With Toombs.

Once at Liberty Hall I was present when General Toombs made a statement that was here and there punctured with mild profanity. He concluded thus, "Don't you agree with me, Mr. Stephens?" The old commoner piped out shrilly, "All but the damn, general, all but the damn."—Augusta Chronicle.

In Germany, Russia, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Chile, Venezuela and Colombia the number of women is greater than that of the male population.

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Astronomical Photography.

In astronomical photography the most startling figures confront us. Stars which to the eye are invisible, even with the most powerful telescope, are readily depicted on the photographic plate used in conjunction with the telescope—as an example, Dr. Gill's photograph of the nebula near Argus. It will give some idea of the number of stars shown by this photograph to mention that the space of the sky that would be covered by a shilling held at arm's length from the eye contains no less than 200,000 stars, scarcely one of which would be visible to the unaided ey

Sir Robert Ball said in a lecture delivered by him in 1894 that among such "invisible" stars, photographs of which he had shown his audience, there were many sunk into space to a distance so inconceivable that if the glad tidings of the first Christmas in Bethlehem, 1,894 years ago, had been telegraphed to them at the speed at which light travels, about seven times around the world in a second, yet those stars were at a distance so overwhelmingly great that the news would not yet have reached its destination. These distances were not wildly guessed at, but were the results of years of labor on the part of the astronomer and the mathematician.

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Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers :

BOSTON, MASS., Sept 24, 1896.—Fair demand for honey. Good supply. Price of comb 13 to 14c. per pound. Extracted 5 to 7c. per pound. Fair demand. Fair supply.

E. E. BLAKE & Co., 75 Chatham St.

DETROIT, MICH., Sept. 24, 1896.—Fair demand for honey. Good supply. Price of white comb 12 to 11½c. Extracted 5 to 6c. Good demand for beeswax. Fair supply; prices 24 to 25c. Honey has commenced to sell fairly well, and prices are good in comparison with other things.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch. Mich.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 24, 1896.—Good demand for honey and good supply. Price of white comb 13c. Amber 11c per lb. Extracted 5½c to 7c per pound. No beeswax on the market.

HAMBLIN & BEARSS 514 Walnut St.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 24, 1896.—Slow demand for honey; good supply; price of comb 10 to 15c. per pound, Extracted 3½ to 6c. per pound. Fair demand for beeswax; fair supply; prices 20 to 25c. per pound. A slow business is done in all branches, including honey. Plentiful arrivals of comb honey at an unusual early time brought down prices earlier than in former years.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON.

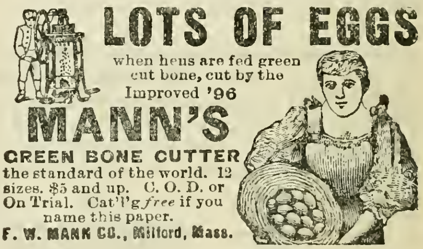
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1896,—Good demand for honey and good supply Price of comb 8 to 14c per per pound. Extracted 5 to 7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax; light supply. Consumptive demand for honey improving. Extracted scarce.

H. R. WRIGHT.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 24, 1896.—Fancy white 13c; No. 1 white 11 to 12c ; fancy amber 9 to 10c ; No. 1 amber 8c; fancy dark 8 to 9c; No. 1 dark 8c; white extracted 6 to 7c; amber 5 to 6c; dark 4½c. Bees-25c. At prices given we are having active sale. Comb honey selling promptly. May be able to advance prices after election.

S. T. FISH & Co., 189 South Water St.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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE W T FALCONER MANFG CO

VOL. VI. NOVEMBER, 1896. NO. 11.

Wintering.

BY H. E. HILL.

The preparation of bees for winter is a problem which now interests the young bee keeper. Bees in the northern states that have not already been placed in winter quarters should be cared for at once. A method which has given satisfactory results with me is as follows:

Assuming that but a few colonies are to be prepared, I secure large dry goods boxes enough to accommodate them. Upon the bottom, inside, two cleats four inches high are secured by nails and upon these the hive or hives are placed. Then a board of the right width and length, having cleats across either end, is inverted upon the front projection of the bottom board, thus forming a passage from the entrance to a corresponding opening cut through the outside case.

Dry shavings from a planing mill are then firmly packed beneath and upon all sides of the hives. Chaff or dry autumn leaves are said to be quite as good for this purpose. I would prefer the shavings, however, when possible to get them.

If honey boards or thoroughly propalized quilts are used they should be removed as either prevents the desired ventilation which carries off the moisture, instead of allowing it to condense in the hive. The shavings should be packed firmly and liberally over the frames with no other cover than a good roof upon the outside case. There is no danger of getting too much packing on top—the more the better.

Dampness, of all things, should be guarded against in wintering bees, hence the importance of a thoroughly water-proof roof.

A wide board leaned against the front of the packing case serves the two-fold purpose of wind-break and reducing the light on bright days.

Dead bees should be carefully removed from the entrance by means of a wire hook. Good colonies are often lost by suffocation through neglect to keep the entrance free.

Keep the snow from obstructing the entrance, also. The animal heat of the colony may affect the snow next to the hive and a sudden drop of temperature will hermetically seal the entrance.

Titusville, Pa.

How to Avoid Fall Feeding and Keep Down Increase.

BY J. R. COMMON.

In the fall of 1893 I had my right hand injured so I was unable to look after my bees until near the middle of November. I had fifteen colonies and found them with about half enough honey to carry them through the winter and not any too strong in numbers. As it was too late to feed them for winter I doubled them up by putting the hives one above the other. My hives are made to fit on each other, they being the same size, double wall, ten frame Simplicity. I put the three weakest colonies into three hives by brushing off the bees and giving them the combs containing honey. All this brought the number down to seven colonies. Before uniting the colonies I gave them a good smoking with tobacco smoke and I had no trouble with them. There was no fighting or killing of bees. I packed them for winter and left them until spring, and when the warm days of March came I looked them over and found I had seven of the strongest colonies I had ever had. The lower hives were packed full of bees. I fed them in April, took off the upper hives which were full of clean, dry combs, and used them to put the young swarms into when swarming time came. After letting them swarm once I cut out all the queen cells but one which I enclosed in a queen cell protector. This will usually prevent them from swarming and keep the bees working in the boxes.

In the above manner fall feeding is avoided and increase kept down.

If there is any choice in the queens remove the one that you do not want.

Angelica, N. Y.

A Swarming Time Question.

BY CHAS H. THIES.

The following in the American Bee Journal, Oct. 8: "In working with clipped queens, sometimes a swarm issues and clusters on a tree before returning to the hive. What is the longest time such a swarm will remain before returning? In other words, how long is it safe to let them hang without hiving before concluding that by some means there is with the swarm a queen with whole wings?"

This question being of some importance to those that practice clipping their queens' wings, I thought a few remarks would not be out of place to the readers of the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER, even if the question is out of season, as during the winter months is the time to prepare for next season's work. I have had quite a little experience with clipped queens, and only abandoned it when I commenced breeding queens, for often a queen breeder gets behind and is compelled to draw from full colonies and many would not want a queen with clipped wings.

Now my experience has been that bees do not cluster at all unless a queen of some kind is with them, *i. e.*, all of the swarm does not cluster; most of the bees may cluster, but they will remain nervious and unsettled. On the other hand if a colony swarms, one which you think has or know has had a clipped queen, and this swarm clusters, where all the bees of the swarm cluster, and soon become perfectly quiet, you may be sure there is a queen with them. And if you want to be sure of them the sooner you hive them the better. I would not wait an hour, nor a half hour, but as long as a swarm remains uneasy and unsettled you may rest assured that they have no queen with them and will shortly return. Clipped queens are a wonderful help during swarming time, and it only requires a little practice to meet with success. In opening a hive you can soon tell if the colony has a queen or is queenless simply by the action and the roar of the bees. Just so readily, with a little practice, you can determine if a swarm has or has not a queen. A bee keeper to be successful must notice all the little as well as the big things about bees, and every action about a bee means something. All we have to do to lesson labor largely and to keep up with the times is to learn the meaning of their actions.

Steeleville, Ill.

Curing Foul Brood.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent wishes me to tell the readers of the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER something regarding foul brood and its cure, and whether I consider the views on that subject as put forth by Mr. Cheshire as correct. Mr. Cheshire termed the cause of foul brood "bacillus alvei," and very many consider him good authority on the subject, but his words, "the popular idea that honey is the means by which foul brood is carried from hive to hive and that mainly through robbing, is as far in error that only occasionally and casually can honey convey it from colony to colony," are so directly opposed to those of Quinby and Jones, who both give testimony that through the honey arises the greatest danger of the spread of this disease, that it seems strange to me that any of our apiarists should endorse Cheshire and cast aside the many proofs given in this country to the effect that honey is really the only means of spreading this dreaded disease. Mr. Cheshire was a great scientist and scientific research should be prized highly, but to be of value such research must not run squarely against facts known to exist from practical experience. My first experience with this disease was in 1872-73. Being short of combs in my early bee keeping life I was obliged to turn every way to secure all I could for there was no such thing as comb foundation then. I had a chance to procure some combs of a man several miles distant which combs had a little honey in them, he having saved them from some colonies which had died the winter previous. These combs were fitted into frames and the frames were given to late swarms the following summer to enable them to become in good condition for winter. In the fall I noticed some cells of unhatched brood in these hives but thought nothing of it as I had at that time little experience in bee keeping. During the next spring combs from these hives were exchanged with other hives, and before I could hardly realize the situation I found that the former hives were almost rotten with foul brood and many others thoroughly inoculated with the disease, caused by the exchange of combs. I became alarmed and rashly resolved that I would never under any circumstances again exchange combs, nor ever take another comb from another apiary not even as a gift, the folly of which resolve I saw the very next spring when some of my colonies were starving while others had plenty of honey to spare. As the diseased colonies formed about one-third of my apiary at that time I began to look about to see what could be done to save them. I turned to Qulnby's Bee Keeping and there found that if the disease had not advanced too far the colonies would swarm,.and if such swarms were hived in empty hives no disease would follow them, as the honey taken with the bees would all be used in comb building before any larve was hatched in the new combs. Accordingly I hived all the new swarms from these colonies in empty hives, and twenty-one days later drove out all the bees from the old hive and hived them the same as were the swarms. The honey was strained and boiled, the combs rendered into wax and the hives burned. The colonies to which the combs were given that were diseased were driven out on the start as they were too weak to swarm. In this way all that were at first noticed were cured, but in the fall I found two more that investigation showed had had a frame of brood given them from one of those hives which were among the last in which an exchange of combs had been made, that at first gave no signs of the disease. These two were allowed to go over until the next year when they were treated as were the others and effectually cured, since which time I have had no foul brood in my apiary. If I were the only one who had cured foul brood by the above plan there might be a chance for a mistake on my part, but when hundreds in the United States and Canada have done the same thing, and when the government of Canada keeps a paid inspector and foul brood physician in the field all the while curing foul brood colonies by the above plan as fast as found it seems to me impossible that all this "host of witnesses" should not know whereof they affirm. Cheshire further says, "There is not one single idea about this disease which is not incorrect except that it is contagious. Time, I am convinced, will fully prove that the old bees almost invariably are the channels of infection." If this were so, certainly the above described process of cure, used with success by so many of our best apiarists during the past thirty-five years, would not have proved effectuall in their hands. That it has been effectual but proves that there was something faulty in Mr. Cheshire's research.

Again, he tells us that the eggs of the queen contain "bacilli," he having counted "no less than nine" in one egg. Any one can readily see that if this is so, that foul brood must go wherever this queen goes while she lives. If foul brood could be carried in the ovaries of a queen it would place an effectual barrier against our queen traffic which has been carried on so successfully in the past to the improvement of nearly every apiary in the land. Speaking of the queen carrying this disease Quinby says, "I have never known such a result in a single instance." If it were possible for a queen to carry foul brood then the plan which I used in my apiary would not have cured the disease for the queen went with the bees into every new hive in which the bees was placed. I have no hesitency in saying, from all of my experience in the past, and that which has come under my observation, that foul brood cannot be developed from any queen or drone in any way, shape or manner.

Borodino, N. Y.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Ed. Am. Bee Keeper, Dear Sir:—The past season has been one of prosperity with me. I commenced this season with 60 colonies of bees and increased to 118 by natural swarming. I reared also nearly 90 queens this year, almost every one of which are now doing duty in the hives.

I have just purchased nearly the entire apiarian outfit of one of our neighbors, comprising 30 colonies of hybrid bees, so I now have 148 colonies, a small part of which are packed on their summer stands.

I have secured 3,000 pounds of honey, all of which is white clover and basswood. Have also secured between 35 and 40 pounds of beeswax, almost all of which was secured by the aid of a Solar Wax Extractor. The Solar Wax Extractor is a great convenience and I could not think of getting along without one.

The American Bee Keeper is an ever welcome visitor.

Yours truly, G. F. Tubbs,
Annin Creek, Nov. 5, 1896.

Ed. Am. Bee Keeper, Dear Sir,—I have been keeping bees for several years and on the whole have been fairly successful, although during the past two years my honey crop has been comparatively small. I find that in bee keeping as in other things, one must give it his attention and make a business of it in order to reap a satisfactory reward. Bees can not take care of themselves any more than cattle, sheep or horses. The more carefully they are looked after and their requirements provided for the better is one repaid.

I like the American Bee Keeper very much and for several reasons. You do not seem to be afraid to "speak your mind" whenever occasion requires without regard to whether or not it hits any of the "big guns," and although you are yourselves large dealers in supplies you do not fill your columns with items and articles recommending your goods to your subscribers as some others do whom I might mention. In fact, without flattering you, I wish to say, the Bee Keeper is run on a more business-like plan and in a more impartial manner than any other bee paper I know of. It makes one weary sometimes to read the effeminate articles that frequently are printed in some of the bee papers. They remind me of the gossipings of a church society with their "brother" this and "sister" that. Keep right on giving us a good, clean, business (not religious) bee journal, and you will find that the majority of your readers will be much pleased.

Yours truly, Charles J. Mead.
Utica, Nov. 1, 1896.

[The above is in line with several letters we have received during the past two or three years. Heretofore we have thought best not to publish anything of this tenor, but the foregoing so nearly expresses our sentiments that we have given the letter in full. We have always endeavored to be impartial and we have never been a toady to anyone. We have no axe to grind and have nothing but the kindliest regard for the publishers of other bee papers. What we say at any time through our columns only expresses our convictions and no offense is ever intended.—Ed.]

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From Ohio Farmer).

MARKETING HONEY TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE.

BY L. F. ABBOTT.

A matter of considerable importance to bee keepers is how to market their honey to best advantage. Most of the older bee keepers can remember when there was no delay in selling what surplus honey they had to spare at a good price. The grocery man then easily excused himself for asking a quarter of a dollar a pound for honey, even in broken combs and very dark colored at that.

New methods in bee keeping and honey production are very much changed. There is not only more honey produced, but it is put upon the market in finer condition and more attractive forms. The facilities of transportation are such that the products of western apiaries and the the almost spontaneous crop of California's sage bush, find their way to eastern markets and lower the price for the eastern bee keeper's somewhat superior product.

But this is nothing in comparison with the evils resulting from adulteration—spurious products put up by unscrupulous venders and palmed off upon the unsuspecting public as pure extracted honey. Large amounts of this stuff, made principally of glucose, floating a small piece of honey comb, have been sold in all our markets. Like everything of this kind the cheat is sooner or later found out, but instead of the real transgressors having to suffer, the honest bee keeper who sells the pure article of honey has the fraud saddled off onto him. There is only one thing for the bee keeper to do, viz: produce a good article of honey and put it upon the market in nice shape, putting his name upon every package of extracted honey, and show the public that good extracted honey is truly a reality.

I have looked over the markets of some of our cities and I find that dealers—the grocery men—do not want this glucose stuff, and I also find that the prejudice of the public has been so aroused that dealers are slow to take hold of the genuine extracted honey and pay anything like a fair price for it. With comb honey the case is different. This speaks for itself, in a measure, and any nice, white section honey need not go begging for a market.

To hit the market—pleasing both the dealer and consumer—we must adopt a plan whereby our goods can be handled by both without breakage and leakage; be kept clean and in nice condition, and present an attractive appearance; and above all, in the case of extracted honey, that it be just what the label on the package affirms it to be. Of course every bee keeper is desirous of obtaining a fair price for his honey. A few years ago 30 cents a pound satisfied him. After awhile 25 cents proved a satisfactory price. Of late years California and western bee keepers have set the price for eastern honey producers, at first at 20 cents a pound for comb honey, and latterly at 18 cents as the wholesale price, which is low enough for the nicest grade. Extracted honey can be afforded for somewhat less a price.

But in selling honey in either form give honest weight. The consumer, whose palate we wish to tickle, naturally objects to paying the price of honey for glass bottles or whitewood sections. And again, if one buys a pound of honey he wants what he pays for and he is entitled to it. It is better to keep both the goods and price at a fair, honest level, than to lower both to a suspicious minimum.

In putting extracted honey upon the retail market use some small packages. A glass package is preferable to all others. Jelly tumblers—two sizes—do very well; the main objection is their cost. The smaller size holds 10 ounces of honey, the larger exactly a pound. Square white glass jars—discard the amber-colored, as they discount your white honey—something like a pickle jar, close with a cork, make a good and clean package. Such jars should hold about 15 ounces of honey, and, bought by the gross, cost about 1 1-2 cents apiece, if you are fortunate as to breakage on the railroads.

Either of these make a neat and attractive package, with a colored label neatly printed with the name of the apiary and owner's name and "pure honey" on it, neatly pasted upon each. Lithographic labels I would discard. Honey is good enough looking of itself without embellishment by printers' art.

One fault with jelly tumblers as a package for extracted honey is their liability to leak, and this may be easily remedied by running a ring of melted wax above the rim upon which the covers shut. Warm the tumbler, turn on a few drops of hot beeswax above the rim, holding the tumbler at an angle of 45°, and slowly turn it around; the wax will flow, making an even, narrow ring of wax. Done before the glasses are filled with honey, it will be air tight when the cover is shut down upon it.

Where one has considerable comb honey in sections to market, the plan of furnishing a small, upright showcase to the grocerymen handling your honey, I have found to work well. These cases are made with three glass sides, using glass 16x30 inches, set in a cheap frame, the wood filled and varnished. These cases will cost $2.50 to $3.00, but soon pay their cost, as they exclude flies, dirt and dust. Upon the front pane have your name and address painted in showy letters. When the honey is sold low, replenish from time to time from your stock at home.

Honey placed upon the market in this or some such form will attract notice and inspire confidence in its genuineness by having the producers' name back of it, as well as its own truth-telling good looks. Small and medium-sized packages, neat, and above all, tight, so as not to be leaking the contents and daubing everything they come in contact with; full weights and pure quality; honey in this form will command a fair price when the same goods might go begging for sale wanting these requisites.

"Christmas in Several Lands" is the attractive title of a delightful symposium in the Christmas number of Demorest's Magazine, wherein the Christmas customs and the Christmas spirit in various countries are pleasantly described by persons who have had some part in them.

IMPORTANCE OF WATERING IN THE APIARY.

BY E. WHITCOMB.

Read at 27th Annual Convention N. A, Bee Keepers Association.

Many bee keepers have entirely overlooked the importance of bringing water into the apiary and thus allowing the bee to search for this much-needed article as best she can, and usually at a great loss to the colony, especially during the warm days in winter and early spring. Like the farm or dairy, it is a close attention to the small items that pays best, and negligence in the apiary is just as prolific of losses as when applied to any other industry. Many of us as bee keepers do not consider the important uses to which water is applied in the apiary, or the losses resulting from a neglect to fully and carefully supply it.

The necessity of water by the honey-bees is to dissolve honey which sometimes becomes candied in the cells, and in brood-rearing they can make but little progress without an abundant supply of water. In early spring, when compelled to go long distances or to secure a supply from hydrants, tanks, brooks or drains, the losses will be beyond comprehension, and the careful apiarist is fully aware of the value of these little water-gatherers at this season of the year. He could well afford to lose four times their number a month or two later on. It is apparent that many cases of so-called spring-dwindling is traceable to the want of water of the proper temperature supplied at convenient places in the apiary.

The advantages of providing water for the bee is, first, to avoid the disease called thirst; second, when allowed to forage away from the apiary they obtain, oftimes, that which is impure and of so low a temperature that it is injurious to the delicate organism of the bee, and it becomes chilled and cannot return to the hive.

To obviate these difficulties I bring the water into close proximity to the the colony, in all its purity, and in a condition of temperature best suited to meet the requirements of the delicate form of the bee. Thus she may secure an abundant supply on making the shortest possible journey to and fro, and also at a temperature even warmer than the surrounding atmosphere. Many of us have taken great pains in locating the apiary to secure the most sheltered point, where the chilling winds of spring may be the least liable to reach them, and at the same time have allowed our bees to wander out perhaps a mile into the cool currents of air in quest of water, perchance sipping the water from tanks or streams almost ice cold, and yet our colonies wintered fairly well, but we complain of losing a great per cent. by spring dwindling, and giving the matter a little thought, water had the most to do with our difficulties.

To avoid this almost entirely, I have adopted the plan of supplying an abundance of pure drinking water in easy access to the colony. To accomplish this effectually and cheaply as possibly, I use the one-half gallon fruit-jar, removing the screw top and rubber (any tight vessel will answer equally as well), and taking an inch board from four to eight inches square, the size is immaterial; now with a small guage or a common pocket-knife cut a groove diagonally across the block nearly from one corner to the opposite one, taking care not to cut the groove quite to the corner. The center of this block may be cut out to suit your fancy, and may be turned if so desired, and you have an excellent and cheaply devised watering apparatus.

Now fill the jar with water, placing the block over the mouth of the jar, invert the whole, and set in convenient places or desired points in the apiary. The points I claim for this device are its simplicity and cheapness, and after the breeding season is past, and there is little need of watering, the jar is of as much utility in the kitchen as it was last year while the good house-wife was putting up the winter's supply of fruit.

Again, when the weather is so mild that the bees can fly in quest of water, the sun's rays shining upon the water through the inverted jar, warms its contents quickly, and the bee gets a supply without being chilled or a failure to return with the much-needed water or even a danger of wet feet. To avoid the difficulty of readily attracting the bee to its new watering place, I would recommend slightly sweetening the water in these jars for a day or two, and everything will move on smoothly afterwards.

So far as our observation has gone, during the height of brood-rearing, and taking no note of evaporations, five well-stocked colonies will use the majority of one of these jars of water daily.

Thus the careful, far-seeing apiarist will be able at once to see the importance of watering in the apiary, and also of lessening the flight to and fro, and assuring its purity and temperature best suited to the delicate organism of the honey-bee.

(From Gleanings).

LOCATING AN OUT-YARD.

How to Calculate on Bee-Ranges ; How to Prevent Thieves from Stealing.

BY HARRY HOWE.

Late in the season last year I bought two lots of bees to be taken in the spring, so over winter I had to consider where to locate them. The first step was to take out my bee map and look for unoccupied territory. This map shows the result of years of study of the surrounding country as regards bees and bee pasture. On it is marked every lot of ten or more colonies as far as I know for miles around. It is a road map showing all the roads as well as the hills and valleys. One of the first things noticeable is that there is not a bit of unoccupied space for ten miles or so in any direction, while it is twenty in some. My rule is to draw circles of one and one-half miles radius from the lots of fifty or more, and one mile from those of less than fifty. Any space not covered by these circles is unoccupied. For a new location there must be room to draw another circle without cutting any of the adjoining circles.

There is another point to be considered just here, however, and that is, that the range covered by a yard is not a true circle, but a more or less irregular figure, depending on the lay of the land. It will extend more than one and one-half miles up and down a valley, but less than that over a range of hills. It is seldom that the bees will work over into another valley.

Another thing to consider is, who owns the other bees? One might hesitate to locate as close to a yard belonging to another as he would his own.

In my case I have a yard at Danby, 21 miles south. There is only one lot of forty between there and Ithaca, 7 miles. There is no buckwheat to speak of for about 3 miles south of Ithaca, on the Danby road, which made it necessary to locate at least 4 miles south of there. This gave me a space of about six square miles in which to locate.

Now came the immediate location. Up to this time I could work by the map. The field work came next. This consisted first of riding over every mile of road in the required limits. There were several conditions that had to be met. The yard must be sheltered from the wind, in a valley, in preference to uplands. It must be back from the read, where the bees could not bother passing teams, yet it must be easy to reach to work. The more secluded the spot the better it would please me. I have no fears of any one disturbing the bees or stealing the honey. So far as I know no one has ever taken a pound of my honey. I always make it a point to give every one who comes along all he can eat. People soon ceme to know that if they want some honey all they have to do is to get in sight when I am there. This is the plan followed by Mr. W. L. Coggshall with equal success.

The place finally chosen is on the northeast side of a valley. There was an empty house still in good condition that I rented for a honey house out of sight of the road. The front yard is so grown up with trees that the bees have to rise away above the road to get out that way. The bees are in the shade about half the afternoon, which seems to be a good thing, at least during hot weather. It is only about 3 miles down the valley from my Danby yard.

As it stands my three yards are all near empty houses, and far enough from neighbors so that there is no complaint of the bees disturbing any one. Mr. Coggshall has located three new yards this season, the plan pursued in each case being much the same. One of his locations was picked out two or three years ago, but was not secured until last winter. It is in the midst of a twenty-acre basswood orchard.

West Groton, N. Y.

(From Canadian Bee Journal).

CLEANSING POLLENIZED BROOD-COMBS.

BY F. A. GEMMILL.

As a rule nearly all apiarists sooner or later find themselves supplied with a super-abundance of brood-combs, containing more or less pollen, the quality or quantity being such that it is not desirable to again return them to the bees. To those who may desire such combs relieved of their contents, I may here state that I have succeeded to my heart's content, and herewith give the method so that others having the same facilities may follow that practiced by myself.

The generally adopted plan heretofore used was to first soak the combs in water for a few days, and then throw out the water-soaked pollen by means of the honey extractor. In order to force the air out of the cells so that the water would find its way to the bottom, the combs were held over some large vessel (I used a large uncapping can), while yet another vessel containing a quantity of water was close at hand. A small corn broom or whisk was dipped into the water and swished or thrown over the surface of the combs, they being held at an angle of about 45° during the operation. As soon as thoroughly filled they were set side by side in the uncapping can, when it was filled with water so as to completely cover the combs, the same being held in position by having a board and large stone placed thereon, and allowed to remain thus for 36 or 48 hours or more if desired.

The above method has been practiced by myself in the past, but a more expeditious and much more satisfactory plan has been used of late, and any one having the advantage of a town or city water works system I would certainly recommend its utilization for such a purpose. The mode of procedure in this case is the same as just outlined up to the time of the applying of the water to the surface of the combs, but instead of whisking it into them a nozzel is attached to the water works hose, capable of throwing a fine stream or spray, that will cover the surface of the combs five or six inches in diameter, every cell inside of that compass being thoroughly drenched to the septum with such force as in some instances to throw out the dried pellets of pollen which are sometimes seen in such combs, almost instanter; the filling and mashing out of a whole comb being accomplished in a very few seconds.

The same method in regard to the saturating of the solid pollen is carried out with all combs not thoroughly cleansed by the first spraying, and in 48 hours the stream or spray is again brought into requisition, this time, however, before the combs have been revolved in the extractor, as the stream when directed onto the water soaked combs, forces anything and everything contained in them to make a hasty retreat leaving all as clean and sweet as if new.

Nothing now remains but to give the cleansed combs a few turns in the extractor to get rid of the remaining water they may contain. A wire-cloth screen, such as is used when shipping or removing bees to "fields anew," is now laid on two pieces of 2x4 scantling and the hives containing seven combs in each and perfectly spaced, are tiered five or six stories high with another screen on top so that a current of air can pass through and thoroughly dry them.

The above plan was so satisfactory that I was almost sorry when it was finished, indeed my son who assisted me in the work (he being an awfully lazy fellow, like myself), remarked that he never saw me like to boss a job so well before. You know I could sit down to it while he had to stand up and run the extractor.

I will conclude by saying that the combs treated as stated were all wired brood-combs, four years old or thereabout, but I see no reason why, with care, unwired combs could not be treated in like manner. For cleansing combs containing small quantities of sour honey which sometimes accumulates if left too long unoccupied by the bees, as they were last season (I not having swarms to hive them on), the spray is a capital way of making them sweet and clean and also for cleaning the basket of the extractor.

Stratford, Ont.

(From Gleanings).

FOUL BROOD.

Probably there is no one thing in bee keeping that has had more care and study given it by apiarists than foul brood, and probably no study which has given as little satisfaction, for we are but little nearer a solution of the true cause of the disease than we were when Quinby wrote about it in the early sixties. When a colony has this dread disease a few of the larvæ die soon after the bees seal them over. The capping to the cell soon has a sunken appearance, quite often with a pin-hole in the center, though not always so as some claim. Upon opening the cell the larva is found stretched at full length in the cell, having a brown appearance, while all healthy larvæ or pupæ are white. If touched this dead brood is of a salvy, soapy nature and gives off an offensive smell. From the first few cells the disease spreads rapidly till the combs become a putrifying mass, generally during the first season, and nearly always during the second, the stench at this stage often being smelled a rod or two from the hive. A few of the larvæ mature into bees and the population of the hive decreases till they become a prey to robbers, when the honey is taken off by these robbers only to carry the seeds of the malady to the robber's hive, for the disease is spread through the honey as well as from anything coming in contact with it. The cure is to drive out all the bees from the affected hive and keep them shut up in an empty box until they are nearly starved, so that they shall have digested all of the diseased honey. They can now be hived in a new hive containing comb or comb foundation without carrying the disease with them. If they are to be hived in an empty hive this starving process has been proved unnecessary, as the diseased honey is all used up in comb building before any larvæ are hatched to which it can be fed. Great care should be taken that no bees get at the contents of the old hive before the combs are rendered into wax and the honey and hive scalded. Other cures have been recommended but most of them are ineffectual, except in the hands of an expert.

THE GREAT BARRIER TO THE NORTH POLE.

The great obstacle in finding the North Pole is, of course, the all-pervading ice. During the summer. the season of constant sunlight, the Arctic seas open somewhat and the explorers push their ships farther and farther to the north with the hope strong within them that they, of all the venturesome spirits who have sought the Pole, will find it, and will win undying glory. But these open seas which stretch out so invitingly are luring them to their destruction. Weeks have been passing while the staunch craft of the explorers has been sailing north. The sun sinks lower in the southwest, and at last leaves the region developed in the long Arctic night. The pathway of water between the fields of ice slowly closes. The ship, now in all probability pushing her way desperately towards the south, makes less and less progress and finally stops. The ice gathers round her and presses her with an embrace that constantly grows tighter and more deadly. She is in a trap. She groans and cries like a living thing in pain as her frame is slowly crushed; but the remorseless ice only squeezes her the harder, and finally she becomes broken and useless, and those who brought her here leave her to her desolate fate and begin a journey southward over the ice—a journey which, for many, ends in graves in the frozen solitudes.—From "To the North Pole by Balloon, in Demorests for November.

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EDITORIAL.

Many bee keepers are so unwise as to always seek to obtain the cheapest kind of hives, sections and supplies, thinking that by so doing they are saving themselves something. They are working under a wrong impression, however, for with apiarian supplies as with many other things the best is usually the cheapest in the end, lasting longer, giving better results and saving much labor. Anyone who produces comb honey for market should under no circumstances use anything but the very best sections, for upon the nice appearance of the honey depends the price at which it will be sold. Cream or second grade sections should never be used.

The North American Bee Keepers' Association, that little organization with a big name, held its annual convention at Lincoln, Neb., in the early part of last month. There were present about fifty bee keepers at different times during the two days' session. Most of those were from nearby localities, there being present only six or seven from outside the state. As usual the whole thing was very entertaining and enjoyable to those who were there. Some very well written and instructive papers were read, some of the best of which we will publish for the benefit of our readers. A new constitution and by-laws was adopted with a view to consolidating with the Bee Keepers' Union. Editor York, of the American Bee Journal, was elected president for the ensuing year, and Buffalo was selected as the place of meeting in 1897.

We are now allowing a special discount of 5 per cent. on all orders for supplies. This offer holds good until December 1st. Orders received during December are subject to a discount of 4 per cent. Better order now. Prices of supplies were never lower, and will probably be higher towards spring, as all manufacturers are of the same mind, that many supplies are sold so low that there is no profit in them.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER one year with the Cosmopolitan for $1.25. The Cosmopolitan is a monthly magazine containing an average of over 100 pages and 80 illustrations each month.

The subject of the importation of *Apis Dorsata* was discussed at the recent convention of the N. A. Bee Keepers' Association, and a resolution was passed condemning the action of the Erie Co., N. Y., Bee Keepers' Association in recommending that the Government send an expedition to India to secure some of these giant bees for the purpose of introducing them among the bee keepers of this country. This resolution should never have been voted down, and no doubt it was at the dictation of the half dozen "wise men," i. e., Messrs. Root, York, Miller, Mason, etc., that it was, for these convention "war horses" usually run things pretty much their own way when they get together. There seems to be an impression that Frank Benton would compose the "expedition" that the government would probably send, and as he is at present very unpopular with these gentlemen, such an idea could not be entertained for a moment. However, the convention meets at Buffalo next year, and no doubt the Erie County and Ontario County Associations will be so well represented there that the action of the Lincoln Convention will be reversed. By the way, it was the Ontario Co. Association, not the Erie Co. Association, we believe, that has been agitating the importation question.

We will duplicate the prices on hives and supplies offered by any first class manufacturers — and in many cases can do even better by you than anyone else.

Some of our brother Editors seem to be somewhat worried because we publish each month several pages of general literary matter not pertaining to bee keeping and we know not why. The Bee Keeper averages each month more pages of interesting reading matter than any other bee paper or magazine published, and more matter pertaining strictly to bee keeping than any other excepting Gleanings and the American Bee Journal and our readers seem to appreciate this fact.

We are in need of articles for publication at all times, especially correspondence. Write us a letter describing your experience the past season.

At the Lincoln Convention, by vote of the members present, the name of the Association will hereafter be The United States Bee Keepers' Union. We do not know why the change of name was made but probably for some good reason. Heretofore the Association has been of an international American character and our Canadian friends were welcomed as members and were entitled to all the privileges of members who lived in the States and received the same consideration. Are Canadian bee keepers debarred from becoming members hereafter? Even if they are not the new name will not be agreeable to them for only a short time ago they raised an objection to the name being changed to "The American." They claimed that things coming from or belonging to the U. S. were known as American.

Some of the dishonest commission merchants of Chicago are getting a thorough shaking up, and in some cases their just deserts. We have not heard of anyone being swindled by any New York commission men lately, although we know of one largely advertised firm that silently disappeared a short time ago owing us a nice little account.

"How to Manage Bees," a 50c book, and the American Bee-Keeper a year for only 60c.

Election is over and we can all settle down and calculate on our next seasons' work. Some of us, no doubt, have paid little attention to anything during the past few weeks excepting politics. The party of National honor has won, and the silver idea is burried underneath such an overwhelming majority that it is doubtful if it will ever be brought up again as a National issue.

Already there is evidence of increased activity in the manufacturing and commercial world, and there is little doubt that the prosperity of the country will steadily increase for some years to come. In time this prosperity will reach the farmers and bee keepers, and the signs of the times point to next year as a prosperous year for all of us who are determined to make the most of our opportunities.

Clubbing List.

We will send the American Bee-Keeper with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
American Apiculturist,	(75)	1 15
Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

Reduction of Prices.

Foundation has been reduced 3c a pound from prices in our 1896 catalog. This is owing to the lower price of wax.

Our No. 1 Falcon Polished Sections we now offer at $2.50 for 1000, $4.50 for 2000, $6.40 for 3000, $10 for 5000. Less than 1000 same prices as formerly.

Beeswax. We are now paying 25 cents cash or 27 cents in trade, per pound, delivered at our railroad station, (Falconer, N. Y). This price is not guaranteed. We will pay highest market price when wax is received. Prices are liable to be reduced again within a short time. If you have any wax to sell it is advisable to send it now.

OUR NEW PRESIDENT'S MARCH.

We have just received a copy of "Our New President's March," composed by Juliet S. Norton. This is one of the finest marches for piano or organ ever published in America. It is dedicated to the Republican Party of the United States. The title page contains a correct picture of McKinley. Price, 50 cents per copy. All readers of our magazine will receive a copy at half price by sending 25 cents in postage stamps to The Union Mutual Music Co., 265 Sixth Avenue, New York.

NIGHT IN THE REDWOODS.

The eyes that all day upward look to feast
On sleeping boughs, nor yet at twilight ceased,
Now see in trunk and branch and leaf and spray
Diviner meanings than were felt by day.
The trunks that tower high look up and out
Like faith above the undergrowth of doubt.
The stately boughs, the sprays so far above,
Encompass faith with arms of tender love.
The little leaves are servants fond and true,
Cupbearers of the summer sun and dew.
These giant limbs, each spangled with a star,
Seem spirit steps to heavenly lands afar.
And those widespreading arms held high in air
In quiet wait the answer to a prayer.
How still the scene! A century of calm
Lies wrapped within this night of blissful balm.
All still, save in the soul a breath, a call,
A thrill that holds the heart in solemn thrall.
One swelling pulse, one mighty undertone—
God's voice down through the redwood branches blown.

—Clarence Urmy in Century.

ISFODEL CASTLE.

Many years have vanished from the face of the earth since the castle of Isfodel was first erected. The ravages of war have filled many a land with sorrow, and the angel of peace has often visited the world, bringing balm to the weary. Empires have arisen, and, like the paling of a star, have disappeared from the firmament of time since that remote period.

It is written on the pages of tradition that this castle was built by Lord Hildebrand, a retiring gentleman, who cared little for martial display, but preferred the unobtrusive quietude of a solitary life. He rarely engaged in any of the numerous tournaments that were so prevalent in those days—not that he lacked the courage to mingle in the combats, nor for a lack of confidence to cope successfully with the different participants.

Lord Hildebrand possessed a mind whose functions tended more to a literary or an artistic life than to the study of warfare or any of its relations. His soul was deeply æsthetical in its perceptive qualities. He beheld beauty in nature that seemed cold and rude to others. In the construction of the castle of Isfodel there had been displayed so much grandeur and beauty that it seemed as if it had been erected as a mansion of retirement instead of a means of defense. The former intentions were at first proposed by Lord Hildebrand, but it was not long after the completion of the castle that the Danes invaded that portion of the country, and then Isfodel was altered from a quiet retreat to a place of defense, its elevation and surroundings greatly adapting it as a stronghold, and so, after many weeks of exertion in attempting to take it, the Danes finally withdrew, leaving the castle still in the possession of Lord Hildebrand and a few companions.

At the time of our narrative Isfodel had undergone many changes since the days of its former possessors. It still, however, presented the same granitic appearance. The wild, wrathful ocean beat against the base of the cliff on which the castle stood, and dark and lonely appeared the great forest a few rods away. Lord Hildebrand and many of his followers had passed away to the land of the soul.

Finally Isfodel fell into the possesison of Lord Hurdron, an exceedingly unpopular man, of crabbed disposition and darkened reputation. He was domineering in his conduct toward those beneath him in social standing, and, added to this, he bore such a selfish spirit that he won the respect of only a few persons.

Very different in her nature was Lady Ella, the only daughter of Lord Hurdron. She possessed all those qualities and accomplishments that tend toward the development of true womanhood. She was greatly liked by all who knew her, and well did she merit the love that her friends bore her.

If there was one thing to which Lord Hurdron was violently opposed, it was that Lady Ella should marry a man who possessed not wealth and bore not the title of nobleman. She well knew her father's antipathy to her forming an intimacy with any of the lower class. Still, this did not deter her from seeking the company of Roland Hilter, and with whom she had fallen deeply in love. He possessed nothing in his nature that even Lord Hurdron could find aught against had not the latter such an austere and jealous disposition.

The knowledge of love meetings is sometimes difficult to keep from suspicious parents, and so it was in the case of Lady Ella and her lover. It was not long before Lord Hurdron became cognizant of the interviews existing between his daughter and Roland Hilter, and he immediately proposed to break the intimacy.

Early one morning, as he was passing through the dark forest of Athol, Lord Hurdron's attention was arrested by the sound of voices falling on his ear. Presently Lady Ella, accompanied by Roland Hilter, appeared in view. Not wishing to be observed by them, Lord Hurdron stepped behind a large tree to wait until they passed by.

"Dear Roland, let us sit down for a few moments," said Lady Ella in a sweet voice.

Lord Hurdron managed to restrain his temper and wait for further developments. He saw the young couple sit down under the umbrageous foliage of a large oak tree. He beheld the young man pass his arm tenderly around the waist of the fair girl, and he noticed that she did not attempt to resist this act of familiarity.

"Dear Ella," said Roland, "let us leave this country and fly to some foreign land, where our marriage can take place unhindered by your people, for you know that were your father to learn of our betrothal he would spurn me from these premises as he would a reptile."

"Dear Roland," replied Lady Ella, "wheresoever you go there I will bear you company. What is the love I entertain for my people compared with the deep affection that has chained our hearts together?"

"Then this evening at the red room await my coming." And as Roland uttered these words he arose from his seat and together they walked away.

As Lord Hordron heard these words he inwardly cursed the soul of Roland Hilter. He waited until the young lovers had gone some distance, when he emerged from his place of concealment and quietly wended his way toward the castle. On his way he met one of his servants, to whom he spoke a few words. The man's face slightly changed color as his master's voice fell on his ear.

"A thousand pounds, Rupert [illegible] perform the deed!" said Lord [illegible] as he departed.

"I understand, my lord." [illegible] man walked away.

Roland Hilter lived a mile from the castle of Isfodel, and it was his favorite pastime to wander along the high bank that bordered the ocean and listen to the beating of the waters below. Rarely a day passed but that he spent a portion of his time there.

On the afternoon following the events just narrated Roland was walking leisurely along the bank, gazing on the blue waters, when a voice fell on his ear.

"A bad place for a man to fall from!"

"Ah, is it you, Rupert?" said Roland as he turned around. "Yes, it is, as you say, a bad place. The best swimmer, I warrant, could not live in such a sea."

"Yet his cries would probably reach the castle."

"I fear not. The sound of the waves would drown them."

The eyes of Rupert glittered with a dangerous light as he heard these words. "Do you think the edge of this bank is firm?" he asked. "Would there not be danger of it crumbling if one should stand close to the brink?"

"None in the least. I have stood many times within an inch of the edge and felt no danger whatever. See!"

As Roland spoke he stepped forward, and presently only a small space intervened between him and the side of the precipice. Ere he had time to return he felt himself being pushed over the cliff. Impulsively he stretched forth his hand and grasped Rupert, his assailant, by the arm. The latter struggled to free himself, but in vain, and a moment afterward the pitiless ocean received them in its depths.

That evening Lady Ella waited long for the appearance of Roland, but he did not come. She knew not that, tossed here and there by the angry waves, his lifeless form was in the ocean.

The next day, as she was walking along the edge of the cliff, her mind full of strange forebodings, the upturned face of her dead lover met her vision. Her head swam, and she toppled over the cliff. As she fell the ocean clasped her in its embrace, and the gates of death were thrown open to receive another soul.

That night Lord Hurdron retired to the red room. The nonappearance of Lady Ella did not seem to affect him.

As he sat down his thoughts reverted to the past.

"Ha!" he muttered. "That young scamp Hilter will no longer trouble these regions! It"—

"Think so, father?" interrupted a sepulchral voice at his side.

Lord Hurdron turned his eyes to whence proceeded the voice. As he did so he beheld the dripping apparition of Lady Ella leaning on her lover's arm.

"By my troth!" cried the astonished lord. "So you've returned, you base scoundrel? Death be upon you!"

As he spoke he drew a pistol and fired at the spectral form. When the smoke cleared away, no one save Lord Hurdron remained in the room.

For a moment he hardly stirred. Then his head dropped on his breast, and his eyes put on a glazed appearance. When the servants entered, only the dead body of Lord Hurdron remained in the room.

The physicians pronounced his death as the result of heart disease, but they knew not what was its rightful cause.

The bodies of Rupert, Roland Hilter and Lady Ella were never recovered. The sea refused them to mortal man.

For years the red room of Isfodel's castle was haunted. It is said that the pale form of Lady Ella often appeared at the window, as if in waiting for some one. The castle has long since been destroyed, but the strange story connected with it is still fresh in the minds of many persons in England.—Exchange.

The Age of Rush.

Americans take too little rest. They concentrate all their strength upon a few years' struggle for wealth, and when they have attained success they find that they have exhausted their vitality. They have been prodigal of their energy, their endurance and all the splendid powers of youth and prime. When it is too late, they discover that they have risked health for what is no recompense, and that they have really thrown away the opportunity of enjoying a long existence. But the fault is not all that of individuals. The exactions of these latter days make men slaves. They have so many things to do and they have to do them in such a rush that they have no chance to recuperate. They are victims of conditions that are undermining the nation. —Omaha World-Herald.

Lord Cadogan.

Lord Cadogan is said to be tired of his post of viceroy of Ireland. Of him the London Truth says: "To be a rich peer is popularly supposed to be a great thing; to be a viceroy greater still, and greatest of all to be a cabinet minister. No wonder if the burden of three such honors laid on him at once should prove too much for one man, especially for one to whom, if heredity had not given the first honor, the other two would, in all probability, never have come."

Phenomenal Rainfall In Australia.

January and February, 1893, will long be remembered in Australia as the months of the most phenomenal rainfall ever known, not in Australia alone, but in any country in the world since the dawn of history. The point of greatest downpour was at Brisbane, which was very fortunate for science, as it is at that place where the government meteorological instruments are kept. On the last day of January the rain gauge recorded 10½ inches of rainfall. The next day, Feb. 1, it showed a fall of over 20 inches, and on the 2d a little over 35 inches of water fell. All together 77 inches of water fell in four days.—St. Louis Republic.

No Man's Heath.

The locality termed No Man's heath is situated in four counties—Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire and Leicestershire. It contains but nine acres of land and was formerly renowned as a favorite rendezvous of prize fighters, because the police of one county were unable to make an arrest in another.

Practical.

Chawley Gotrocks—My dearest Margaret, I love you tenderly, devotedly. Your smiles would shed—

Margaret—Never mind the woodshed. How about a residence built for two.—Washington Times.

Encouraging.

She—Will you tell me a secret?

He—Why?

She—They say I can't keep one, and I want to try.—Pick Me Up.

THE LAST DECADE—1895.

Nature dishonored by the race she bore,
The fools of knowledge, slaves of liberty;
Art that profanes the nuptial sanctuary,
Where truth and beauty wed forevermore;
Love that casts down the vestal veil she wore,
To join earth's Bacchic festival and flee
With the wild Mænads, in their ecstasy,
By charmed mountain peak and desert shore—

How long shall these things be? Till life's new wine
Is drunk to the last dregs of shame and wrong—
Till love arises, beautiful, austere,
And purified by faith and reverent fear—
Till man looks Godward and the word divine
Goes forth once more to cleanse the world—how long?

—May Sinclair in Temple Bar.

A SINGULAR GUEST.

Mr. Henry Apps of Hoxton completed the fixing of the wires on the lawn of Hasleigh court. He looked up at the dim light in the dressing room and chuckled softly as he bent the last yard of wire.

"A trip in time," said Mr. Apps, "sives nine."

He threw the rope ladder gently in the air, and at the first effort it caught the projecting nail.

"'Once on board the lugger,' quoted Mr. Apps facetiously as he mounted the rope ladder, 'and the gurl is mine.'"

He opened the window very gently and soon stood inside the dressing room. Near the table in the corner of the room was an iron safe.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Mr. Apps. He loosened the flaps of his fur cap and mopped his brow with the back of his hand. "Well, I'm jiggered if they 'aven't been and left the key in for me. I might have sived myself a lot of trouble if I'd knowed."

Mr. Apps swung open the heavy door of the safe and listened to the music down stairs. Young Lady Staplehurst was giving, as Mr. Apps very well knew, a dance—a fancy dress dance—on her return from the continent after her term of widowhood.

"I'll jest see, first of all," he said, "that the coast is absolutely clear, and then—then for a bagful."

Mr. Henry Apps stepped out into the broad passage. He slouched, with his jimmy sticking out of his capacious side pocket, a few steps toward the stairs. Suddenly a girlish figure turned the corner.

"Bless my 'art!" cried Mr. Apps.

"Why, how do you do?" said the young lady, stepping forward. She gave a soft laugh that was very pleasant. "This is really delightful. Do you know I recognized you at once in spite of the costume?"

She held the hand of Mr. Apps for a moment, causing that gentleman to gasp for breath, and called one of the maids.

"Just bring me a pencil and a card," she said. "I must arrange for a carriage to take Captain Norman back to his hotel in the morning. I wasn't sure that he would come."

"I can walk," remarked Mr. Apps with restored self possession.

"I won't hear of it. When shall we say, now?"

"Say in an hour's time," said Mr. Apps. "I can go up stairs again alone, change my togs and do all I want to."

"And can't you stay longer?"

She gave the card to the maid and ordered it to be dispatched at once.

"I've got a busy night before me," urged Mr. Apps excusingly. He thought of his dog waiting on the lawn and feared it might give an inopportune bark. Besides, the safe was still open, and the diamonds were waiting for him. He had noticed with satisfaction Lady Staplehurst was wearing none.

"You were always an active man, captain."

"Always doing something," agreed Mr. Apps. "If it isn't one thing, it's another." He shook his head reflectively. "I often wonder I don't write a book about it all."

"I don't believe you will know anybody here, Captain Norman," she said as they walked down stairs, "but I couldn't help sending you a card, seeing how friendly we were on the Peshawur. Do you remember those evenings on deck in the Red sea?"

She was really a very fine young woman, and in her costume she looked extremely well.

"Do I not?" said Mr. Apps with much fervor. "Shall I ever forget 'em?"

"And then the journey from Brindisi, you know, and that funny little German—you remember him?"

"He was a knockout, that German was."

"And the girl who played the banjo, and the"—

"It was great," agreed Mr. Apps—"great."

The large ballroom was very full. A small covey of brightly dressed young people flew toward the young hostess to complain of her temporary absence from the room, and a broad shouldered gondolier shook hands with her and took up her card with something of an air of proprietorship.

"I thought I had left the key in the —excuse me." The young hostess took back her card from the gondolier. "I am engaged to Captain Norman. You don't know him? Allow me."

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Henry Apps. "'Ow's the world using you?"

"That's an original costume of yours, Captain Norman," remarked the gondolier. "I don't know that I've ever seen anything so daringly real before."

"Well, wot of it?" demanded Mr. Apps with sudden aggressiveness. "Wot's the odds to you wot I like to wear? You needn't think you're"—

"Captain Norman," interposed the young hostess laughingly, "you mustn't overdo the part. Look here, I've put your name down for this waltz, but if you like we'll sit it out—that is, if you promise to keep up that diverting east end talk. I like it. Do you think you can manage to do so?"

"Ra-ther," said Mr. Apps.

"And it is a capital make up, Captain Norman," she went on. "Do you know that at first, just for one moment, I thought you were a real burglar."

"Fancy that now," said Mr. Apps. He was relieved at seeing an obvious way out of his difficulty. "There's nothing like doing the thing in a proper, striteforward w'y."

"And," said Lady Staplehurst, with her fan on his arm as they walked across the room, "you have got the east end accent capitally."

"'Taint so dusty, is it?"

She beckoned to the gondolier.

"Captain Norman and I are great friends," she said in an explanatory way. "He has not been long home from abroad, and he knows scarcely any one."

"Not a blessed soul," echoed Mr. Apps.

"You must let me show you round a bit, Captain Norman," said the gondolier with determined geniality. "Can you come round to my club one night this week?"

"Whaffor?" demanded Mr. Apps suspiciously.

"Why, to dine. Say Thursday."

"'Eaven knows where I shall be on Fursday," said Mr Apps. "I don't."

"You must consider me at your disposal if you require any introductions. I know a good lot of people, and any friend of Lady Staplehurst's"—

"Oh, come off the roof," said Mr. Apps with much discontent. "Wot's the use of torking?"

"Isn't it capital?" asked Lady Staplehurst of the gondolier delightedly. "How much more interesting it would be if every one would only talk to me in their character."

Lady Staplehurst rose with something of hurry in her manner and spoke to Henry VIII.

"What regiment do you belong to, Captain Norman?" asked the gondolier.

"Find out," said Mr. Apps.

"Am I too curious? I know very little of the army, I'm afraid." The gondolier was resolved to be agreeable to Lady Staplehurst's friend. "I always dodge the army nights in the house. I suppose you know several of the service members?"

"I know as many as I want to know," said Mr. Apps evasively. "A man in my position of life 'as to be a bit careful who he mixes up with."

The hostess returned from Henry VIII.

"I can make nothing of this man," whispered the gondolier to her as he rose. "I think he's silly."

"If you knew his qualities, you wouldn't speak of him like that." She resumed her seat by the side of Mr. Henry Apps.

"Well, blow me," said Lady Staplehurst, screwing her pretty mouth in her effort to imitate the cockney's accent, "blow me if this ain't a fair take—I mean tike dahn," she laughed. "It's of no use, Captain Norman. I can't talk as you can."

"It's a gift," said Mr. Apps, "that's what it is."

"You don't want to be introduced to anybody here, I suppose?"

"Not me."

"You have heard of"—

She pointed in the direction of the gondolier.

"All I want to."

"He's really making a big name in the house, you know. I watch his career with great interest."

"Thinks a jolly lot of hisself."

"Oh, I think a lot of him, too," remarked Lady Staplehurst pleasantly. "And is that a jimmy sticking out of your jacket pocket? This is, indeed, realism. You don't know how it works, I suppose?"

"Well, I've got a kind of a hidea," said Mr. Apps. "Look 'ere. You put this end in and"—

Mr. Apps found himself getting quite excited in the explanations that he gave. It was a new sensation to meet one who showed an intelligent interest in his profession, and he could not help feeling flattered. Looking up, he saw the gondolier gazing at him.

"He don't look 'appy, that chap," said Mr. Apps.

"Will you excuse me for one moment?"

"Wot are you going up to, miss?" he said apprehensively.

"I want to speak to him."

"Oh," with relief, "I don't mind that."

While Lady Staplehurst was making the gondolier resume his ordinary expression Mr. Apps thought and thought. The couples promenading after the waltz looked curiously at him.

"It's the rummiest show you was ever in, 'Enery," said Mr. Apps. "You're a 'avin 'em on toast, you are, but you'll be glad to get upstairs again. You want them diamonds, that's wot you want. Time means money to you, 'Enery."

Lady Staplehurst hurried toward the doorway. A murmur of amusement went through the room as the guests saw a new arrival in the costume of a police constable accompanied by a man in plain clothes. Mr. Apps, thinking over his exploits, gazing abstractedly at his boots, and regretting their want of polish, did not see them until the plain clothes man tapped him on the shoulder.

"What! Apps, again?" exclaimed the man.

"Yus," said the burglar discontentedly. "Yus, it is Apps agine, Mr. Walker. And vurry glad you are to see him, I've no daht."

"Always a pleasure to meet a gentleman like you," said Mr. Walker cheerfully as he conducted him to the doorway. "I've wanted to run up against you before."

Much commotion in the ballroom at the diverting little scene. General agreement that Lady Staplehurst was a perfect genius at entertaining.

"But, loveliest girl," said the gondolier confidentially to Lady Staplehurst, "isn't this carrying a joke rather too far? That's a real detective."

"I know," said the loveliest girl, trembling now a little. "That's a real burglar too."

"A real"—

"Yes, yes. Don't make a fuss. I don't want the dance spoiled. Take me down to supper, like a good fellow."—London Tit-Bits.

Sprees at a Church Festival.

It is a custom of the country in Germany to get drunk at the consecration of a new church. This custom has been regarded as unlovely and un-Christian by many influential Germans of the new school, most notably by Emperor William II, but still it remains unreformed, and the comic weeklies do not tire of depicting the scenes in and out of the police court that follow the consecration sprees and fights. Some time ago the festival of a new church was celebrated in Oberringelheim, in the Rhine country. In anticipation of the usual trade in exhilarating liquors a saloon keeper who does business near the sacred edifice advertised thus in the Rhineland Observer:

> Jacob Muller herewith pledges himself for a subscription price of 3 marks (75 cents) to serve every one of his guests with as much wine as he can drink on the occasion of the church consecration.
>
> Inviting my friends and patrons to visit me in response to this request, I remain respectfully yours, JACOB MULLER.

Within an hour after the newspaper containing this advertisement appeared 39 citizens of little Oberringelheim bought subscription tickets from Muller. At the current price of ordinary loose wine in the Rhine country each of the 39 and their colleagues in this speculation had to drink 16 large glassfuls before he could begin to benefit by the subscription tariff.—New York Sun.

WHY?

I married my wife, why?
Listen, and I'll tell you.
Not because she makes a good pie,
Though she can, I tell you;
Not because she's wondrous wise,
Versed in Greek and Latin;
Not because she likes to dress
In fine silk or satin;
Not because she rides a wheel
(I still wear the bloomers);
Not because in kindliness
All my crochets humors;
Not because on politics
She keeps always posted;
Not because she knows how I
Like my meat when roasted;
Not because of beauty rare
(That is quickly over);
Not because while she works hard
I could live in clover;
Not because she does possess
Fortune that's immense—
Simply just because she's got
Good, sound common sense.
—Charles W. Hird in Boston Post.

A BAG OF LETTERS.

A bright fire was burning in the studio of Jack Torrington, the celebrated newspaper artist, and everything indicated that he knew thoroughly how to appreciate those comforts to which he had only lately become entitled, for only about a month before Jack, like Lord Byron, "awoke one morning to find himself famous."

He had had a long and bitter struggle with adverse fortune. For more than ten years he had toiled untiringly, rewarded only with poverty, starvation and neglect. He had lived and worked in a garret, carrying his drawings from editor to editor—always on foot, for he could not afford to pay omnibus fare—only to be told that they had not enough work to give to their own staff. But now at last fate had smiled upon him—an enterprising art editor had "discovered" him—and he had become the fashion.

He was seated at his ease before the fire sipping his coffee. He had already looked over the daily paper and thrown it aside. A large pile of letters lay on the table beside him, but he had not opened any of them, probably because he knew beforehand what their contents were likely to be. When he had completed his meditations on the morning's news, however, he took one up and opened it. It was from the editor of one of the leading ladies' weeklies, The Glass of Fashion, and it ran thus:

"Dear Mr. Torrington—We have been much gratified"— "Oh, hang the compliments," exclaimed Jack, and he hung them—that is to say, he skipped them. "Would you," the editor continued, "have time to undertake one or two full page drawings for our summer number? The subject would be entirely your own choice, but of course it would be something appropriate to the season. You can name your own price."

"Oh, most likely," said Jack, and he threw the letter into the fire. This was the editor who had written to him only two years before, "As you do not excel at this kind of work, I fear it will not be possible for us to employ you." This letter was followed by about a dozen more from other editors in very much the same terms.

The next letter that Jack picked up was directed in a graceful feminine hand. There was a dainty perfume about it, and there was a crest on the envelope.

"Who the devil can this be?" thought Jack. He opened it.

"Dear Sir—" it began, "Surely I cannot be wrong in supposing you are the same Mr. Torrington who was sketching down here a year ago"—

"Let's see what the name is—Anna Delacy Thorne. Oh, by Jove, I know. It's that woman down in Shropshire who used to come and bother me to show her my sketches, and who used to tell me how happy I was to be able to do such charming work, and who never once asked me into her house to have a cup of tea. Well, what more?"

"'Those delightful pen and ink sketches.' Oh, bother. 'Everybody knew that you would be famous some day. My husband saw your portrait in one of the papers, and he says he is quite sure it is you, etc. Is there any chance of your coming down this way next summer? We should be so glad to see you, and I should find you plenty of models.' Thanks, I can do that for myself. 'Have you the sketch still which I admired so much of two girls standing on the bridge and would it be very expensive?'

"Yes, madam, it would be expensive,"

but you could have had it last year for 5 shillings." This letter also was tossed into the fire.

The next was directed in an untidy scrawl, with many smudges and orthographical mistakes. It ran thus:

> onnerd sur i wos so gled to here of yur susce. and so wos mother ime suryu diservd it i enny won did for yu hev worked so long for nuthin and had so much trubble i hop yu air verry well i shud be so gled if yu cud giv me sum worke mother hes ben ill and fether is out of worke and i hev had nuthing to do for 3 months and prises air so hi just now we air leving now at number 19 sidney street. yur obedunt servent, SOPHEY MATHEWS.

"Poor little thing!" said Jack to himself. "She had rather good shoulders. I must see if I can find anything for her to do."

The next letter was from a fellow student of his who had been rather successful as a portrait painter, but of whom Jack had seen nothing since their student days, except now and then when they had met by accident:

> DEAR JACK—I really must congratulate you on your unprecedented success. Everybody is asking me about you. I feel quite proud of having been your fellow student. But I always knew that you were going to do great things. Why, I never saw any one get along as you did. You simply galloped, while other fellows crawled. You were certain to make your mark sooner or later. I wish you would come round and criticise the portrait which I am painting of Mrs. Bolton, the celebrated beauty. It is nearly finished, and I should so like to see what you would think of it. I am "at home" Thursday afternoons.

"The devil you are! So am I," said Jack.

The next letter that he took up was directed in a hand the sight of which two or three years ago would have caused all his pulses to throb with emotion.

"Surely I know that writing," he said to himself. "Well, I should think I do. Let's see what she has to say!"

> DEAR MR. TORRINGTON—Let me congratulate you a thousand times on your success. We all knew that you were going to be famous sooner or later—

"I wonder who 'everybody' is!"

> Everybody says that you are the first black and white artist of the day.

"How strange that you never told me so!" thought Jack.

> Your drawings in Up to Date are simply lovely. Mother says she never saw anything that she liked so much in its way. We have had all the sketches that you made of me framed and hung up, as everybody is asking to see them. Could you possibly find time to run down here at Easter? Mother says she would be so pleased if you could. The Middletons are to be here, and I expect we shall have a jolly time. But I suppose you have so many friends now that you can hardly call your time your own. However, I hope you don't quite forget old friends.

Jack smiled to himself as he read this—a dreamy smile, full of memories. Two years ago what would not such an invitation have meant to him? A little of that abounding faith in his future which Mabel now declared herself to have felt all along would have done wonders toward helping him to success. And this was the girl who had refused him three times. Three times—nay, 300 times, if he were to count the unspoken language of the eyes. At first it had amused her to pose for him, but when she found that the sketches were not published she soon wearied of it.

> Do come, and I will pose for you as much as you like. Yours very sincerely,
> MABEL STRANGMAN.
>
> P. S.—Do you remember the sketch which you made of me sitting in the boat under the old willow? I wonder have you it still?

When Jack had finished reading this document, he tilted back his chair, threw back his head and laughed aloud. Then he took it up and read it over again, and then he laughed again. His favorite fox terrier, which was lying asleep on the hearth rug, jumped up at the sound of the unwonted merriment, but finding nothing more interesting than an inanimate bit of paper he curled himself up into a round ball and went to sleep again. Then Jack got up, pushed back his chair, put his hands in his pockets and walked over to the window, humming to himself something which sounded very like:

And saddle thou my gray war steed,
For I'll go and woo elsewhere.

And the only letter that he answered was that from the little model.—Exchange.

It is said that the first book printed in this country from stereotype plates was a catechism by a Mr. Watts. This work was issued in New York in the year 1813 and was compiled for the benefit of the children of several New York churches.

A bushel of sweet potatoes equals 46 pounds in Iowa and 56 pounds in most of the other states.

English Drinking Songs.

The best of the English drinking songs were written by the dramatists of the seventeenth century, men who trolled out their vigorous sentiments, linked sweetly together in flowing verse, without the smallest thought or fear of shocking anybody. Frankly indecorous, they invite the whole wide world to drink with them, to empty the brimming tankard passed from hand to hand and to reel home through the frosty streets, where the watchman grins at their unsteady steps, and quiet sleepers, awakened from dull dreams, echo with drowsy sympathy the last swelling cadence of their uproarious song. Where there is no public sentiment to defy even bacchanalian rioters and bacchanalian verses cease to be defiant. What admirable good temper and sincerity in Fletcher's generous importunity!

Drink today and drown all sorrow;
You shall perhaps not do it tomorrow.
Best, while you have it, use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health.
Who drinks well loves the commonwealth,
And he that will to bed go sober
Falls with the leaf, still in October.

Upon this song successive changes have been sung, until now its variations are bewildering, and to it we owe the ever popular and utterly indefensible glee roared out for generations by many a lusty tavern chorus:

He who goes to bed and goes to bed sober
Falls as the leaves do and dies in October,
But he who goes to bed and goes to bed mellow
Lives as he ought to do and dies an honest fellow.

—Agnes Repplier in Atlantic.

Solidified Petroleum.

The claim some time ago set forth by Paul d'Humy, a French naval officer, of having originated a process for the successful solidification of petroleum for commercial and industrial purposes has been further explained by him. From this account, summarized in The Progressive Age, it appears that heavy common oil has been converted by this inventor into a solid block, as hard as the hardest coal, burning slowly, giving off an intense heat and showing not the slightest sign of melting, a ton of such fuel representing as many as 30 tons of coal, and the space occupied by one ton of it being about three cubic feet, as against the large space required for the coal. At a recent gathering of experts, M. d'Humy exhibited samples of the article and experimented with them. On the table were several cakes of the solidified petroleum and of low grade oils of various sizes and shapes, and in addition to the cakes there were samples of the same fuel in dry powder and paste, the petroleum powder and paste mixed together and pressed forming a homogeneous mass, with a great specific gravity, hard almost as stone, and, when burning, giving off a flame 300 times its own volume and a heat well nigh as great as oxygen. Tests to determine the production of smoke or smell failed to indicate the emanation of either of these.

Time to Call a Halt.

The vital statistics clerk felt rather than heard his visitor enter the office. He looked up from the desk and beheld a cadaverous and woebegone individual, in whose eyes was the feverish glitter of one to whose lids sleep cometh not.

"Poor commission three doors to the right," said the official glibly.

"I don't want the poor commission. I want to see you," said the intruder, with something very like defiance in his voice and yet with that undertone of despair that aroused the sympathy of the clerk.

"And what can I do for you?" asked the latter.

"It isn't what you can do for me, but what I can do for you," responded the visitor. "I've been trying to do altogether too much, and I've got to have a rest. I don't belong to no union, and I'm willin to work overtime when it's necessary, but I'll be blamed if you ain't trottin me a heat that 'ud distance anybody but me. I've got to have shorter hours and a day off once in awhile, an if I don't get 'em, I'll quit, see?"

"But my dear sir, I never saw you before. I never employed you. Who are you, anyway?"

"Me? Oh, I ain't anybody but Heart Failure. That's who I be, an I mean what I say."—Detroit News.

The Italian immigrants who start from Genoa must travel 4,059 knots before reaching the Narrows at New York.

THE FACTORY CHIMNEYS.

Where, bending far, the azure dips
  To kiss the waking world below,
Across the day, in dark eclipse,
  The somber factory chimneys show,
Like gloomy wardens of the land,
  With sooty banners wide unfurled,
Above the clustered town they stand
  And frown defiance on the world.

Yet they are beautiful to me,
  Those smoky chimneys gaunt and high,
For in their volleyed clouds I see
  A bow of promise span the sky.
Oh, children at the cottage door,
  Play on, for there is naught to dread!
The smoke clouds from the chimneys pour,
  And all the land is full of bread!

Those somber standards, floating far,
  Give token of the reign of peace,
More potent than the arms of war
  Their whirring looms that never cease.
Beneath that dusky cloud is wrought
  The fabric of a people's fate.
The victories of love and thought
  Transcending all the spoils of hate.

There comes the sound of mingled bells;
  I see the sturdy toilers throng.
In happy homes, where plenty dwells,
  I hear the housewife's cheery song.
Amid the factory's busy hum
  Are mingled words of hope and cheer,
That greet the morn when day is come
  And bless the day when night is near.

Far be the time when, high and wide,
  No smoke wreaths from the chimney tops
Send cheer to all the countryside
  And all the hum of labor stops;
When men are dumb, and children wail,
  And hearts grow sullen with despair,
And food and strength and courage fail
  And famine breathes in all the air!
—Robert C. Tongue in Youth's Companion.

A BICYCLE CHASE.

Warwick was one of the suburbs of a large city, but the tide of fashion had not flowed in its direction, and it remained a small, compact mass of ugly houses, chiefly inhabited by the poorer classes. At the top of a hill two miles away, however, was a magnificent mansion set in the center of a large estate. The owner of this property, an eccentric old man by the name of Richard Boulden was dubbed the earl, and his house was generally known as the castle. In it Mr. Boulden lived with his granddaughter and an aged woman servant. He was reputed to be very wealthy, and the economies of his life were set down by the good people of Warwick as the eccentricities of a miser. There is no doubt that he was miserly, and he had good reason for it, which he did not care to give out to the world at large. The truth was that he was as poor as a church mouse, and his fine property was heavily mortgaged. The only ambition he had in life was to pay off this mortgage so as to leave his estate unincumbered to his orphan granddaughter, Edith, the only other survivor of his race. She was such a lovely young girl—so pretty and yet so modest, so bright and yet so considerate of others' feelings—that all who met her liked her. She seemed the most perfect creature on earth to Mr. Boulden, for she was the only solace of his retired life. And yet she had less pretty clothes, less amusements, less everything that required the expenditure of money, than the poorest girl in Warwick, since her grandfather, in his unselfish passion, did not see that the lack of many small things in her youth was as hard to bear as poverty would be to a grown up woman.

"The child wants for nothing now," he thought. "If she wishes something in the morning, but does not get it, she has forgotten all about it by night. But after awhile she will feel the lack of money and what it brings. Then I will be able to give it to her."

He did not confide to Edith the cause of his penuriousness, and she thought that he was wealthy; hence she could not understand why he would not buy for her the many little things she wanted. Her supply of pin money was very scanty, and she made all her own dresses. But in spite of this Mr. Boulden was not satisfied, and he was especially irritated when one day she dared ask for a bicycle.

"You spend too much; you spend too much," he declared. "What do you want a bicycle for? To break your neck? No lady should ride one."

"Oh, they all do," said Edith indignantly. "There's hardly a family in the town that has not got one. Here we live two miles away from every one, and as we haven't a carriage I have to walk whenever I want to go down there. It's a shame."

"Bah! The walking does you good."

"It's all right if I have the time, but I generally haven't. Come, be a good old Santa Claus and drop one down the chimney at Christmas."

"Nonsense, Edith. Look how the English girls walk, and they have the finest complexions in the world."

"But they are not walking now. Most of them ride a bicycle. I read about it the other day."

And so on. The fact is Edith had set her heart on one, and, for the first time in her life, she resolved to persevere in her attempts to persuade the old gentleman in spite of the annoyance and obstinacy he showed.

So she learned to ride on a friend's wheel and called her grandfather's attention to the great pleasure it gave her. Then she would tell him how quickly she could coast down to Warwick, and how easily she could climb the hill back again, but it was of no use.

One day her friend went away for a week, and with great generosity loaned her bicycle to Edith while she was gone.

Edith was intensely delighted and spent all that afternoon riding around the castle grounds. Considerably tired, she went to bed very early and was soon asleep.

In the middle of the night she was awakened by the rolling of thunder. Quite a storm seemed to be brewing, and she arose to put down her windows.

Then suddenly she recollected a singular piece of carelessness on her part. She had left her friend's bicycle standing against a pillar of the front porch, and the wind or rain might ruin it.

"What luck!" she thought. "I'll have to dress and get it. I expect I'll have to put quite a little on, too, or I will catch my death of cold."

So she dressed herself and started down stairs. To her surprise, she noticed that the library was lit up.

"I wonder what grandfather is doing up at this hour of the night. I'll peep in and scare him."

It was a thoughtless idea, but a lucky one, as it turned out, for, looking through a chink in the door, she saw the old man lying on his side by the fireplace. She was about to shriek out in her terror, when the door opposite opened and two men walked into the room.

They wore masks, and Edith knew at once that they were burglars. One of them was tall and stout, the other very small and slender. Both were meanly dressed and carried dark lanterns.

She then looked again at her grandfather and saw that his hands and feet were tied. He was not gagged.

"Oh, why doesn't he shout for help!" she wondered. Then she remembered the isolation of the castle, and that he was the only man living there.

"We couldn't find nothin," said the big burglar savagely, "so you've got to tell us where you keep your cash."

"That's what you have," chimed in the little fellow.

"If you don't," continued the big one, "if you don't, why, we'll smash you to pieces. See?"

"See?" asked his companion.

"I have no money here," said Mr. Boulden. "I am not fool enough to keep much of it in so lonely a place as this. And the fact is I have not much of it elsewhere either."

Edith listened breathlessly to what would follow.

"You are lyin, and you know it," growled the big burglar. "Don't you think we've been a-watchin you? Why, my pardner here has followed you around town for a week. He seen you get a big wad of bills at the bank this mornin."

"Yes, but are you aware that I paid off some interest on a mortgage with it?"

"You are lyin again, and I knows it. You came straight home from the bank."

Mr. Boulden groaned. It was too true.

"You can't fool us," said the little man exultingly.

"No, you can't. That's a fact," went on his big confederate. "And what's more, if you don't tell us where it is, and that purty quick, we'll have to try a little plaster of fire on yer feet. It's a powerful persuader."

"Oh, what can I do? What can I do?" thought Edith as she slipped away from the door.

She must get help, but where? From Warwick, of course. But how? Why, on that dear, blessed bicycle peacefully stabled by the front porch. The thought was inspiring, and, bracing up her courage, she stole down stairs. Carefully opening the door a little bit, she noticed a team hitched near by which evidently belonged to the burglars. Her first idea was to get in the burglars' wagon and drive off, but the sight of the prancing horses, which were much scared by the storm, shook her self confidence, especially as she knew well her poor ability as a driver. But there was the bicycle safe and sound. She must get to Warwick on her bicycle or not at all. Perhaps she could unhitch the horses and start them off; then the burglars would be in a fix. She pressed the door farther open and passed out. As she did so a vivid flash of lightning, quickly followed by a stunning peal of thunder, startled her so that she lost her hold of the knob, and an accompanying blast of air dashed the heavy door to with a terrific bang. She knew the robbers would hear it and rush out to see who it was; so, quickly getting the bicycle, she hopped on without stopping to loose the horses and started away. She was but a little way off when the front door opened and the two burglars looked out.

"It's the gal. Catch her," she heard one cry, as the frequent flashes brightened the landscape and discovered her to them. They jumped into the wagon and came after her, shouting for her to stop. But she pedaled down the steep grade as fast as she could. She had a fair start and knew she could outdistance them if she could only keep in the good part of the road and not upset.

Suddenly she had a bad fall, happily receiving no serious injuries. Mounted and off again, she soon after had another one. "This will never do," she thought. Her nerves were unstrung by the tumbles, but she kept on as fast as ever. How glad she was to turn a corner into the main street of Warwick. Riding to the nearest house, she aroused the inmates. Three or four men lived there, and they all quickly dressed and procured a team. Then they made a dash up to the castle as fast as they could. Nothing was seen of the two burglars on the way, however, and it is supposed that they decamped out of that neighborhood as soon as they found it impossible to catch up to or stop Edith in her wild ride for help.

Mr. Boulden was found just as Edith had last seen him. He was soon released and given stimulants.

When he heard of his granddaughter's brave exploit, a proud smile went over his face.

"She is a true Boulden," said he. "She has all our bulldog tenacity. I have some of it, you know. Without boasting, I may say that I had made up my mind that I would suffer any tortures rather than disclose where I had hid that money. And I would, believe me. However, Edith has conquered an obstinate old man. She shall have her bicycle, and the best one that money can buy."—Philadelphia Times.

An Imitative Monkey.

One of the drollest instances of the monkey's keenness of observation and power of mimicry that we have met with is the following: A retired admiral and his wife living at Cheltenham had a favorite monkey. One day the lady, hearing a strange noise in the dining room, looked in to see what it was. The sight which met her eyes was a ludicrous one. Seated in the armchair, with the admiral's smoking cap on his head and the admiral's spectacles on his nose, was the monkey, and in his hand was the open newspaper, which he shook and patted, while he jabbered and gesticulated with great emphasis at the cat, which lay blinking on the hearth rug. It was a clever and carefully studied imitation of the testy old admiral's tone and manner when reading to his wife some passage from the newspaper which excited his wrath or indignation.

It is strange that so little attempt is made to utilize this strong imitative faculty in monkeys. They might easily be trained to perform as athletes and acrobats. Some 50 years ago an Italian count, who had a villa on the shore of Lake Albano, kept a monkey which he had taught both to row and sail a small skiff. The monkey used to navigate this tiny craft with great skill, but unfortunately one day, when climbing the mast, he capsized the boat and was drowned As jockeys, monkeys might surely be made useful and would fulfil every purpose for which the manikins who ride on race horses are artificially stunted and sweated.—Chambers' Journal

Getting Civilized.

The Ch[illegible] Indians of Kingfisher, O. T., have organized a professional football [illegible] how is that for Lo?—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Story of Wilson Barrett.

Here is a good story of Wilson Barrett. Shortly after he had joined the theatrical profession he became a member of a company performing at the old Theater Royal, Dublin. His part naturally was a small one, and Mr. Barrett had no expectation whatever of receiving any sign of approval from the audience.

Greatly to his surprise, however, his first small speech was greeted with a round of applause. This unlooked for tribute quite elated the young actor, and he excited himself to the utmost in the endeavor to sustain the good impression he appeared to have made. He succeeded even beyond his hopes. Everything he said or did was rapturously applauded, and the principal performers were thrown completely in the shade.

The "stars" were of course disgusted, and the rest of the company lost in amazement, none more so than young Barrett himself. He scarcely supposed that he quite deserved such an ovation; but, with the natural vanity of youth, he considerd that these Dublin folk showed a rare appreciation of budding merit. However, he was shortly to be undeceived.

Just as he was leaving the theater one of the scene shifters grinningly accosted him:

"Sure, ye wer cock o' the walk tonight, sir!"

"Well, yes, Mickey," returned the actor, with pardonable pride. "I think I knocked 'em a bit, eh?"

"Och, sir," said Mickey, "sure it wasn't that at all, but it's got about among the boys that ye're a brother of the man that was hung!"

A Fenian named Barrett had that morning paid the extreme penalty of the law.

"It was very long afterward," said Mr. Barrett in telling the story, "before I again ventured to pride myself upon my acting."—Pearson's Weekly.

"Conned" the "Con" Man.

"I don't know that I look particularly green," said Henry Guy Carleton, "but since I have been in Chicago several of your inimitable confidence men have tried to play me for a fool. I went in a bank the other day to get a pretty big check cashed. While I was counting my change a stranger pointed to a $5 bill on the floor. It's an old game. The idea is that when the victim stoops to pick up the bill, which the 'con' man placed there himself, the thief will disappear with the money, which is left on the counter. Of course I didn't bite.

"'Thank you,' I said, and placed my foot on the bill.

"'Is it yours?" he asked.

"'Certainly, sir,' I replied. He stood for a few moments and waited until I had put my money in my pocket and departed. I was $5 in. The 'con' man was $5 out."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Telephone Ear.

A German newspaper asserts that about 30,000 of the inhabitants of Berlin hear considerably better with their left ear than with their right. This has been observed in continually increasing measure for 15 years. When the cause was sought for, it appeared that those who are thus affected are frequent users of the telephone. The listening part of the instrument is generally held in the left hand and put to the left ear, while the right hand is often used in taking notes, etc. In the cases observed the subjects heard the slightest sound through the telephone with their left ears, but could understand little or nothing if the instrument were put to their right ears. It is therefore concluded that the telephone has an appreciably stimulating effect on the auditory nerves, and the recommendation is made that the instrument be used alternately at the right and left ear.

Adverse Testimony.

Stranger—Quite a popular town this, ain't it?

Leading Merchant—How popular?

Stranger—How? Why, there appear to be a great many people settling here.

Leading Mercahnt—Do, eh? Well, my books show that there hasn't been any one settling with me for the last three months.—Richmond Dispatch.

Properly Turned.

"Miss Isabel, you are not at all like other girls."

"That is not a compliment, Mr. Spooner. You should say that other girls are not at all like me."-

A Turkish Lady.

Every woman, rich or poor, with the least regard for her character must be in her house by sundown. Only think of the long, dull winter afternoons and evenings when no friend can come near them, as all their female friends must be in their own houses, and male friends they cannot have. Even the men of their own family associate but little with them. Let us hope that with the increase of intercourse between Europeans and Turks the life of the women must change and that as the men have dropped their oriental garb the women will in time part with the yashmak and ferejeh, and that with them their isolated lives will cease. Young Turks who have been educated in Berlin, Paris and Vienna before they marry have been heard to declare that their wives shall be free, and yet when it comes to the point they have all yielded to the tyranny of custom. Nor is there any chance of change during the reign of Abdul Hamid, whose views on the seclusion of women are very strict, scarcely a year passing without fresh laws on thicker yashmaks and more shapeless ferejehs.

On the Bosporus their caiques are a great resource to the Turkish ladies, but in Pera those of the upper classes can only go out, in closed carriages, to the Sweet Waters occasionally, accompanied by their husbands on horseback. But they may speak to no one while driving; their own husbands and sons cannot even bow to them as they pass, and no one would venture to say a word to his own wife or mother when the carriage pulls up. The police would at once interfere. The highest mark of respect is to turn your back on a lady, and this de rigueur when any member of the imperial harem passes.—Longman's Magazine.

On the Ferry.

Blossom (to Italian sitting beside a large valise)—My friend, that valise is taking up considerable room. Will you kindly move it and allow me to sit down?

Italian—No mova noth.

Blossom—But I want to sit down.

Italian—No cara.

Blossom—But I do. Will you take that valise off the seat?

Italian—No taka noth. I tole yo' afora.

Blossom (getting warm in the collar)—If you don't take that valise off the seat I will. Do you understand me?

Italian—I unstana what yo' talka. I no taka eat offa.

Blossom (throwing valise off the seat)—There, now! If you want your luggage, you can go and get it.

Italian—Eat no belonga to mea.

Blossom—Eh?

Italian—Eat no belonga to mea. Yo' seea thata beegar mana—

Blossom (as he replaces the valise)—Why didn't you say so before? I don't mind standing up. It's only a short distance across.

Italian (to himself)—Eat no belonga to mea, eat no belonga to th' beegar man. Eat belonga to mya leetel sis in th' cit; I taka eat to hera.—San Francisco Wave.

Singular Deathbed Scene.

Truth is not only stranger than fiction, but occasionally more amusing than the jests of the humorist. Writing of Elizabeth Fry, the philanthropist and Quaker minister, Mr. Hare, in his biography of "The Gurneys of Earlham," tells an almost incredible incident.

During her frequent visits to Norfolk, Mrs. Fry by no means ceased from her ministrations, but even in her family she often had to trust her seed to very stony ground. It is recollected with amusement how, when she was summoned to the deathbed of a Norfolk squire, who was nearly related to her, he received her with this greeting:

"I am glad to see thee, Elizabeth, and shall be very glad to talk with thee, but thee must just wait till these have done."

On the other side of the bed were two cocks fighting.

That occurred in England 64 years ago, and the man was one of the landed gentry. The world moves.

Sandow Got Mad.

Sandow, the strong man, tells how once, on a holiday in Paris, he went with an old school friend into a billiard room, where some Frenchmen tried to fasten a quarrel on him because he was a German. The Parisian went so far as to slap him repeatedly in the face. Newfoundlandlike, he let the terrier snarl until he tried to bite, when at last he lost his temper. He took the man by the collar and the trousers near the knee. Then, holding him up, to the astonishment of the gallery, he knocked his assailant's knees into his teeth till he was nearly senseless. The Frenchman was taken to a hospital, while Sandow was walked off to a cell. But there were so many witnesses to the provocation that Sandow got off. The Frenchman himself was so astonished that when he recovered he sought Sandow's friendship and presented to him a magnificent watch, which he still possesses.

The Stone Forest of Florissant.

The silicified trees of the Florissant basin are a marked curiosity of the United States. They are less known than the "stone forest" of Arizona or than the similar mausoleum of the Yellowstone region, but it is only because they have not yet been brought to the attention of the tourist. The trees are at the present time represented only by their stumps. In wandering over the green meadow the eye here and there rests upon a seemingly "bald" spot. Over it are scattered white and yellow chips, and, for anything that the eye can itself distinguish, these could easily be the chips left in the path of work of a recently passing woodsman. The deception is absolute, and it belongs to the stump as well. The knots and gnarls and annular rings are perfectly preserved. The bark stands in prominent relief both by ruggedness and color, and all this not in wood, but in the monumental substance of stone. The precise manner in which the substitution of silica for wood was effected cannot now be learned, but in a general way we know it to have been brought about as the result of a slow infiltration into the tree trunks of heated waters containing silica in solution.

The remains are fairly numerous, but what strikes one with special astonishment is the giant size which some of them attain. Diameters of six, seven and eight feet are by no means uncommon, and we measured three specimens which spanned ten feet or more. In most instances the stumps hardly rise above the surface, coming up flush with it; therefore without excavation it is impossible to say at what height above the roots the measurements were taken.—Popular Science Monthly.

My Sin.

Stand in the public thoroughfares gazing at anything real or imaginary, and the dozens who gather round you will multiply soon into hundreds, and, if you stick to it, perhaps thousands. A crowd as big as the street could hold encircled a sign painter the other day. They rallied in curious excitement and dispersed in disappointed disgust.

"My Sin," in huge, flaming letters, was what the painter had already printed. If ever a crowd was bent on anything, it was on the discovery of what that sin was. They asked each other what it might be and hazarded guesses, while the man laid by his red paint pot and brought forth green instead.

What would the next word be?

The crowd grew so excited that they called to the man, "What is it?" "Tell us," "Go on," "Hurry," "Paint quick if you won't talk," until it seemed he might grow too bothered to print anything. But he did.

He printed out in small green letters, added to the gigantic "Sin" the syllable "gle," and when the sign was complete it read, "My single aim is to sell at nominal profit."—Pearson's Weekly.

Sorry Fate of Japanese Girls.

When a Japanese woman marries, her teeth are blackened by a process so tedious and painful that some girls for this reason refuse to be married.

Money Made in a Minute.

I have not made less thon sixteen dollars any day while selling Centrifugal Ice Cream Freezers. Anyone should make from five to eight dollars a day selling cream. and from seven to ten dollars selling Freezers, as it is such a wonder, there is always a crowd wanting cream. You can freeze cream elegantly in one minute and that astonishes people so they all want to taste it and then many of them buy freezers as the cream is smooth and perfectly frozen. Every freezer is guaranteed to freeze cream perfectly in one minute. Anyone can sell ice cream and the freezer sells itself. My sister makes from ten to fifteen dollars a day. J. F. Casey & Co., 1143 St. Charles St., St. Louis. Mo., will mail you full particulars free, so you can go to work and make lots of money anywhere as with one freezer you can make a hundred gallons of cream a day, or if you wish they will hire you on a salary.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 23, 1896.—The demand for honey is rather slow; supply good. Demand for beeswax good; fair supply; prices 20 to 25c. per pound for good to choice yellow. The demand for honey is not as good as it used to be in former years at this time. It is in sympathy with dull trade in other lines of goods.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON.

Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

DETROIT, MICH., Oct. 23, 1896.—Good demand for honey. Good supply. Price of comb 12 to 13c. per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c. Dull demand for beeswax. Good supply; prices 24 to 25c. Honey is moving quite freely.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 22, 1896.—Good demand for honey. Ample supply. Price of comb 8 to 14c per per pound. Extracted 4 to 7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax; light supply. Prices 28 to 30c. per pound. Honey selling well now but there is a full crop and prices favor the buyer now.

H. R. WRIGHT.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 23, 1896.—Good demand for honey. Light supply. Price of comb 11 to 14c. per lb. Extracted 5½ to 7c. per lb.

HAMBLIN & BEARSS 514 Walnut St.

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 23, 1896.—We quote an active demand for fancy white comb honey; price as to style package 13 to 14c. No. 1 white 12 to 12½c; amber 11c; dark 8 to 10c; extracted white 6 to 7c; amber 5 to 6c; dark 4½ to 5c. Quote beeswax at 26c. Liberal advances on consignments, or will pay cash.

S. T. FISH & CO., 189 South Water St.

JOHN BULL.

This way the Englishman has of distinguishing the solid comforts from the factitious and holding to the solid is only one phase of his magnificent capacity for getting at and holding on to realities. So it is that the English laborer, while comparatively indifferent to the extravagances of the monarchial *regime* and the anachronisms and absurdities of peerages and livery companies, is doing more, perhaps, than any other laborer in the world to establish his essential rights,—certainly more than the American laborer. And the average Briton, caring less than the average American for the forms of liberty, is more jealous for the thing itself. What recks he of crown and sceptre, so long as he is the best-protected citizen in the world, or of wig and robe, while he gets justice?—Alvan F. Sanburn, in November Lippincotts.

ERIE

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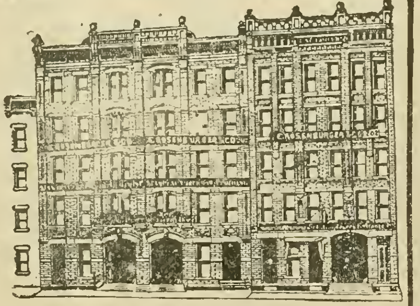

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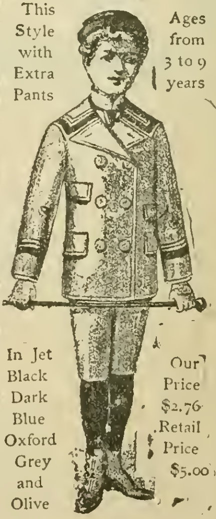

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE W. T FALCONER MANFG CO

VOL. VI. DECEMBER, 1896. NO. 12.

My Early Experiences.

BY JOHN F. GATES.

Perhaps there is no bee keeper who has followed the business for a score or more of years but that has at times looked back to the time when he was a novice and smiles as he recalls many of his early ideas and experiences. How my senses were quickened as I first beheld the patent hive which caused my first downfall in bee business. What visions of success and lockers overflowing with gold ruminated in my upper story as I fancied the goddess of success had chosen me as her special idol in this special branch of husbandry. Ah! Yes! Moth proof, non-swarming, self-dividing if needs be, with sieves, zinc appliances without number, doors that would open nicely (when the hives were new) displaying a number of rooms with windows in them, and all one had to do to increase his colonies was to take one of these rooms out, put it in another hive and insert an empty one in its place. Of course I did not know the necessity of having a queen in each domicile, and the inventor perhaps had never thought of it himself even if he knew in the first place, but there was my vision of success before me. All painted and lettered beautifully. Just too good for any earthly use, says I, but how little I knew that such was the case.

Of course I bought the right to use it and bought a lot of hives at $4.00 each. I hired a man that had handled bees some to drive my bees from the old box hives into the new success. Well, if I should tell you how I did it you would laugh, but I fail to describe it. I cannot do it. All I can say is that we did get them into the new abode, and you must imagine how the feat classed me at once as an expert among my neighbors. Well, with all my hobnobing with these hives, with all my anxious care, the bees died.

I bought a lot of box hives again, and soon another patent right man heard of my loss and came to see me. The other patent man kept away. The new man said it was a shame for any man to sell me such hives as those, for they had killed my bees, and that he would like to have seen me first and sold me a hive which was just as sure of success as a tax collector. Well, I wanted such a hive and the upshot was I bought $44.00 worth of him. Just eleven hives. Now a man that gets cheated once will feel good over his next bargain, and I did. He was so good and honest, you know. He told me many things and substantiated his assertions, but my bees all died the next winter, excepting one colony in a box hive that I thought I would keep that way and see if it would outlive those in the new-fangled ones. That ought to have taught me something but it did not seem to convince me, and I played the rattle box with patent hives for the next few years with about the same results as described above. It would make you tired even to hear me describe my trials, hopes and fears each and every time, but ending only in disappointment and loss. But has all that I have passed through been for naught? Because I was built in such a way that I would go to the bottom of facts do you suppose that I would not bring back something?

Well, the end of the patent hive business came at last and I piled up all of my patent fixings on less than an acre of ground, where I kept them for many years as a monument to remind me of something, and as a warning to patent men, all of whom kept clear, excepting one, who got roiled when I led him up to them.

I had bought bees for twenty miles around me but still I found more and bought me another apiary of box hives. This time I kept them, and that is the way I came to know about box hives for breeders. Some of the hives had stood for twenty years with bees in them. These were twenty-seven inches tall. The first year I had them I loosened the covers, killed the bees, sawed through the front board about six inches from the top, ran the saw in and cut the honey loose and took it out at the top every time they would build it up. In those days such honey sold for twenty cents per pound and I took as high as 110 pounds from one hive, making $22.00, besides a new swarm which it cast. This was a crude way, and I would not do it now, because I can make more by keeping them as breeders, as described in my previous articles. But my success commenced then and I have been looking back with a smile at the old times.

Ovid, Pa.

The Economic Value of Bees and their Products.

Read at 27th Annual Convention of the N. A. Bee Keepers' Association.

The discussion of the above subject may be made to embrace such an immense scope that it would be useless to try to point out more than a few of the leading questions involved in it. Being adverse to long essays myself, knowing also, by past experience, that essays, in a meeting like this, are only needed to introduce the subject, I will make my remarks short.

In the consideration of this question I would prefer to have had the bees left out, by the committee who ascribed the subject to me, for I confess that I cannot see any actual, direct economic value in the bees themselves, but only indirectly, through their products of honey and beeswax, and still more indirectly through their actions as pollen carriers, upon the bloom of our domestic trees, plants and shrubs to help fertilization and thereby increase the yield of our farms, orchards and gardens. The discussion of this it seems to me should come under a different head.

The economic use of honey and its demand as an article of daily use in the household have greatly lessened since sugar has been produced cheaply and has become a part of the regular diet of every family. Honey, centuries ago, used to be the only sweet that was produced in abundance, and it filled many a purpose which is now fulfilled much more plentifully by sugar. Today honey should take the second place in price as well as in equality of demand and consumption were it not for its superiority in flavor. But although it takes but a comparatively small place in the enormous consumption of sweets, it is still the leader in price for it is far above the other sweets as an unprepared or raw article of diet, manipulated only by the skill of Nature's chemistry. Evidently the choice article, the high grade honey, will always keep its price far above that of all manufactured sweets.

But Nature's labratory does not confine itself to one grade and we have much honey which must needs compete on a level with the sweets of commerce, and it is for the sale of these grades that the bee keeper is most in need of creating an increase of demand. In other words, it is most important for us to increase the economic value of the lowest grades of honey by finding new channels for them, creating new ones.

In tobacco manufacturing, in candy making, in the medicinal and veterinary uses, in baking, in brewing, in wine and vinegar making, new markets have been opened, but we need still more uses for the product for if we can find a ready sale for the cheaper grades of honey harvested in the apiary the higher grades will no longer drag on our markets. It is on this part of the economy of the apiary that more suggestions are needed.

In the Bulletin of the Society of "La Somme," which I received from France yesterday, I saw an article which has a bearing upon the question, A new use for honey has been discovered by Mr. Poulet who has succeeded in employing it in the manufacture of chocolate, obtaining a most savory article of this substance by the use of honey with the cocoa. The advantage of this discovery it is claimed lies in being able to produce a better article at lower prices than the chocolate now manufactured. This discovery seems to have created quile a sensation in the above mentioned association and a committee was appointed to investigate the matter in view of taking steps to establish a chocolate factory.

Is it necessary for us to mention the economic uses of beeswax? This article has so long been needed for so many different purposes in the arts as well as in medicine, in housekeeping and in manufacturing, its peculiar properties are so unique and its needs so well established, that all the cheap products that have been brought forward have been unable, in spite of adulteration and deception, to affect its price or the demand for it in its pure state. Beeswax never goes a begging and even if the prices fluctuate according to the greater or less production, it always commands as ready a sale at or about market quotations as the most staple products of the world.

Our attention is therefore most emphatically needed in the direction of the economic value of honey, and no pains should be spared by the bee keepers to find new channels for the use of it. C. P. Dadant.

Wintering Bees Successfully.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

The question of how to successfully winter bees has often appeared and has probably been answered as often, therefore it may appear useless to many of the older bee keepers to make use of valuable space to further discuss this question, but we should remember that there are additions made to the list of bee keepers each year who may not be young in years but yet are young in experience. The suggestion may be made by some one that these youngsters should get such information from text books, to which I agree to a certain extent, but are we sure that those of us who claim to be old in experience could not tumble on to some improvement? For my part I learn a little more year after year. The first thing that should be looked after is that each colony is strong in bees, supplied with a good queen, and last, but not least, each colony should be well supplied with honey and that of good quality. Don't try to winter on from four to ten lbs. per colony. This might and might not be enough to carry them through cold weather, i. e., until warm weather in spring, but it will not carry them through until more can be had in sufficient quantities for their daily consumption. Remember that the largest amount of honey required to winter a colony will be consumed when brood-rearing commences in earnest. The next thing will be to give them some protection, after first diminishing the the size of hive according to size of colony contained therein. .The protection I give my bees in this latitude is an empty super filled full of fine soft leaves, by first removing enameled sheets and replacing same with a thin piece of muslin. I place the super full of leaves on top of all; this gives upward ventilation enough to keep out all moisture. After all other preparations have been made be sure to keep them perfectly dry. A wet brood nest is by far worse than a cold one. Look out for leaky covers. If your covers are not water tight, put on some old boards of some kind, tilt your hives forward a little so that water will run off more readily. With the above requisites out door wintering will meet with success in this latitude and those similar.

Steeleville, Ill.

A Few Remarks.

BY THE ASSISTANT EDITOR.

That combs, when free from eggs and larvæ of the moth, may be kept indefinitely is proven by an instance which came to our notice a few weeks ago. During the winter of 1890-91 a friend to whom we had sold several colonies of bees the summer previous, lost them by suffocation. Thus discouraged by the failure of his first effort, the combs were thrown into an old zinc lined ice box with a close fitting lid to await a convenient time to melt them up, and were forgotten. Upon opening the box recently, the combs, some of which contained considerable honey, were found in as perfect condition as when placed there five years ago,

Bee keepers who have had no experience with commission men are more than likely to save themselves much annoyance by continuing to keep their business strictly out of the hands of the middlemen. Financial responsibility is no guarantee against imposition. Those who have been induced to consign to strangers the product of their labor, have, in most cases, formed resolutions of a private and ironclad nature. Further warning in their case is unnecessary. This suggestion is tendered in behalf of those producers who have not yet been victimized.

The interests of a journal and those of the fraternity which it represents are the same. Upon each depends the success of the other, hence the importance of integral co-operation. Our readers are invited to send in reports, notes of their experience, or items of general interest relating to bee keeping, from any source. Our mutual benefit would surely result from such general exchange of notes and ideas, and any information or advice upon practical bee keeping, which our experience enables us to impart, will be given with pleasure when solicited by readers of the BEE KEEPER.

A WELSH RIP.

Every nation has a Rip Van Winkle of its own, but the Welsh story of Rip is unique. He is known as Taffy ep Sion. One morning Taffy heard a bird singing on a tree close by his path. Allured by the melody, he sat down until the music ceased; when he rose, what was his surprise at observing that the tree under which he had taken his seat had now become dead and withered. In the doorway of his home, which, to his amazement, had also suddenly grown older, he asked of a strange old man for his parents whom he had left there, as he said, a few minutes before. Upon learning his name the old man said, "Alas! Taffy, I have often heard my grandfather, your father, speak of you, and it was said you were under the power of the faries and would not be released until the last sap of that sycamore had dried up. Embrace me, my dear uncle, for you are my uncle—embrace your nephew." Welshmen do not always perceive the humor of this somewhat novel situation of a youth —for Taffy was still merely a boy—being hailed as uncle by a gentleman perhaps forty years his senior.—D. C. Macdonald in December Lippincott's.

OUR EXTRACTOR

(From American Bee Journal).

IMPROVEMENTS IN BEE-CULTURE

BY ERNEST R. ROOT.

I have divided my subject into two parts—namely, recent improvements that have been adopted; second, the improvements not yet adopted, but which give promise of great value. Owing to lack of time I will merely allude to the first named. Among these I would mention self-spacing frames, formerly used by comparatively few bee keepers, but now being generally adopted. Reversing honey-extractors, improved workmanship in bee-hives, and especially in sections. Sections of two years ago look very crude compared with the perfect products of today.

Turning to the second half of my subject, What devices or ideas give promise of value for the future? The use of drawn, or partly-drawn combs in the production of honey comes to my mind. You will remember our late friend, Mr. B. Taylor, of Forestville, Minn., has been a strong advocate of the use of drawn combs in sections leveled down by the comb leveler. You will remember he made the statement that unfinished sections he considered were his "best stock in trade"—the more of these the better. Those that contained honey were sometimes extracted but generally placed out in the yard for the bees to clean out. Where great numbers of these sections were scattered out at a time the usual excitement incident to ordinary robbing did not appear. These combs emptied were then leveled down by means of a little device illustrated and described in the bee papers. They were then set aside ready for the next season. When the honey flow came on the bees would enter into these sections immediately and commence storing honey.

A number of years prior to Mr. Taylor's advocacy of drawn combs it seems that Mr. Samuel Simmons, of England had been advocating something similar ; but at the time bee keepers seemed to take very little stock in these drawn combs, but within the last year or so they have begun to discover something of merit in them. I must confess myself that I could see very little advantage in them, but when Mr. Wood, of foundation fame, showed me in the apiary how much more readily bees accepted the drawn combs, or rather partly drawn combs, than foundation, I became convinced and have been an advocate of them ever since. I saw that not in one case but in numerous cases the bees would commence upon the drawn combs at once, store honey in them, and cap them over before they would even touch foundation in sections next to them.

It is generally admitted that more extracted honey can be produced than of comb. Just how much more no one seems to know definitely. Some say twice as much, some say a half more, some only a fourth more. Well, then, if more extracted honey can be produced than comb, why is it? The explanation is easy. In running for extracted honey extracting combs are given. These the bees store with their first honey and keep on storing until they are full. They do not even have to stop to draw out foundation, much less loaf around a few days before attempting to draw it out. How is it in the case of comb honey? A super containing sections, said sections containing full sheets of foundation is given. But before the bees enter that super they will crowd every available cell in the brood nest, even building combs before they will commence work on the foundation above. In the meantime the loafing habit is started and swarming is likely to follow. The fact of the matter is the bees seem much to prefer to store nectar in cells already drawn out, and it takes *pressure,* a great deal of it, to force them into supers. When they once commence drawing out the foundation, then storing and the work on the other sections begins.

Now then, suppose that instead of those full sheets, we give them sections containing drawn comb, or, preferably, comb partly drawn out. What is the effect? The bees commence storing honey immediately. The loafing of three or four days preparatory to giving it sections, and occasional swarming that is induced by this loafing, will be largely avoided.

"But," you say, "your theory is all good enough, but how are you going to get the comb?" In the first place I would save all unfinished sections and level them down by the B. Taylor plan. In the second place the future may give us an artificially made comb as light and as thin in cell-wall and base as the product made by the bees. It should not be heavier because then we should have the fish-bone—a thing that can not be tolerated in first class comb honey. As to the expense it should not be very much above foundation per square inch.

But suppose inventive genius does not supply us with such an article? I believe it is possible to have the bees make it for us out of season ready for the flow of honey when it does come. Mr. Otis and Mr. Baldridge, of Illinois, have already been doing something in this line, and I understand their crops of honey are larger than those of their neighbors who work on the old plan with simple foundation in the sections. Under certain conditions foundation can be drawn out, or partly drawn out at least, in 48 hours. If this drawing out is done out of season feeding might have to be resorted to. but I must confess I feel that we need an invention that will produce this partly drawn out comb without the intervention of bees. If we can create a demand inventive genius will be likely to commence work. The thought is father to the deed.

Now then. turning from the subject of drawn combs to possibilities along the line of being able to produce comb honey without the necessity of scraping sections. Mr. Danzenbaker has hit upon a plan that so far seems to promise success. He places a sheet of paraffined paper on top of his super of sections. This is crowded down so as to fit snugly by means of layers of newspapers. Over all is placed a cover. Bees dislike paraffine, and, moreover, as Mr. Danzenbaker argues, this paper, being impervious, retains the heat of the super. If there is an opportunity for circulating currents of air the bees, he explains, commence propolizing until these cracks through which the heat escapes are sealed.

Well, Mr. Danzenbaker produced on this plan, in Michigan, quite a little lot of honey and the same was exhibited at the recent Michigan State Fair. Not a section of it had been scraped, and yet notwithstanding this he secured the first prize. But perhaps you ask, "How does he prevent the bees from propolizing the upright edges of the sections?" He would have the separators paraffined, and when the whole super is made up there is very little desire or opportunity for the bees to deposit propolis.

Mr. Geo. E. Hilton, a bee keeper in Michigan whom I regard as not being very enthusiastic regarding the value of new things, after examining the Danzenbaker system, I am informed, spoke very highly of it. Indeed, he expressed himself by saying he would use the paper next season. While Mr. Danzenbaker, almost in the same vicinity, had found it unnecessary to do any scraping at all, Mr. Hilton had been obliged to do considerable of it.

I have not yet tested paraffined paper in the manner stated, but I believe there is something in the idea, and I therefore give it to you for what it is worth.

I might say in this connection, for instance, that we found that bees dislike to have anything to do with paraffine. The past summer in shipping queens we used what is called the "export cage." In this particular cage a compartment is provided for holding the little pieces of honey. This honey is secured usually by means of melted paraffine. To make sure of keeping some of these pieces of comb from leaking the cappings were painted over with paraffine. Some of these cages thus prepared were sent to Italy and returned with bees and queens. I was greatly surprised to note that the bees refused to gnaw through the capping that had been paraffined over, but close examination showed that they had actually tunnelled under the capping into the sides of the comb untouched by paraffine just about as moth worms do. In the same way bees may show aversion to paraffine paper.

CLIPPINGS.

Current Newspaper Items Quoted Without Comment.

The world over there are about fifty different kinds or species of maples. Of these about ten grow naturally within our territorial limits—in the United States. So it will be noted that in the maple distribution we have our share.—Forest Leaves.

To hive a swarm of bees it isn't necessary to have a full brass band. A gude-wife on Cape Elizabeth brought a swarm into a hive the other bay by beating a vigerous tatto on a tin dishpan with a pewter ladle. The musical instincts of bees are Chinese. —Boston Post.

Silas Adams, a saw-logger, living about nine miles north of Russellville, Ky., on Muddy river, cut down an immense oak tree that stood on a hillside. It fell in a different direction from that intended and struck a large poplar, knocking it down. When the tree struch the ground the poplar burst and millions of bees flew out. Mr Adams built a fire of leaves and the smoke soon drove the bees away, when he found that the poplar was a calossal bee hive and contained about three barrels of the finest and cleanest honey. Mr. Adams went to his home and procured all the vessels and buckets he could spare and filled them with the honey, and several of his neighbors did likewise. Much of the honey was lost in the smash-up, but there was sufficient left to supply several families for some time. It is thought there were a number of swarms of bees in the tree and that they had stored honey in it for years.—Farmers' Voice.

The queerest of all industries is carried on by two young Pennsylvanians who are making a regular business of extracting the poison from honey bees. According to the accounts they have two different ways of collecting their crop of venom. In the first the bees are caught and held with their abdomens in small glass tubes until the poison sacs have been emptied. In the second they are placed in a bottle on wire netting and enraged until the tiny drops of venom fall into the alcohol which fills the lower third of the bottle. This vennom is said to be a sovereign remedy for cancer, rheumatism, snake bite, and a hundred others of the more terrible ills of humanity.—Pittsburg Post.

MONEY IN BEE CULTURE.

Bee keeping is an industry that is adapted in some degree to almost every section of our country, that is not overdone, and can not be overdone until honey is as common on our tables as milk, writes James Knapp Reeve, author and critic. It is an industry that does not demand any severe labor nor require much capital. It may be pursued as an industry by itself or made an adjunct to every farm and village home. I have seen it thus in addition to a small vineyard in a country town, each vine shading and protecting a single colony and the bees yielding vastly more than the vines. A farmer of my acquaintance has half a hundred colonies which occupy a quiet corner of a small orchard. The farm contains fifty acres, an acre for every stand of bees, and my friend tells me that the bees pay him more net profit than all the farm besides.

A word for statistics and I am done. There are reported to be 2,800,000 colonies of bees in the United States. The yield is placed at 62,000,000 lbs., which is probably somewhat under the mark, as single colonies in good condition should average 50 lbs. apiece. But at this estimate there is less than a pound of honey per annum for each person in the country. It is all wrong that so wholesome an article is such a rarity and regarded as a luxury instead of a thing of ganeral use. It is not so much the price as the scarcity of it in the market that makes it seem a luxury.—Voice.

(From Gleanings).

SUPERSEDURE OF QUEENS.

Shall the Bees or the Apiarist take the Matter in Hand? Old and Young Queens.

BY DR. C. C. MILLER.

Some think it best to see that no queen older than two years is left in the apiary, while many of our best bee keepers believe in letting the bees take care of the matter to suit themselves. I must confess I don't know for certain which is best. Generally I have allowed the bees to choose their own time for superseding. Of the 64 queens that started the season this year in the home apiary, 6 were reared in 1892, 25 in 1893, 8 in 1894, 24 in 1895.

Four of the 1892 queens were superseded in April or May and the six averaged very poor work in the supers, although two of them did good work. Although there were exceptions I got my best work generally from the 1895 queens. It is noticeable that the 1893 queens exceeded in number those reared in 1894 and 1895. Especiably noticeable is the very small number of 1894 queens, only 8. I think that may be accounted for by the difference in seasons. The year 1894 was a very poor season throughout, the bees giving no surplus and not getting enough for winter. So there were not many bees superseded.

The year 1893 was a year of some surplus, so there were a good many supersedures. In 1895 the early crop was a failure, but the fall flow was fine, so there were supersedures enough. In general it seems that the bees supersede the queens after a hard season's work much more than after a season of light work. Is it because the queens lay more in a good season?

Without going into particulars I may say that I am well satisfied that it makes a good deal of difference whether a queen is superseded in the spring or in the fall. G. L. Vinal may be right in thinking late reared queens superior, but even if they are better it is not hard to see why a colony changing its queen in April or May will not do so well. Take two colonies alike, and let one of them change its queen at the time when each has its hive about half filled with brood. No eggs are laid in the hive for a week or two, at the very time when it is most important, and one can easily believe that the colony which keeps its queen will surpass the superseding one.

But when the superseding occurs in the fall (and I think by far the greater part occur then) the hive is filled with bees and the loss of a week or two in laying is scarcely felt. Moreover, the young queen lays enough longer in the fall to make up the deficiency, and this later laying leaves the colony, in the opinion of many, in better condition for wintering, because of the larger number of young bees.

Some queens are better at four years old than some others at a year old, and as the bees seem to have good judgment and supersede usually at the time when good queens can be reared, and when such rearing will be at least cost to the honey crop, it seems pretty good practice to leave the matter in their hands, especially as that is the easiest way for the bee keeper. But then there are exceptions, a worthless old queen being sometimes retained, and sometimes being superseded at a loss early in the season, so there's a good deal in favor of at least sometimes taking the thing into one's own hands. If Mr. Doolittle is right, it might at least be well to make sure each fall of the supersedure of each queen whose colony has done poor work during the summer. He says if you put a queen cell in a super about the close of the honey harvest the old queen will be superseded.

TWO QUEENS IN ONE COLONY.

It is nothing unusual for a failing queen to remain in a colony for a time with her laying daughter, but I have at present an exceptional case. June 19 I started a nucleus by putting into No. 36 a frame of brood with adhering bees and a three year old queen. June 23 I found the hive deserted by all but a very few bees. I don't remember how much I looked for the queen, but at any rate I didn't find her. I then put into the hive a frame of brood and bees with a two year old queen. This was a very yellow queen. July 8 I was surprised to find in the hive a very dark queen, the three year old queen I had first put into the hive. Looking further I was still more surprised to find the yellow queen. No mistake about it, there they both were, doing duty peacefully together.

A curious feature of the case is that the yellow queen shows she has had pretty rough treatment, her feathers being gone as well as her wings, except just a shred of one wing, while the dark queen shows no trace of ill usage. As there were scarcely any bees in the hive except those put in with the yellow queen one would expect the other queen to be the victim of ill treatment.

Today, Aug. 1, I have been down to the hive and both queens are all right after 39 days of friendly association.

Orders received during December are subject to a discount of 4 per cent. Better order now. Prices of supplies were never lower, and will probably be higher towards spring, as all manufacturers are of the same mind, that many supplies are sold so low that there is no profit in them.

(From American Bee Journal).

THE LAWS OF BREEDING—APPLICATION TO BEES.

BY PROF. A. J. COOK.

There is no chapter in recent history more replete with marvel, fascination and real economic importance than that devoted to the laws and practice of breeding. A single generation has seen the startling development of the Hambletonian trotting horse. What can rival in interest the work of the florist or plant breeder as he originates those gems of the floral world, or those wonders of the garden? Who can eat the delicious chop from the Shropshire or Southdown; the appetising steak from the Hereford or short-horn; or feast on our delicious fruits, without grateful acknowledgment of the blessings received at the hands of those who have applied the laws of breeding to the arts of life?

It is difficult to name a man who has done more brilliant service in the realms of scientific research than the late Charles Darwin. His writings have stimulated research to a marvelous extent; have quickened thought in all lines of investigation; have revolutionized ideas and theories in all the domains of investigation. Yet Darwin was directed to his fascinating and wonderful studies by consideration of the breeding of plants and animals.

When Theodore Schwann, in 1839, discovered the nature of the cell, that it was the basal structure alike of all animal and vegetable tissue, he conferred an individual blessing on the world. Not only have all animals fundamentally the same structure, but all plants have just the same that all animals possess; and so the same laws of growth and development maintain with the simplest plant, like the seaweed and the most complex shrub or tree, and also with the almost structureless promotion and the highest of animals—even to man himself. With this truth in view we may with sufficient caution assume a truth regarding animal function or law from knowing it true of the vegetable world; likewise and more safely can we deduce a law of highest animals, even of man, from the fact that it always holds true of the lower, and contriwise, a law of function in the higher will be likewise true of the lower. We hardly appreciate our indebtedness to this knowledge of the similarity of structure and functions between higher and lower animals.

The wondrous strides in surgery came from knowledge gained by work with lower animals. The beneficent work being done by the student of microbes owes its value to the fact that all animals are similarly affected by the virus resulting from microbe affection. The human death rate is diminishing rapidly in all civilized countries and the expectancy of life is correspondingly increasing. This gracious consummation is the result of the knowledge referred to above. Man has studied the lower animals and by experimentation has arrived at conclusions that are of tremendous importance in maintaining health and prolonging life.

The method of reasoning referred to above applies to the matter of inheritance and variation among animals, and consequently to the laws of breeding. And it is well known that the laws of breeding plants and animals are strikingly alike. All animals and all plants tend ever to vary, probably as they are differently impressed by a different environment. All inherit ancestral characteristics, or, we may say, that the hereditary tendency is manifest in both plants and animals. We should the more expect that insects and vertebrate animals would come under the same laws of inheritance. We are safe then in concluding that any law of breeding that is demonstrated to the vertebrate line of animal life, will hold as true among the insect class.

ESTABLISHED LAWS OF BREEDING.

Every intelligent breeder now recognizes that all his animals are subject to the law of variation. No offspring is precisely like its parent. Marked varieties among plants are known as sports, among animals as variations or varieties. Skilled breeders like Bakewell, Bates, Booth, and the Collins Brothers, are ever keenly on the watch for variations, and as keenly active to preserve desirable variations and to suppress unfavorable ones. The most skillful breeder must be an artist. He has his ideal of excellence and is ever watchful for all appearances of tendencies or variations towards his ideal. He selects with severest exactitude and thus is ever building towards his idea of perfection. The ablest breeders then must have good judgment to decide wisely as to what is nearest perfection ; must have quick vision to recognize every departure towards his ideal type ; must be resolute that unfavorable results shall be excluded, and full of patience to wait till he may reach the goal of his hopes.

The astute breeder recognizes that a long line of excellent progenitors, bred to a type with no out-cross, is very sure to result in progeny of equal or superior excellence. He knows that the parents are practically equal in their influence to control the offspring, if both parents have been well and carefully bred for a long series of years. He knows that if he persists he will reach excellence that will bless all the future and reward him for patient waiting. And so he labors on with the enthusiasm and faith that cheers and lifts every true artist.

To recapitulate : The master breeder must have wisdom to build, in imagination, a type of animal of highest excellence ; a quick vision to note every variation towards his ideal ; a fixity of purpose that will unhesitatingly exclude any offspring that reaches away from his type ; patience to wait for the slow process of variation and selection to modify, and the sure law of heredity to freeze into fixity the qualities he desires.

From what we have said in the foregoing it follows that the laws established in breeding higher animals will prove equally potent in forming new breeds or races of bees. The skillful breeder in apiculture will wisely fix upon a high type of excellence. His typical bee will be, first, a business bee ; the bee that will gather most, alike in good and poor seasons ; the bee that will be too occupied with storing and breeding to even think of swarming till it is forced upon it by heedless management of the apiarist ; the bee that will be so intent upon useful work that it will not think to bristle up in anger except under severe provication ; the bee that will seek out Nature's sweets with such assiduity that it will have little cause to become a free-booter among its neighbors ; a bee that will satisfy the lover of beauty, because "handsome is that handsome does."

The apiarist breeder will also know from his study of the laws of breeding that both male and female give characteristics and are equally potent to transmit qualities if equally well bred, and will also know that prepotency ever hangs upon long, careful breeding.

I think there is everything to encourage the breeder in bee keeping. I think that there has been very little real, scientific breeding yet practiced. If I am right it is a new field, and a wider, surer success awaits the earnest, conscientious, capable artist in this line of work.

As yet few if any breeders of bees have formed as the result of long, hardy study, a type of perfection in the mind's eye. With no correct ideal before them, they of course could not, did not, work towards the highest excellence. Often—may I not say generally—bright, high color was the one attraction, and the entire trend was towards such beauty (?). Is not this the reason that our best bee keepers prefer the less highly colored bees to the very gay, showy ones? From the laws as already explained, any such narrow, one-sided idea would slight all better ideals or qualities and tend directly towards retrogression.

Again, circumstance has made it hard for resolution and patient persistence to maintain their ground and work unceasingly, unhesitatingly, courageously, irresistably towards a real ideal. The commercial spirit, demand of the market, bread and butter, all stand in the way. The ideal breeder must be one who will never listen to public demand or trade preference. He must be willing to wait, and go on unmindful of what the public think or the market desires. He must look for his reward to the away-off future. A single generation saw the trotting horse developed to its marvelous feats of speed. It has taken two or three generations to fashion our best beeves. It will take as many to build up to as great perfection the honey bee. The fortunate one must have the qualifications already referred to, and in addition, leisure, means, enthusiasm. We need some philanthropic master, some Cowan or Taylor, to go into this field. This would be a grand work for some experiment station. If these institutions could only be out of politics, and be fortunate enough to be supervised by a Board, wise to forecast results, and to see that scores of years were required to develop a Rothamstead, even though in the hands of Sir John Lawes.

Claremont, Calif.

A BOOK FOR CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas number of Demorests Magazine presents a table of contents attractively suggestive of Christmas cheer, and a glance through the pages shows a profusion of pictures appropriate to the season and attractive enough to please at any time. The number opens with sketches of the Holy Land, very appropriately called "The Cradle of Christianity," written by Dr. Thomas P. Hughes, who has long been a student of that region, and writes from the observer's point of view. New and beautiful pictures are given, fully illustrating the article and making it a fine feature for a Christmas publication.

Under the title "A Poet of Many Friends," Edwin C. Martin gives a short sketch of Eugene Field, in which he dwells particularly upon Field's personal characteristics and his warm friendship with men and children. Six attractive pictures illustrate the text.

Among the other illustrations are: a lively description of winter fishing through the ice, by J. Herbert Welch ; a short account of the great emotional actress, Eleanora Duse, by Arthur Hornblow ; and an interesting symposium of comments upon "Christmas Customs in Several Lands," by prominent people who know them from personal experience. "Deacon Simpson's Trip," by Kate Erskine, is a charming contribution to the fiction of the number, and "The Fatal Knot-hole," the story in "Our Girl's" department, has a touch of pathos that will appeal to every one.

The departments are good as usual, and contain useful suggestions for Christmas presents, for the furnishing of dining-room, and other practical matters pertaining to dress, fashion, health and the household.

TRY IT AND SEE.

Whatever may be said about the publications of Rev. Irl R. Hicks by those who do not fully understand the facts, there is no denying the truth that his paper and Almanac have come to stay. His splendid journal, Word and Works, is now entering its tenth year, largely increased in circulation and in every way improved, until it deserves the national reputation it has attained. His 1897 Almanac is now ready and is by far the finest and most beautiful he has yet issued. It contains 108 pages, including cover artistically printed in colors, and is filled from back to back with just what is wanted in every shop, office and home in America. One fearure of the Almanac for 1897 is a series of 12 original, beautifully engraved star maps, with explanitory chapters, which could not be bought for less than five dollars in any work on astronomy. As Mr. Hicks has so correctly and faithfully warned the public of coming drouths, floods, cold waves, blizzards, tornadoes and cyclones, in the years passed, aside from the other varied and splendid features of his paper and Almanac, these considerations alone should prompt every family to subscribe at once for 1897. The Almanac is only 25 cents a copy. Word and Works is one dollar a year, and a copy of the fine Almanac goes as a premium with every yearly subscription. Write to Word and Works Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The First Coaches.

In the fifteenth century coaches appear to have been used in processions or other public ceremonies, more as an ornament than anything else, if we may judge from the clumsy form of the vehicle. The entrance of the Embassador Trevasi into Mantua in a carriage is noticed as early as the year 1433, and that of Frederick III into Frankfort in a covered coach in the year 1475. It is a curious contrast to the rapidity with which new inventions are now adopted that nearly a century elapsed before the covered carriage was introduced into England. Stow, in his Chronicle, in the year 1555 mentions the introduction in these terms: "This year Walter Ripon made a coach for the Earle of Rutland, which was the first coach (saith he) that ever was made in England. Since—to wit, in anno 1564 —the said Walter Ripon made the first hollow turning coach, with pillers and arches, for her majestie, being then her servant.

"Also, in anno 1584, a chariot throne, with foure pillers behind to beare a canopie with a crowne imperiall on the toppe, and before two lower pillers, whereon stood a lion and a dragon the supporters of the armes of England."

The sailors of the time of Good Queen Bess must have found it a difficult matter to obtain berths on a coach for their cruise on shore. Even her majesty, though she herself drove to St. Paul's cathedral to return thanks for the delivery of her kingdom from the Spanish armada, was accompanied by the privy council and her attendants, who rode on horseback. But by the end of the reign coaches and carriages became suddenly popular.—Fireside Magazine.

Not His.

"Hello! Is this your bank?" said Dinwiddie to Van Braam, who was making out a deposit slip at a desk in a Fifth avenue banking establishment.

"No," replied Van Braam. "This isn't my bank."

Dinwiddie seemed surprised, for he could see Van Braam's bankbook, with several checks and some money, when the latter added:

"No, it is not my bank. I wish it were. I am merely a depositor here."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

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EDITORIAL.

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May the coming season be one of prosperity and pleasure to all of us. We can not expect it, however, unless we all strive with all our energy to make it so. In these times prosperity never comes to the laggard.

Two well written articles on bee keeping, by Rev. E. R. Hardy, of Buffalo, recently appeared in the Buffalo Sunday Express. They were well illustrated and no doubt proved very instructive to many readers of that popular paper.

We will send the American Bee-Keeper one year with the Cosmopolitan for $1.25. The Cosmopolitan is a monthly magazine containing an average of over 100 pages and 80 illustrations each month.

Long before this time the bee keeper has his bees well housed for the winter and can take a rest for several weeks before beginning his labors for another season. If he is a novice he should improve his bee knowledge by reading such of the current bee papers that he can obtain and laying his plans for next year.

We will duplicate the prices on hives and supplies offered by any first class manufacturers — and in many cases can do even better by you than anyone else.

As revealed by an inquiry in the American Bee Journal, the importation of Apis Dorsata by the United States Government is favored by such distinguished and reliable apiarists as Prof. A. J. Cook, Mrs. L. Harrison, E. France, J. M. Hambaugh, W. G. Larrabee, G. M. Doolittle and G. W. Demaree.

We are in need of articles for publication at all times, especially correspondence. Write us a letter describing your experience the past season.

John H. Martin, in Gleanings, says portions of Central America are equal to Cuba in honey production. It would be interesting to have more information about these portions in general. There is no doubt but that the specialists of the future will seek the more favorable conditions which exist in the south as more is known of them.

"How to Manage Bees," a 50c book, and the American Bee-Keeper a year for only 60c.

An apiary of over two hundred colonies is located upon one of the numerous small islands of the Hillsborough River, Fla., yet the bees have to fly to the main land, nearly a mile away, for water. The river water is too salt.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

Our recent remarks concerning the North American Bee Keepers' Association seem to have offended some of our readers and yet such was not our intention. What we would like to see is an association that would be representative and not so necessarily local as the present association seems to be. What ought to be done is to form one well organized association in each state and then have one or more representatives sent by each State Association to the National Association, such representation to be fully instructed by their own organizations as to what may be needed to further the interests of the bee keepers in general. This plan has probably been suggested before, and while undoubtedly it is the only proper one, it is quite improbable that it will ever be successfully carried out.

After extensive and varied experiments to determine the truth as to bees puncturing grapes we do not say they can not. That might be difficult to prove. We feel, however, that our experience justifies our claim that they will not do so under any circumstances.

We notice that all the bee magazines are offering special inducements for renewals and new subscribers. We do not wish to be behind the procession, so we make the following offer: To everyone who sends in their subscription (50c) before January 1st we will send free a copy of "How to Manage Bees," (price 50c) or will credit them with 50c on their first order for supplies amounting to $3.00 or more which they send us.

Emmerson T. Abbott says he thinks more of his chickens than he does of his bees. Specialty in bee keeping is not likely to be advocated by one of his tastes.

A crate holding twelve sections is a package that sells readily direct to families.

As usual in December number we give elsewhere a complete index of subjects that have appeared in the Bee Keeper during the past year.

Reduction of Prices.

Foundation has been reduced 3c a pound from prices in our 1896 catalog. This is owing to the lower price of wax.

Our No. 1 Falcon Polished Sections we now offer at $2.50 for 1000, $4.50 for 2000, $6.40 for 3000, $10 for 5000. Less than 1000 same prices as formerly.

Beeswax. We are now paying 25 cents cash or 27 cents in trade, per pound, delivered at our railroad station, (Falconer, N. Y). This price is not guaranteed. We will pay highest market price when wax is received. Prices are liable to be reduced again within a short time If you have any wax to sell it is advisable to send it now.

A CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

Jim Bourn and I were boys together at Westminster; we went to Oxford together—to Balliol; we took our degrees together in the classical (honors) school and were ordained together by the Bishop of L—— as curates for his diocese. Here our paths separated for some years, and when next we renewed our old friendship I was the vicar of the town, still single at 34, and Jim was the chaplain of the famous jail in the same town and married.

We were talking in my study as in olden times. Somehow the conversation drifted to the subject of a recent newspaper article, "Ought Married People to Have Any Secrets From Each Other?" I said "No," Jim said "Yes." We both smilingly stuck to our text. It was not often that we differed in opinion, but this was the case anyhow.

"Why, Jim," said I, "you would have been the last person I should have expected to take that line, for I am sure, from what I have seen, that if ever two folks were happy and loving they are Ella and yourself. I can't conceive of your having any secret which you would not wish Ella to know."

"Ah," retorted he with a peculiar smile, "that's just it. Well, Howson, I'll tell you one, if you like. Though," he added, "it must remain a secret between us two."

"Thanks, Jim; you need not fear me, as you know. I am only curious to know the case," and I assumed an attitude of eager attention to Jim's story.

"I was the chaplain at Lowmarket, as you are well aware, before I came here. It is a pretty place, and one wonders whatever made the government build a jail there. However, there it is, and there was I. The amount of society that one got in Lowmarket was perfectly astonishing. Had I had the time and inclination for it I might have turned out a regular 'society' clergyman. As it was, I had a full amount of lectures, soirees, parties and entertainments. Among the people I got in with none were nicer than the Yorks. Miss York, a maiden lady of 50, lived in a large and beautifully furnished house called The Cedars in the best part of the town. She was known all over the district for her charity, kindness of heart and pure life. Everybody had a good word for her. Nor was her niece, Miss York, any less popular. People in Lowmarket fairly worshiped both of them.

"I was 28 when I first saw Ella York, and at once succumbed to her charms. For weeks her praises had been in my ears, and now, on acquaintance, I found her beauty, her manners, her kindness of heart not one whit less than report stated. I loved her. Of course I could not say so at once, and whether, after two or three meetings in the course of my work—for Miss York the elder took great interest in our sphere of labor—she guessed my love and reciprocated it, I could not then say. I found upon judicious inquiries that Miss York—Ella—had lived with her aunt from childhood; that she was now 24; that her mother was dead, and her father lived on the continent for his health; also that she was her aunt's sole heiress. These facts were, of course, only learned by degrees, as one cannot go to the fountain head for such information.

"After much heart searching and debating within myself I thought I saw that Ella York was not wholly indifferent to me, and I resolved to ask her to be my wife. I need not go into details as to how I did it beyond saying that it was one summer morning, rather more than five years ago, when, having gone to see her aunt, who was out, I met Ella in the grounds, and, after talking, as we walked along, on various subjects, somehow it came out unexpectedly, and almost before I could comprehend what it all meant Ella York had promised to be my wife, subject to her aunt's consent.

"But her aunt didn't consent. I received a dainty note that night—how tenderly I regarded it, Howson—from Ella, saying that she had spoken of my visit to her aunt and had told her I was coming tomorrow for her approval. Miss York had been very kind, but acted rather strangely and said she would see me, but she could not consent, as she did not wish to lose Ella. My dear girl went on to say that she had in vain tried to get from her any more than this.

"I was in a curious frame of mind as I went next morning to see Miss York. What could her objection really be? Surely not to me. My position, my family, my life here were, I hoped, beyond reproach. Even if it were a question of money, I had enough private means, as you know. As for Miss York, well, of course, it would be lonely without Ella at first, after so many years' companionship, but surely she didn't expect her never to get married. It was preposterous.

"I was destined to know her objection. As I approached the lodge the porteress met me.

"'Oh, Mr. Bourn, this is shocking.'

"I was more puzzled than ever. Why my engagement to Ella should be 'shocking' I couldn't see, and I, no doubt, expressed it in my looks.

"'So sudden, too, sir,'' said the woman. 'Nobody expected it.'

"'Whatever's the matter?' said I.

"'Why, haven't you heard that Miss York is dead? No. Oh, dear! Poor thing. Had a fit in the night, doctor says; was quite unconscious when Miss Ella got there, and died at 9 o'clock this morning.'

"My heart sank. I felt faint and giddy. It was some minutes before I could move. You will never know how it feels, Howson, unless you should have such a blow, which I hope you never will. But I am bound to say that my one thought was 'my poor, lonely darling, Ella.'

"There were no more details to be learned about Miss York's death. She was buried in Lowmarket churchyard. Ella was ill for weeks and could not see even me. When she was well enough to attend to business, it was found that she inherited all her aunt's money, and as she had already accepted me we were married a twelvemonth afterward. She had been awfully lonely, she said, since Miss York's death, but no couple had ever lived happier and been nearer and dearer to each other than Ella and I. May God bless her!"

"Amen!" said I solemnly and reverently.

"Ella and I," pursued Jim, "could never give the remotest guess as to her aunt's objection to our engagement, and it would probably have remained a mystery to me, as it has to Ella even now, had it not been for the following circumstances. Some time ago I was sent for at the prison to see a rather desperate character, whose end was very near. He had been sent to seven years' penal servitude some three years before for forgery, and after serving two years at Portland had been transferred to Lowmarket. His appearance was superior to that of the ordinary convict, even when a forger. Although I had seen him several times, and certainly been struck with his face and appearance, we could not be said to be friendly, as he had been indifferent to all my advances.

"I found him lying in the hospital, and I soon saw that he would not live very long.

"'You seem pleased to see me?' I said.

"'Yes, sir,' replied No. 152. 'I am glad you've come. I hardly expected you would, considering how stand offish I've been. But I wanted to see you, as the doctor says I'm not likely to last much longer—perhaps not till tomorrow.'

"'There, well, never mind. Keep your courage up, and you'll probably deceive the doctor.'

"I talked to him about his soul and spiritual things. That we may pass by, Howson. I believe he was thoroughly penitent. I asked him if there was any thing I could do for him.

"'Yes, sir; there is one thing, if you will. It's such a curious one, I hardly like to ask you.' His eyes looked eagerly at me.

"'Go on,' said I. 'I'll do it if possible.'

"'I've had a queer life, sir,' said the convict. 'I might have been somebody and done some good, but I got led astray after marriage and broke the heart of my wife, who died soon afterward. Yes, I've led a bad life, and it's precious few friends I've had lately anyhow. But I hope I may be forgiven, as you say God will pardon even the worst of us. And if you'll promise me to do one thing when I'm dead I shall die happy.'

"'I'll promise as far as I can,' said I. 'What is it?'

"'It's to take care of your wife,' answered No. 152. 'Ah,' said he smiling, 'I thought that would astonish you.'

"'Take care of my wife.' I gazed at him in amazement. 'Why, of course I shall. But what is that to you?'

"'A great deal,' said he.

"'Why?'

" 'Because she's—my daughter.'

"I looked at him in terror and astonishment and was about to send for the nurse and for the doctor, feeling sure he was rambling, when he said slowly:

" 'Sit down, sir, please. I can't talk much longer. You need not send for Dr. Darton. I'm all right. I feared it would give you a shock, sir, as it gave me one the first time I saw her here with you. Ella York—you see, I know her name all right—was taken when quite a child by her aunt, who disowned me and never told the child what her father was. In that she was quite right. She changed her name from Wilson to her mother's name of York and completed the disguise. Whenever I desired—and, oh, sir, I did often desire—to see Ella, my darling, Miss York has always threatened me with the police, and I knew better than to have them on my track if I could help it. Yes, sir; I see you can't realize it yet, but you'll find Ella Wilson's birth and baptism in the registers of Northfield, and I give you my word it's true.'

"I sat in dumb silence. What could I say? Ella, my Ella, a convict's daughter!

" 'Please, sir, don't tell her,' said he. 'She has never known. Don't let her know. But I felt I must tell you, sir, and you'll not think any worse of her?' and his eyes looked pleadingly and wistfully at me.

"My senses had somewhat returned.

" 'No,' said I, 'of course not. I am half dazed, but I feel what you say i true. But Ella is my own now, and always shall be while I live. I wish I had not heard this, but it cannot alter my love for Ella.'

" 'Thank God,' he said. 'And, sir, there's one thing more. The doctor says I shall sleep myself away. Do yo think it could be managed for my da ling to give me one kiss ere I die—ju one?'

" 'I'll try. Yes,' said I, 'she shall, you'll leave it to me.'

" 'I will. God bless you, Mr. Bourn.

"I left him. When I got home, Ella thought I was ill, and indeed I was—overwork, I pleaded. In another hour they came to tell me he was asleep and would not wake in this world.

"I took Ella with me to the hospital. 'Ella,' said I, 'a prisoner who is dying, and who has no—few—friends, told me today how he had seen you and would like you to kiss him ere he died, as his own daughter would have done. Will you?'

" 'Certainly, my darling.'

"And, with eyes full of tears, she did. The unconscious form rose, the eyelids half opened, the face smiled. She didn't know. Did he?

"I led her away, weeping, my own heart full. I afterward verified his story. But Ella has never known any more, Howson, and never will. There is sometimes a secret which should not be shared between husband and wife, Howson, isn't there?"

"You're right, dear old Jim," said I as he grasped my hand in silence, but with tear dimmed eyes. "You're right, old fellow, and God bless you both."—Birmingham News.

How It Happened.

Aunt Mary—But, tell me, how did you happen to marry him?

Bertha—Why, you see, everything was ready. He had asked me to have him and I had consented. He had procured the license and engaged the clergyman, and I had sent out cards and ordered the cake. So, you see, we thought we might as well go through with it. There, aunt—that is the reason, as near as I can remember it.—Boston Transcript.

Clubbing List.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
American Apiculturist,	(75)	1 15
Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 25
Gleanings in Bee Culture.	(1 00)	1 35

How a Woman Paid Her Debts.

A lady in Lexington says: "I am out of debt, and thanks to the Dishwasher business. In the past six weeks I have made $530.00. Every housekeeper wants a Dishwasher, and any intelligent person can sell them with big profit to himself. The Dishwasher is lovely. You can wash and dry the family dishes in two minutes and without wetting your hands. You can get particulars by addressing, The Mound City Dishwasher Co., St Louis, Mo. There is big money in the business for an agent. I expect to clear $4.000 the coming year. I need the money, why not make it.
Miss C. E.

THE GIRL HERSELF.

'Twas not her bonnet, it is true;
'Twas not her bonnet nice and new
That fixed my idly roving eye
That summer day as she passed by.
I cannot tell you how 'twas made;
I cannot tell the ribbon's shade,
Nor just the color of the wreath—
I only saw the face beneath.

I noticed not her dress the while,
If it were made in latest style,
With Grecian folds and closest fit,
Or furbelows adorning it.
It may have been of flimsy wear;
I do not know, I do not care,
For all my thoughts that wandered wide
Were centered on the girl inside.

Oh, she was sweet from head to feet,
The prettiest girl upon the street!
Depending not on outward dress
To emphasize her loveliness.
Though many another maiden owes
Her chief attraction to her clothes,
This one, though well supplied with pelf,
Would have no rival to herself.

If you should meet this maid by chance,
You'd give her more than passing glance,
And note perhaps with some surprise
Her perfect mouth, her lovely eyes.
But, oh, I warn you not to let
Your heart escape its bounds as yet!
She's spoken for—the charming elf!
I'm going to marry her myself!

—New York Ledger.

A TELESCOPIC VIEW.

The cub having gone off to Switzerland to look for Mousie (and to propose to her), I informed William that it was my intention to return to town without delay.

So William said, "Then I shall come and stay with you."

I let him come. I knew why he wanted to come. He wanted to come because he wanted to pay calls at the Jungle and see Miss Ethel Mainwaring: William, therefore, accompanied me, and it soon became clear to me that his visit was to be one of some duration. However, as he spent most of his time hovering between Lord's and the Jungle—partaking of many meals at the latter address—his stay did not put me to much expense, which was gratifying, as my income, though quite sufficient for one single gentleman, will not stand being divided between two single gentlemen. I have often remarked to the cashier of the London-German that it is strange how badly off most writers on finance are—the irony of fate, I presume—but his sole reply is, "I zubboze it is begos they bragtiss vot they breach," and pays little regard to my wistful glances in the direction of his strong-box.

The foregoing sentences are supposed to represent a period of rather more than three weeks. I was making some humorous remarks about a company which had been started to insure young married men against twins when there came two slow knocks at the door—two lifeless knocks, two abjectly miserable knocks. Mr. Charles Johnson, the clerk, knew who it was. He is in love himself with a young lady in a Fleet street tea-shop and sympathizes with the cub. As gently, therefore, as a trained nurse did Mr. Johnson open the door, and it was with an air of the deepest condolence that he ushered Master John Mainwaring into my presence.

"Oh, how are you?" I cried cheerfully.

"Ripping; thanks," he replied, in a tone such as condemned murderers would use in reply to Mr. Billington's greeting.

Then he flung himself into a chair and laughed bitterly.

"I wish I were dead—dead!" he then remarked.

This was getting serious. Here was a young gentleman, aged 23, possessed of independent means, splendid health and all those other things which make life worth living, don't you know, wishing he were no more—wishing he were a cold corpse.

I knew, of course. Getting up, I marched into Charles Johnson's scullery office to find that blushing youth deep in a penny booklet, entitled "Wooed, Won and Wed; or, True Love Triumphs O'er All." I gave Mr. Johnson some directions, and presently he came in with two steaks, a mountain of vegetables and a large bottle of Lord Bass.

"Now, Mainwaring," I said, "I'll say grace to save time, and you set to."

He demurred at first, but finally allowed himself to be persuaded. The scene that followed fairly beggars description. When the cub had finished, I said, as he lit his pipe:

"So she won't have you?"

To my surprise, he did not do or say anything violent, but went on lighting his pipe. I was inwardly congratulating myself on the success of the measures I had taken in order to disperse the cub's funereal ideas, when he suddenly remarked:

"This is my last pipe."

"Going to train for something, then?"

"This is the last pipe I shall ever smoke."

"You'll find it difficult to give up tobacco so suddenly."

He puffed solemnly for a few moments, and then, pointing with the stem of his brier to the cleared decks, he said:

"I have eaten my last meal."

It now struck me that there was something more than mere training in the cub's self abnegation. There was that in his cold blooded speeches which chilled me, which produced a curious sensation in my scalp, which would doubtless have caused my hair to stand on end had the quantity there been sufficient to undergo the process. I gazed at him with a paling face.

For quite three minutes he said nothing, but smoked steadily. Feeling thoroughly uncomfortable, I took up my pen and began to write. I had hardly covered a line, however, when the cub observed in an offhand tone:

"In short, I am going to kill myself."

"Nonsense!"

I was determined not to take him seriously, you see.

"Yes," he continued. "Either with this"—drawing a little white bottle labeled poison from his waistcoat pocket—"this"—producing a razor from the depths of the inside breast pocket of his coat—"or this"—whipping, with a dexterity that would have done credit to Mr. Maskelyne, a tiny revolver out of some other part of his apparel.

"You are well provided," I said chaffingly, although I felt nervous at being in such close proximity to so deadly an outfit.

"Yes," he said, toying with the revolver, "I am going to make sure of it. I shall first swallow the poison, then cut my throat and then shoot myself through the brain."

He tried the edge of the razor on his finger, and, uncorking the bottle, sniffed at its contents with an evident relish

I turned cold to my finger tips. Great heavens! Was it all a dream? I rubbed my eyes and gazed at the cub. No, it was grim reality, every bit of it. The girl had refused him, and so he had concluded that the best way out of his misery was to commit suicide.

The tobacco began to hiss and burn in the bottom of his pipe bowl. His last smoke was drawing to a close. And then—

I threw him my pouch.

"More 'baccy?"

He placed it politely on the edge of the desk.

"No, thanks—finished now." And he rose from his chair and walked to the window. "I should just like to take a last look at the sun shining on the trees."

I suppose I moved, for he wheeled around like lightning.

"If you attempt to interfere with me," he said, with the same unnatural calm in his voice and manner, "I'll shoot you first, Worm, and myself afterward. So pray be careful."

"Put it off for a few minutes," I begged him. "I want to talk to you. Just tell me what has happened."

"I'm not in any particular hurry," he observed, reseating himself, "and I have no objection to telling you what has happened. But nothing you can say will alter my determination. This thing must be—I say must be." And he patted the pocket which contained the poison.

"Well, go ahead," I urged him. "Just tell me what you did after you left us so suddenly in the Doone valley."

"No need to detail the journey," he muttered; "just a sheep walk—every one goes the same way. I made tracks for Southampton, caught the night boat to Havre, went on to Rouen, thence to Paris, Paris to Geneva, and there I was."

"And then, of course, you took Mousie—I beg pardon, Miss Rathbone—by surprise, proposed to her all in a heap, and got rejected, as was quite natural. You can't rush a thing like that."

"I did not meet Miss Rathbone," said the cub coldly, "and I did not propose to her. Getting to Geneva was one thing, but finding her was quite another. People go to Geneva and make excursions all round the shops. I found out the hotel at which she was stopping, and tried to get rooms there myself, but it was full up. This was why I constantly missed her—she was always going off somewhere, and whenever I followed her she always caught the train or boat that I just missed. So, although I dodged about for a fortnight, I didn't meet her once. The amount of money I spent chasing about and making inquiries and tipping people was something appalling, but of course I didn't mind that."

"Well," I said, "I don't see why you should kill yourself because you missed her in Switzerland."

"Let me go on," said the cub sternly, "and then you'll understand why. Just as I was thinking of giving it up and coming home I heard that she and her party had gone to Chamouni, with the intention of ascending Mont Blanc. Of course—just my luck—I was a train and a coach behind, as you go to Cluses by train and then coach on to Chamouni. When I finally got there, I was told that the party I was in search of had started up some hours before. I asked whether it wouldn't be possible to catch them up, but the great fool of a guide I was talking to just laughed and made a face. Then he told me that I could watch them through a telescope, but as for catching them up that was impossible. Well," continued the cub, "I paid my money and the telescope chap put me on to them at once. He said they were nearly 4,000 feet above the valley, but I could see them as plainly as if they were only 50 yards away. There were five or six people. Just as I had got my eyes on Mousie a great fat Johnnie who was walking a few yards behind her actually went up, and—and"—

The cub paused. "Go on," I said. "What did he do?"

"Why"—with heaving chest and glaring eyes—"he put his arm inside hers and began talking and laughing as if he'd known her all her life!"

"And what did she do?"

"Talked and laughed back."

"Well?"

"Well, isn't that enough? She's engaged to him—that's clear. I came slap home and here I am. It's all over. In five minutes I shall be dead!"

I started from my chair.

"There must be some mistake," I exclaimed. "The man you saw was evidently a relative."

"I know all the members of her family," said the cub, "and there's no man like that in it. No; she's engaged. I don't care to live any longer."

"Look here, Jack," I said desperately, "let me make some inquiries. I give you my solemn word of honor that I won't say anything about your—er—intentions. Let me go to your place and try to find out the truth of the matter. Trust me not to give you away."

The sun shone out gayly just then. Perhaps the cub thought it a pity to leave it so suddenly. At any rate he said: "I won't do anything till you come back—I swear it. Now go!"

So off I went post haste to the Jungle, and when I returned with the news that a relative the cub had never heard of had suddenly returned he was willing to live long enough to try his luck and succeeded.—Exchange.

A Man Is No Hero to His Typewriter.

The mystery of men's lives in the world, out of which illusions are spun, has always had a greater influence in determining the fate of women than is readily admitted. To feel transmitted through the ring finger the electric thrill of business, of politics, of clubs, of the stirring movements in the life of men, gives any woman vantage ground over others of her sex. But in the actual commerce of business, the community of affairs, the wear and tear of daily life in offices and elevators, this mystery vanishes. A couple of typewriters at luncheon will illustrate badly a situation yet too new to be fairly reckoned up. Over knife and fork they will match employers as small boys do pennies.

Out of hours the boss is only a man of whose necktie they may disapprove, or of the way he wears his hair or perhaps of his grammar, and it may be he appears greatly to the advantage of some young man at a neighboring machine.—Mary Gay Humphreys in Scribner's.

An Obstacle.

First Chicago Woman—And you had to get rid of Fido?

Second Chicago Woman—Yes, he got cross and wouldn't let any strange husbands come in the house.—Detroit Tribune.

The White Trout Legend.

In county Tipperary, Ireland, there is a holy well in which swims a white trout with a red spot on its side. Lady Wilde, mother of the poet, tells the following legend of how this strange fish originated: When Cromwell's army was passing through Ireland, it bivouacked in the neighborhood of this well. A soldier, hearing of the splendid white trout in it, swore he would have it for his next meal. With a scoop net he managed to capture the fish, and when he reached home laid it in the frying pan. Immediately it leaped out on the floor. Several times this was repeated. Finally the soldier put the lid on the pan and a great stone upon it to hold it down. When he thought the fish cooked, he transferred it to a plate. The moment, however, he stuck his fork into it there was a great shriek, the trout leaped to the floor, and there instead of a fish lay a beautiful young girl with blood streaming from her side where the fork had entered. The girl reproached the soldier with his cruelty and commanded him to put her in the well, where she was obliged to stay until the last day under the spell of enchantment. This the soldier did, and the enchanted one is still there, in the form of a white trout, with a blood red mark upon its side. The legend does not tell what became of the soldier.

Wanted Too Much For Earth.

The janitor had conducted her through the building, and she seemed not altogether displeased with some of the apartments.

"I hope," she said, "that none of the people here keep dogs."

"Some of them do," replied the truthful employee.

"Are there any children?"

"There ain't any use of insistin on folks bein born growed up."

"The style of the decorations doesn't exactly please me."

"They're all brand new, and I'm afraid the landlord wouldn't change 'em."

"Does anybody in the building play the piano?"

"No, ma'am. But two or three people is learnin."

"That's too bad. I dislike noises. It's a very nice place in many respects. But dogs bark, and children cry, and pianos jangle, and I'm very particular about decorations."

"Well, ma'am, there's only one thing I can say."

"What is it?"

"You can't expect to rent heaven for $60 a month."—Washington Star.

An Old Country Superstition.

In some of the southern counties of England queer superstitions are current about eating blackberries after Michaelmas day. The country people say that on Michaelmas eve the old gentleman "plants his cloven foot" on all the blackberries as yet ungathered. After this date, Sept. 29, it is unlucky to pick or eat the fruit.

The date upon which the devil "puts his foot down" against blackberry eating varies in different districts. In some it is as late as Oct. 10, by which time one would naturally suppose there were no blackberries left to stamp out. But the story of his prohibition is told in many places. Great misfortune, sickness or death will surely follow disobedience to his orders.

But why his satanic majesty should concern himself so particularly about blackberries, when so many greater matters might be said to claim his attention, none of the stories states. It may be that he considers blackberries too healthy and wishes to limit the consumption.

Useful Member of a Family.

The Portuguese say that no man can be a good husband who does not eat a good breakfast, which leads the Waterbury American to say this is a mean way of throwing upon the wife all the responsibility for the husband's goodness, for without a good wife there can be no good breakfast for him to eat. That may be right in theory, but it is wrong in practice. We know a man who has cooked breakfast the greater part of the time for the past 15 years for his family. And we violate no confidence when we say it is a good breakfast too. He is a man who loves good living, and he knows how to prepare a meal with the best of women. Yet he is a workingman who puts in from 10 to 15 hours a day of hard work and the kind of work that is exhausting.

A Blind Bargainer.

Shoppers in one of the big stores down town last bargain day curiously watched the movements of a blind woman at the dress goods counter. She was about 30 years old, her face showing great intelligence and refinement. She was richly dressed for the street, and a girl about 20 years old accompanied her.

The blind woman examined the fabrics placed before her by passing them through her hands. She depended upon her own sense of touch apparently, for she seldom spoke to her companion, and then only in answer to questions. She appeared to be quite critical, and before she made her selection the counter was piled high with patterns of all kinds.

After she had examined a large number of pieces she took up one of the first that had been shown her and decided to buy it.

When the clerk had measured it, she verified the length herself by measuring it with her outstretched arms. Seemingly satisfied that the piece contained as much as she had bargained for, she took a transfer ticket and went to the counter where trimmings are sold. There she selected the material with which to finish her dress, examining the laces and other delicate fabrics most critically.

After the blind woman had left the store the floor manager said her shopping was not an unusual thing. She was but one of the many blind customers who came into the store regularly. This woman, he said, was not only able to make the nicest discrimination in the matter of trimmings, but so delicate was her touch she could often distinguish colors. He added, however, that she never depended entirely upon her touch in matching shades, but verified her selections with the eyes of the clerk and her companion. —Chicago Tribune.

Joan of Arc Before the Judges.

The questions addressed to Joan and her answers day by day have been transmitted in the records of the court. To read them is to understand the brutal ferocity with which she was tortured, until, turning on her accuser, she cried: "You call yourself my judge. Be careful what you do, for I am indeed sent by the Lord, and you place yourself in great danger."

To answers almost sublime succeeded answers filled with naive ingenuity. Questions were plied, traitorously conceived, concerning the visions which had come to her and the celestial voices which she heard and which throughout her mission had counseled and guided her. But on this point she was firmly silent. It was as though it were a secret which she was forbidden to betray. She consented to take an oath to speak nothing but the truth; but, concerning her visions, she made a reservation, "You could cut my head off before I would speak," she protested. At night, in the darkness of her dungeon, St. Catherine and St. Margaret appeared to her, and celestial voices comforted her. She avowed that she had seen them "with the eyes of her body * * * and when they leave me," she added, "I wish that they would take me with them." — "The National Hero of France," by Maurice Boutet de Monvel, in Century.

Chimneys Are Fickle.

"The hardest problem the builder has to wrestle with," said a well known member of the profession, "is the chimney. What the heathen Chinee is to the human race and the left handed mule to the animal kingdom the chimney is to the various appurtenances that go to make up a human habitation. There is no safe rule for the construction of chimneys. You can build a chimney all right in theory, but when it comes down to practice that is another matter. Build two chimneys side by side in precisely the same manner. Employ the best skilled labor and construct them exactly on the same principles. One may draw all right and the other one smoke like a Choctaw. Yes, sir, the chimney is beyond all understanding, and any builder will tell you so." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Overdone.

Dukane—I don't know how you came to lose money in that scheme. You told me it was a rare investment.

Gaswell—The investment may have been a rare one, but I was well done before I got through with it.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

THE FIRSTBORN.

The firstborn, with the mother's arm
Embracing it, in slumber lies.
Hush, lest a whisper break the charm!
Talk only with your eyes!

Husband and lover, on this day
Thy one year bride is doubly fair.
Kneel; let the heart in silence pray,
While she lies smiling there!

Look on her, love her, hold her dear,
The dearer for this sacred tie.
Unnoted for one moment here
Let all the world go by!
—J. R. Eastwood.

A SOLDIER'S ROMANCE

Every evening after maneuvers Maurice Tournier, a young lieutenant in the reserves, was only too glad to get back to the house where he had been quartered. From the first day that he had been quartered in this house his behavior toward its occupants had been marked by great courtesy and consideration. If he happened to meet either of the two ladies in the hall or on the stairs, he would always stand aside respectfully to allow her to pass, but when the elder lady, won over by his deference, invited him to dine with them he had always accepted the invitation gladly. As a rule the elder lady would be lying on the sofa, while the younger one would be reading aloud. From the dictatorial tones and sudden caprices of the former and from the resigned obedience of the latter the young officer had soon guessed that it was a case of a wealthy aunt and a poor niece. The fact was that the young girl, Louise de Lery, had been left an orphan and totally unprovided for. Mme. Primeau, her greataunt and the only relative she had in the world, had therefore adopted her. Without being of a really unkind disposition, Mme. Primeau, who was a great invalid, had gradually worked on and profited by her niece's gratitude until at length the poor girl had become quite a slave. Her aunt would not suffer any one else to do anything for her. She could not bear to hear other footsteps in the room or to hear any other voice but that of Louise, and for the last five years she had thus thoughtlessly and quite unconsciously been crushing all the spirit and all the gayety out of the young girl's life.

Louise de Lery was now 25, and, though she had lost the freshness of her girlhood, the young officer thought her very beautiful. Her eyes were of a deep, unchanging blue. She had an aquiline nose, arched lips and waving, chestnut colored hair, with just a touch of the gold in it that one sees in autumn leaves.

Little by little had the elderly lady been won over by the gay good humor and never failing courtesy of the young officer, and so he had seen a great deal of his hostess and her niece during his month's sojourn with them.

He had delighted in Louise's conversation and society and had soon discovered that this girl, who had lived thus obscurely in the shade, possessed a mind which was only waiting for a touch of sunshine to burst into the most perfect beauty, and there was something romantic in the idea that in this old, gray looking dwelling, half buried in a little old world town, he had thus come across by chance the pale, captive princess of his dreams.

During the last week of his stay it seemed as though Mme. Primeau had scented danger, for suddenly, and apparently without any cause, her manner toward the young man had changed. She was always cold and sarcastic when she spoke to him, and she did not invite him to dinner with herself and niece. The time was getting desperately short —only three days more—and then, through his own foolish procrastination, he would forever have lost the opportunity he now had of speaking and perhaps of winning as his wife the only woman he would ever love.

In the evening, when the two ladies happened to be sitting out in the garden, Lieutenant Fournier on his arrival took his chair, and in spite of the aggressive expression which he read in Mme. Primeau's eyes planted it near to hers and began to talk boldly about his departure, about Paris, and then about his own position and means. Then suddenly and without any leading up to it he announced the fact that he was weary of his solitary life, and that he wanted to marry and settle down. Louise, bending over her embroidery, listened to all the young man was saying, just as she might have listened to one of the love stories such as her aunt adored and which she was always having to read aloud.

"But your position and your income * * * If what you mention is all you have to depend upon, you surely cannot think of marrying yet awhile. For yourself alone * * * of course it is enough, but if you had a wife and children, why * * * it would mean misery * * * misery." * * * And then, without giving him time to argue the point, she rose, and, on the pretext that she was getting chilly, she took Louise's arm, and the two ladies entered the house together.

Lieutenant Tournier did not see the young girl the next day, nor even the next. Mme. Primeau, whose heart was affected, had one of her bad attacks. She staid in bed for the next few days, and the young girl waited on her hand and foot, taking her meals even in the sickroom, little dreaming, in her perfect unconsciousness, that there was in the whole world any single human being who felt any interest in her and who was longing to see her.

Maurice Tournier was in despair. His departure was now so near and Louise was invisible.

He gave a message to the servant for her mistress, saying that he was leaving and would like to say "Goodby." Mme. Primeau sent a cold, polite message back, regretting that she was too ill to see any one, and not even mentioning her niece.

Maurice did not give up, though, even after that. The detachment was to leave the town at daybreak in order to spare the men the long march in the heat of the midday sun. The young lieutenant gave out that he would take his things away from the house that night and sleep at the hotel in order not to disturb the ladies in the early morning. He made a great deal of noise while packing, slamming the doors, dragging his trunk and his sword along with a clatter—in fact, letting the invalid know that he was really going off the premises.

Two hours later, when it was just getting dusk, he returned by a narrow street to the other side of the garden, climbed the wall and then dropped down among the rosebushes. His hope was that when Mme. Primeau thought that he was out of the way she would allow her niece to go out into the garden for a breath of air after being imprisoned for two or three days.

The young man waited, his eyes fixed eagerly on the house door, dreading every instant that the servant would appear and close it for the night. But at last the young girl appeared. As soon as she had passed his hiding place and was nearly at the end of the path he came out and followed her.

When she turned in order to retrace her steps, she saw him and uttered a cry of surprise. He advanced to meet her, his cap in his hand, and then, when he was once face to face with her, he told her all, hurriedly, eagerly, mixing everything up together and yet fixing her attention in spite of his incoherency of all he said by the passionate look in his eyes and by the tender inflexion of his voice, in which his whole soul vibrated.

She listened to him in astonishment. Her face was paler than ever with emotion, but she could not find a word to say to him—her ideas seemed to be hopelessly scattered. Her hands were clasped together, and she shuddered perceptibly. It was as though invisible wings were hovering around her in the still blue of the summer evening.

Just like some vision she retreated slowly and then faded from his sight in the gathering darkness amid the trees. As she was going, though, he said hurriedly: "I understand * * * it has been so sudden * * * you cannot answer me * * *. Do not tell me now, but at daybreak, when our detachment passes in front of the house * * * be there * * * make some sign * * * smile * * * or, at any rate, let me see you open the window even * * * nothing else but just that * * * and I shall know that you are not angry with me, that I may come and see you again."

When once the young girl was back in the sickroom, she took up her usual place on a low sofa near the bed. The invalid was breathing more regularly and seemed to be sleeping

Now that she was calmer and could think it all over deliberately she felt deeply touched as she remembered all he had said, and presently a feeling of pride came over her. She was proud to have won the love of such a man, and great tears of happiness gathered in her eyes and rolled slowly down her pale cheeks.

Suddenly, at daybreak, Louise was awakened by a bugle blast, bold, clear, victorious, rousing from slumber the silent fields and the whole country round.

The young girl started up, and she saw a faint, rosy light penetrating through the closed venetian blinds.

In the distance she could hear the confused murmur of men's voices.

An invincible desire took possession of her to break away from her monotonous existence, to live and breathe and to answer the appeal to her love which had so bewildered her yesterday. She went quickly to the window and stretched her two hands up eagerly to open it, fearing to be too late—when a cry of distress stopped her short.

The sick woman, livid and shivering, was sitting up in bed, and seeing what her niece was just going to do she cried out in a hoarse, desperate voice:

"You are opening the window, Louise. * * * Whatever possesses you? I am cold—oh, so cold! * * * Come here to me. * * * Don't leave me. * * * Oh, what pain I am in! I am terrified. * * * Child! * * * I am dying—I know I am." * * *

Just at that moment Louise could hear the measured tread of the soldiers; but, nevertheless, she went to her aunt. As soon as she reached the bedside the sick woman seized her in her arms and kissed her over and over again. But for the first time Louise was impatient and tried to disengage herself from her aunt's embrace. It was as though she were attracted toward the window by some hitherto unknown force, powerful and almost unearthly.

The sick woman took the girl's hand and placed it on her own heart, which was beating wildly. It was enough. * * * A deep, an infinite, pity overcame the young girl. * * * She resisted no longer, but quietly and submissively sat down on the bed, and, taking the invalid in her arms, she kissed the poor, wrinkled face and soothingly promised never—never to leave her. The two women remained thus, with the blinds still down, while with a measured tread of heavy boots on the pavement and a clanging of steel the soldiers marched on, and on, and on * * * until finally Louise heard nothing more but the beating of her own heart.

* * * * * *

In front of the old gray house, holding his sword loosely, Maurice Tournier had felt a terrible pang as he gazed up at those closed blinds. When the detachment had passed, he had stopped short, and then, walking back under pretense of inspecting his men, he had gazed and gazed at that window.

When at last the thick screen of poplar trees hid from him, first, the house, then the square, and last of all the little church, he clinched his teeth tightly together, for he felt sobs rising in his throat, as though they would choke him.

Suddenly, ashamed of his weakness, hardening himself by a tremendous effort of his will against his grief and emotion, he tried to feel anger instead, and he kept repeating to himself:

"It is all her pride and vanity!"

And two lives that might have blessed each other were divided forever.—Strand.

Hard on Mothers-in-law.

In the islands of New Britain a man must not speak to his mother-in-law. Not only is speech forbidden to this relative, but she must be avoided, and if by any chance the lady is met the son-in-law must hide himself or cover his face. Suicide of both parties is the outcome if the rule is broken. One of the English missionaries tried to get the natives' ideas of an oath, and he found the most solemn asseveration among them was, "If I am not telling the truth, I hope I may touch the hand of my mother-in-law."—Pearson's Magazine.

Gun Barrels.

To brown gun barrels, wet a piece of rag with chloride of antimony, dip it into olive oil and rub the barrel over. In 48 hours it will be covered with a fine coat of rust. Then rub the barrel with a fine steel scratch brush and wipe with a rag dipped in boiled linseed oil. To rebrown, remove the old coating with oil and emery paper; then remove the grease with caustic potash.

Peacocks generally scream vociferously when a change of weather is impending. In the countries where these birds are native the sign is regarded as unfailing.

Cargoes of Dead Cats.

Liverpool receives some curious cargoes at times—cargoes of turtles and other live and dead animals, casks of leeches, shiploads of bones from battlefields, of human mummies from the Egyptian tombs and of dead cats from the cat cemeteries of the same country.

Lighthouse Lights.

In a series of papers contributed to Engineering by Du Riche Preller on lighthouses in Europe the remarkable statement is made that the luminous range of a light of 500,000 candle power in the Mediterranean (44 miles) is equal to that of 5,000,000 candles in the channel—equal to a ratio of one to ten—hence, it is added, that, with the exception of the electric flashing light of Planier, near Marseilles, of 600,000 candle power, the most powerful mineral oil lights recently installed on the French, Corsican, Algerian and Tunisian coasts of the Mediterranean do not exceed 35,000 candle power, having a luminous range of about 30 miles in average weather. On the other hand, in the channel and in the bay of Biscay the largest mineral oil lights have luminous powers up to about 200,000, and the electric lighting flash lights up to 22,500,000 and 37,500,000 candles. Further, the maximum light of French lighthouse towers—that is, the height of the focus above ground—varies from about 50 to 70 meters, but some towers are, of course, on very elevated positions, so that, taking the height of the focus above the sea level, the highest light, that of Cape Brearn, is 751 feet above the high water sea level, while its luminous power is 6,000 candles and its luminous range 25 miles. This light is an oil light, and the geographical range, or direct visibility of such lights on high elevations, is usually in excess of their luminous range, the reverse of this, however, being commonly the case with electric coast lights.

Machinery Lubrication.

The results of some valuable experiments on the lubrication of machinery bearings have been set forth by Mr. Dewrance in an address before the Civil Engineers' institute, London. His observations show that olive oil becomes black and thick after passing through the bearings several times. This oil, after filtration, was composed of 16 per cent of oleate of lead, 9.57 per cent of oleate of acid and 74.62 per cent of olive oil and glycerin, the oleate acid in the olive oil appearing to attack lead, zinc and copper with great activity. Thus disks of metals used in the manufacture of bearings were immersed in oleate acid, occasionally drawn up out of the acid so as to be exposed to the air. Lead and zinc rapidly corroded away, copper was corroded to a less extent, while tin and antimony were not appreciably affected. In regard to the compressibility of alloys, it is suggested by this authority that no alloy be used until it is satisfactorily demonstrated that its point of first yield is considerably above the greatest load or shock to which it will be subjected in use. In testing the effect upon soft metal bearings when the shaft sustained a heavy pressure a piece of iron was found to leave no mark upon a surface softer than itself.

Rome's Great Fire.

In A. D. 64, 10 of the 14 municipal districts of Rome were destroyed by a conflagration instigated, it is said, by the Emperor Nero. The number of lives lost is known to amount up into the hundreds, but the value of the property destroyed cannot even be estimated. By the emperor's command, thousands of Romans rendered homeless and destitute were employed in removing the debris and rebuilding the burned city. Nero, to divert the odium of the crime from himself, charged it upon the Christians, and thus began one of the greatest persecutions in the history of the early Christian church.

Julian Hawthorne.

Julian Hawthorne is the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was born in 1846, but he does not show his 50 years. When he was a boy of 7, some lady's remark on the fact that he was "weak chested" stung him, and he determined to make that comment impossible in the future. How well he succeeded is evidenced by the fact that while he was in college his chest measure was 48 inches, and it is well known that the late John C. Heenan, the pugilist, advised the young man to enter the prize ring.

Clovers and Shamrock.

English clovers are Irish shamrock. Perhaps no greater myth exists than that relating to the shamrock. St. Patrick would find clover in almost all parts of Ireland, as he would in England, and it was a fitting emblem of the Trinity. Consequently there is little doubt that he used it as an illustration. How the little fiction that it is a distinct plant and will grow only in Ireland has been maintained so long seems incomprehensible unless it is due to the peculiarity of Englishmen when regarding most things Irish. It is almost as absurd as regarding Lever's characters as typical of the Irishman of today, probably of any day, as he appears to have had as great a genius in inventing characters as in inventing stories. Ireland largely owes its clovers and shamrocks to its limestone. Around Dublin, where limestone is not very prevalent, the inferior type of clover, the yellow trefoil, is commonly employed as a badge, its convenient shape, owing to its top root, rendering it convenient as a buttonhole flower.

In limestone districts the white clover is more commonly used, though there is no definite rule, as is shown by the specimens collected by natives in all parts of Ireland now to be seen in the Dublin museum. These specimens were allowed to go to flower, and four distinct varieties of clover are represented, each frequently. Even the large red clover is included. There is no other plant shown, because there is no other shamrock. The myth is destroyed, but the clovers remain, and it is due to their presence that the Irish pastures are so rich and so valuable for grazing. They have accumulated fertility, and they have done so in England. Therefore their presence in lawns must not be regarded as prejudicial. —London Standard.

Visibility of Lights at Night.

The results of the experiments in light visibility conducted by the international committee on behalf of the governments of the United States, Germany and the Netherlands have been handed in. The German section gave as the distance at which a light of 1 candle power became visible 1.40 miles for a dark, clear night, and 1 mile for a rainy night. The American experiments show that a light of one candle power is visible at 1 mile and one of three candle power is plainly visible at 2 miles. A 10 candle power light was seen with a binocular at 4 miles, one of 29 at 5 miles, though faintly, and one of 33 candles at the same distance without difficulty.

To be on the safe side the experiments were made with green light, as it has been conclusively proved that if a light of that color fills the required tests a red light of the same intensity will more than do so.

It was found that the candle power of green light which remained visible at 1, 2, 3 and 4 miles was 2, 15, 51 and 106 respectively. It was noticed, however, that great care had to be exercised in the selection of the shade of the color, so as to give the minimum interference with the intensity of the light. The shade adopted is a clear blue green. Yellow and grass green should not be employed. The tests may be of interest to railroad men and seamen.—Progressive Age.

Uncertainty and Fear of Old Age.

It is the practice of certain members of an Oxford college, who all "went up" in the same year, which is now getting on for half a century ago, to dine together yearly. During the year the majority of them never meet at all, their homes being scattered over all parts of the country, and in some cases abroad. Accordingly, when they do meet, they scrutinize each other pretty carefully, marking the changes which have taken place in their respective appearances during the year. At the last of these gatherings a white haired old gentleman, bent almost double with rheumatism, turned with difficulty to his neighbor, and, pointing to a graybeard on the other side of the table, whispered anxiously, "Tell me—I don't really look as old as that, do I?" Funny and terribly pathetic, wasn't it?—Pick Me Up.

An Exchange of Compliments.

He—You may be engaged, but I can never conceive of your being in love.

She—And you may be in love, but I can never conceive of your being engaged.—Detroit Free Press.

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Bonnin Pasha.

Bonnin Pasha, the chief of the sultan's private police, is a plump, thickset Frenchman. In 1884 he went to Constantinople as a detective with the French embassador. Abdul Hamid took a fancy to him and desired him to organize a detective force for service about the palace. A corps of bludgeon men was the result, and their tactics much surprised the Parisian agent, Soudais, a few years ago, when he invited his colleague's help in arresting a notorious swindler. Tapping at the malefactor's door, the Turkish official felled to earth the servant who opened it, and the party proceeded through the house, knocking insensible everybody they met. Soudais was busily engaged in succoring the wounded, while Bonnin collared the real criminal. Bonnin has a comfortable house in Pera, and his wife, as court dressmaker, has considerably increased his savings.—New York Tribune.

Ice Cream Made by a New Process.

I have an Ice Cream Freezer that will freeze cream instantly. The cream is put into the freezer and comes out instantly, smooth and perfectly frozen. This astonishes people and a crowd will gather to see the freezer in operation and they will all want to try the cream. You con sell cream as fast as it can be made and sell freezers to many of them who would not buy an old slyle freezer. It is really a curiosity and you can sell from $5 to $8 worth of cream and six to twelve freezers every day. This makes a good profit these hard times and is a pleasant employment. J. F. Casey & Co., 1143 St Charles St., St. Louis, Mo., will send full particulars and information in regard to this new invention on application and will employ good salesmen on salary.

The Farmers' Magazine.

The Farmers' Magazine, published at Springfield, Illinois, is one of the handsomest and most interesting and instructive farm and family publications in the United States. It is also a great advertising medium. Circulates largely in every State in the Union, and should be in every farm home. Price, only $1.00 a year. Write the publishers for sample copy, which will be sent free to any address. 11 2

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 25, 1896.—The demand for honey is fair with a fair supply. Prices of comb 10 to 14c. per pound. Extracted 3 1-3 to 6c per lb. Good demand for beeswax; fair supply; prices 20 to 25c per pound for good to choice yellow.
CHAS. F. MUTH & SON.
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

DETROIT, MICH., Nov. 21, 1896.—Fair demand for honey. Good supply. Price of comb 9 to 13c. per lb. Extracted 4 to 6c. Demand for beeswax is slow. Fair supply; prices 25 to 26c. per pound.
M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1896,—Moderate demand for honey. Very large supply; price of comb 7 to 12c per per pound. Extracted 4 to 6c per lb. Steady demand for beeswax at 26 to 30c. per pound. Moderate supply. Honey market is full and prices favor the buyer. H. R. WRIGHT.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 20, 1896.—We quote an active demand for fancy white comb honey; price as to style package 13 to 14c. No. 1 white 12 to 12½c; amber 11c; dark 8 to 10c; extracted white 6 to 7c; amber 5 to 6c; dark 4¼c. Quote beeswax at 25c. Liberal advances on consignments, or will pay cash. S. T. FISH & Co., 189 South Water St.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 23, 1896.—Fair demand for honey. Good supply of comb honey; prices 13 to 14c. per lb. Extracted 5 to 6½c. per lb. Very little extracted honey on the market.
HAMBLIN & BEARSS 514 Walnut St.

BEESWAX WANTED.

We will pay 25 cts cash, or 27 cts in goods, for good quality of Beeswax, freight paid to FALCONER, N. Y. If you have any ship it to us at once.

(Prices subject to change without notice).

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO.